The Saturday Evening
POST
April 19, 1958 – 15¢

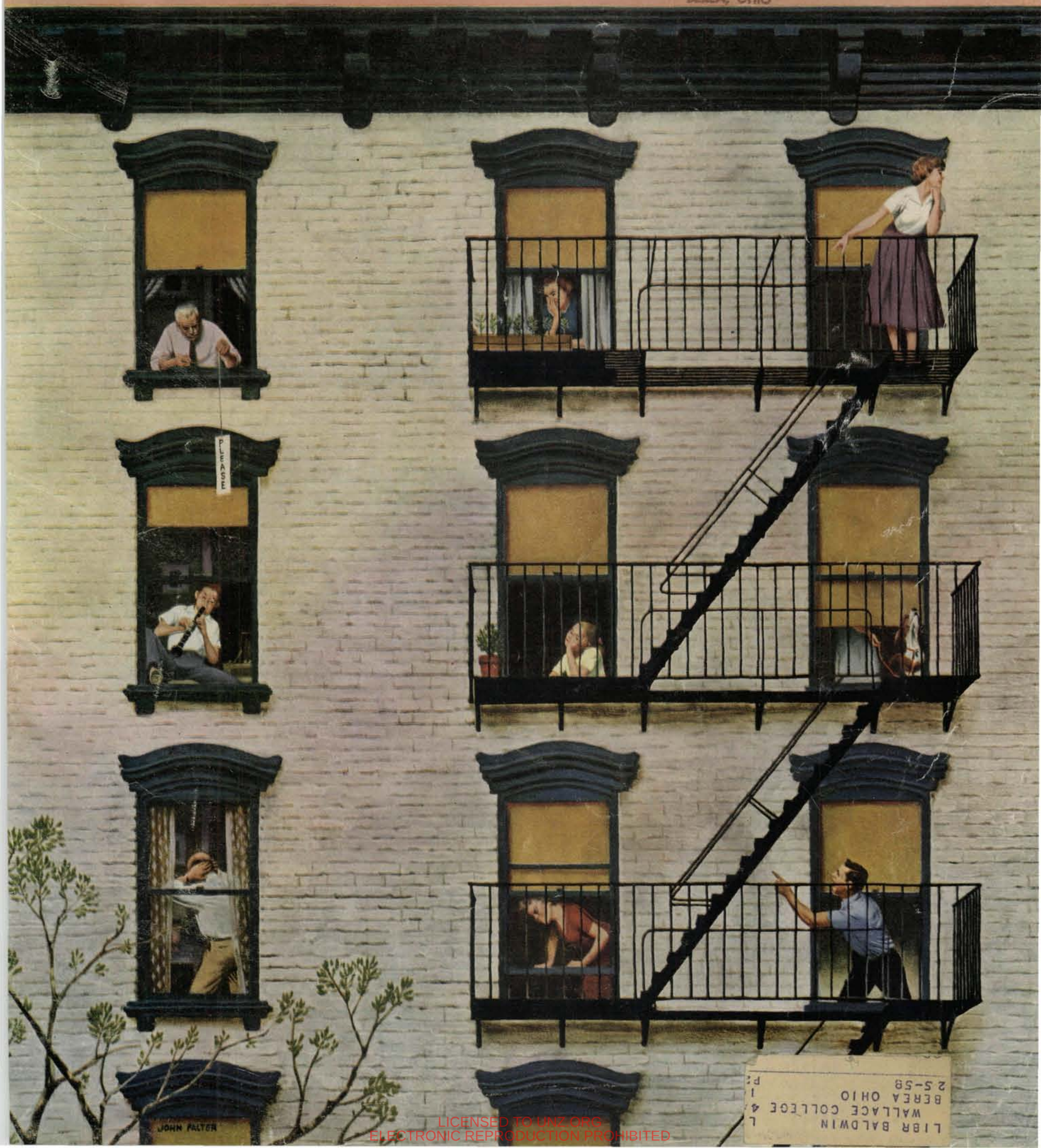
APR 15 '58

A Visit With STAN MUSIAL

A Marriage Counselor's Cases:

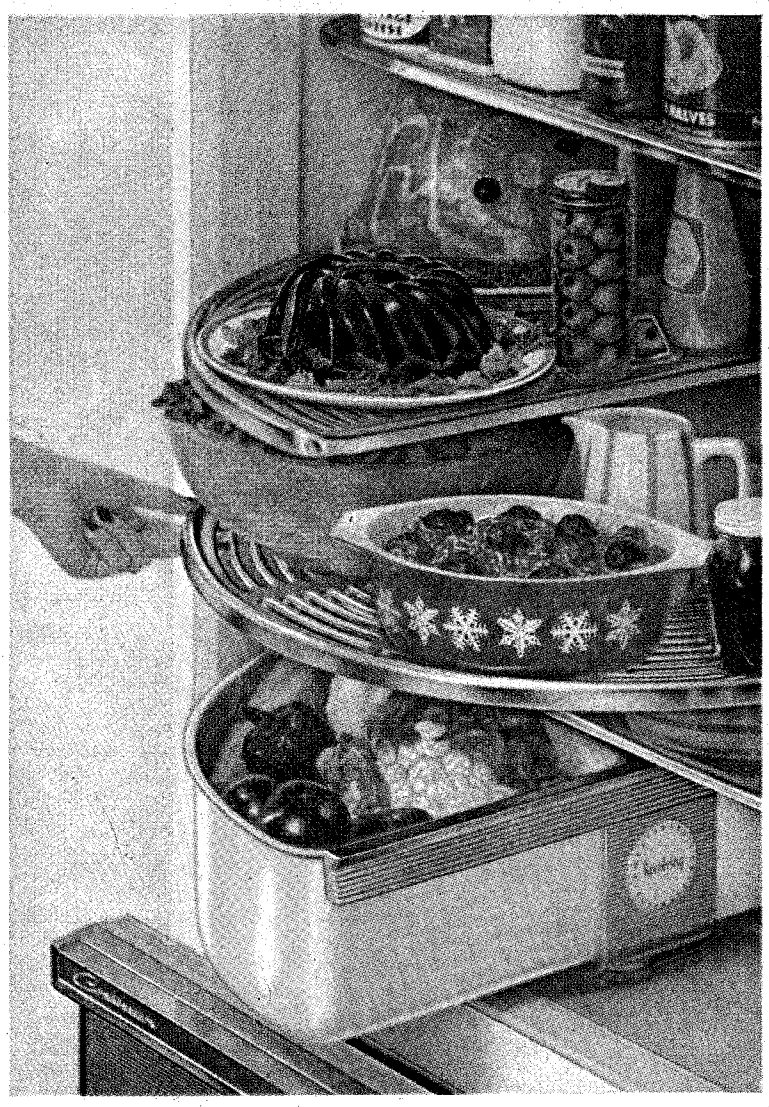
WIFE TROUBLE

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO



LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
25-58

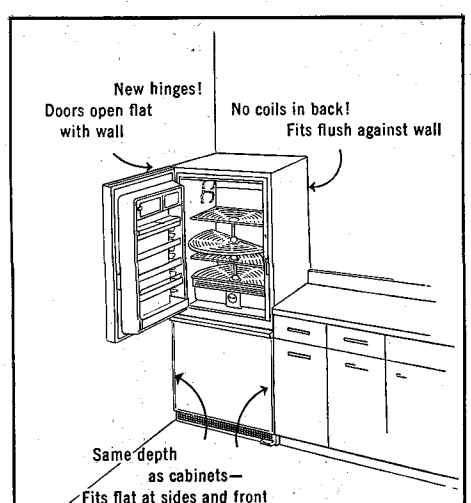
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



15-cubic-foot
REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER COMBINATION

Revolving Shelves and big Roll-Out Freezer put all foods at your fingertips!

Only "Straight-Line" General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers give you these features! Plus . . . no coils in back, no dirt-collecting waste space!


New hinges!
Doors open flat with wall
No coils in back!
Fits flush against wall
Same depth as cabinets—
Fits flat at sides and front

Cleaning problem solved with "Straight-Line" design. No dirt-collecting waste space. Sides, top, back are flat and straight. Front lines up evenly with cabinets. Does not stick out.

Today, more than 4,000,000 General Electric Refrigerators are in use 10 years or longer!

Revolving Shelves give you so much space for your foods—and all at your fingertips. Just a touch brings the food in back right out to the front.

With Revolving Shelves, the refrigerator is easy to *clean*. Just revolve shelves to expose refrigerator walls —without removing shelves *or* food.

So practical, Revolving Shelves make all other shelves old-fashioned!

The big refrigerator section defrosts automatically. No pans to empty, no clocks to set, no buttons to push.

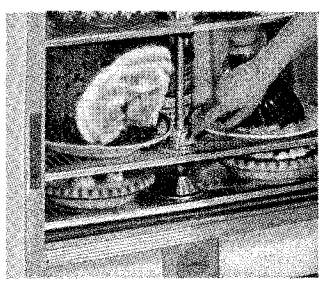
Also, the new General Electric now has four handy Ice Ejector Trays which drop cubes into a large storage container in the top of the Roll-Out Freezer.

See your General Electric dealer about his easy terms and trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

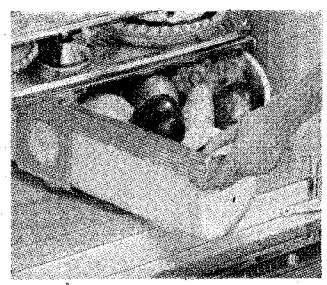
LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

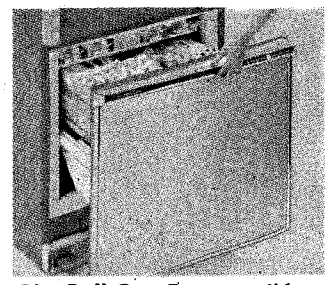


Adjust revolving shelves to accommodate a pie or bulky turkey. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down.



Revolving Vegetable Bins turn at a touch. Two porcelain bins hold nearly a bushel of vegetables and fruits.

Magnetic Safety Door opens at a touch. Since it has no latch, it helps protect children from being locked inside.



Big Roll-Out Freezer glides out at a touch. Holds up to 175 pounds of frozen food . . . easy to see, easy to get at.

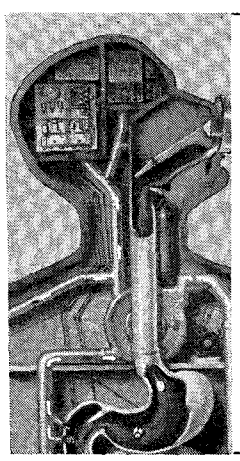
Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bufferin® relieves pain twice as fast!

Di-Alminate makes the difference



Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

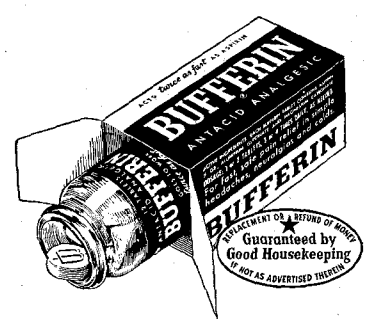
Bufferin combines aspirin with an exclusive combination of two antacid ingredients called Di-Alminate. These speed the pain reliever into the blood stream *twice as fast*. So...

Bufferin relieves pain *twice as fast*. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

1. All leading pain remedies, including other compounds, rely on aspirin! But...

2. Aspirin without antacid is relatively slow-acting. It is acid and can irritate your stomach.

3. Only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called Di-Alminate. So Bufferin relieves pain twice as fast as aspirin—won't upset your stomach!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

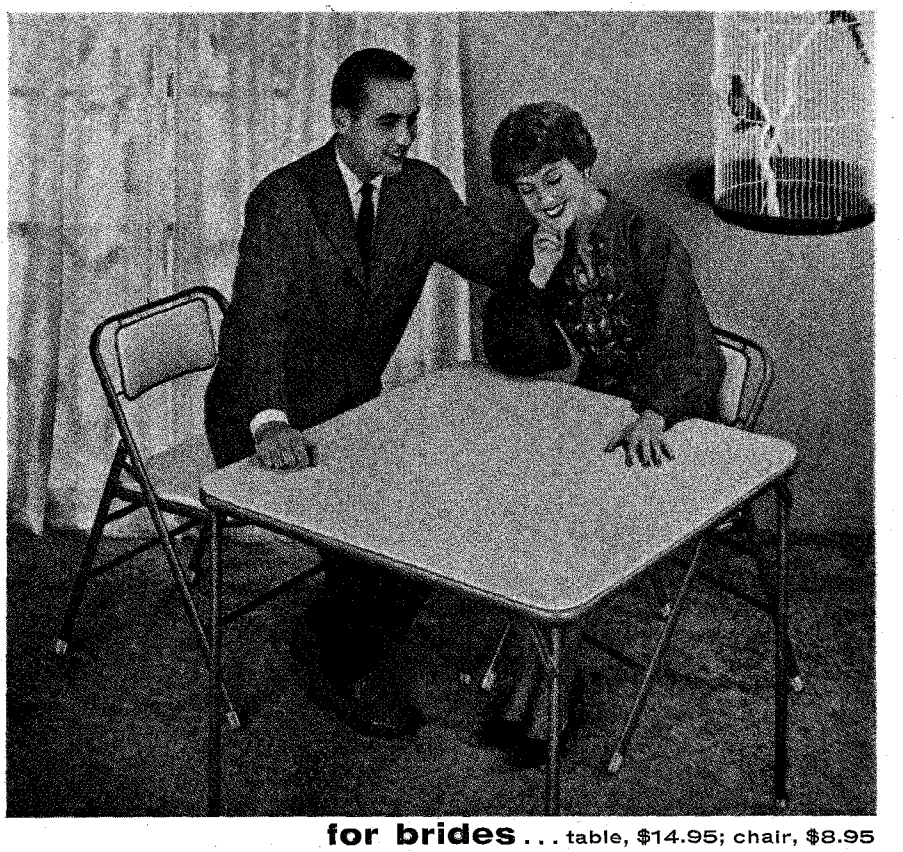
Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Samsonite folding tables and chairs – big gifts with little price tags

for mothers . . . table, $12.95; chair, $7.95



for brides . . . table, $14.95; chair, $8.95

birthdays . . . table, $17.95; chair, $9.95; armchair, $17.95

anniversaries . . . table, $8.95; chair, $7.95

Here are ideal gifts—Samsonite Folding Tables and Chairs—perfect for *any* occasion! Samsonite chairs give you extra seating space in a twinkling—are a snap to store. Versatile Samsonite tables serve as desks, work areas, even dining tables! And Samsonite's beauty *lasts!* The smart vinyl surfaces wipe clean with a damp cloth . . . the satin-smooth baked enamel finish can't snag stockings. Samsonite folding furniture flicks open and closed at a touch, stores in little space. Choose it for *every* gift occasion! In a choice of colors.

For mothers—the PlastiShield table (textured vinyl permanently sealed to metal) can't burn, scratch, or stain. Green with grey frame, matching chair.

For brides—"King-Size" table, in antique white and bronze, has a top with over 200 square inches extra. Matching Futura chair.

For birthdays—the oval table makes a charming and unusual dining table. In tombola brown. Matching chair and armchair.

For anniversaries—vinyl top folding table in metallic flame and black. A magnificent gift at a modest price. Matching chair.

Samsonite

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan. Also manufacturers of Samsonite Streamlite and Ultralite Luggage, and Samsonite Classroom Furniture. Available in Canada through Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario, at slightly higher prices. © 1958

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Ben Allen, Jay Brennan.

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney.

IN THIS ISSUE

April 19, 1958 *Vol. 230, No. 42*

3 Short Stories

The Unconquerable . . . . . *Mary Agnes Thompson* 30
The Lady Was Insulted . . . . . *George Bradshaw* 34
The Mountain of Fear . . . . . *Brian Cleeve* 37

Novelette

Frame-Up on the Highway . . . . . *John and Ward Hawkins* 26

9 Articles

Opera on the Open Road . . . . . *Meyer Berger* 23
The Face of America: Champion . . . *Photograph by George Lazarnick* 28
He is Saving a "Dead" City . . . . . *Joe Alex Morris* 31
A Visit With Stan Musial . . . . . *Harry T. Paxton* 32
Marriage is Our Business, Part II: Wife Trouble
Emily Hartshorne Mudd, as told to Hannah Lees 36
The Sixth Grade Takes to the Woods . . . . . *Jerome Ellison* 38
The Vegetable Anybody Can Grow . . . . . *Frank J. Taylor* 40
King of the Gag Men . . . . . *Maurice Zolotow* 44
The Expert (Cartoon Spread) . . . . . *Ted Key* 48

2 Serials

Hornblower's Hurricane (Second of three parts) . . . *C. S. Forester* 42
Death Stalks the Bride (Conclusion) . . . . . *Nancy Rutledge* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . . 52, 78, 90, 102, 128, 136
Keeping Posted 148

THE COVER

The day's toil is over; the quiet magic of approaching dusk offers peace to everyone; and from the heart and clarinet of a grateful soul come the limpid strains of an evensong. They come not from afar, but from anear, and all who hear them are stirred—some in favor, some against. Numerically, the nays have it, including that man who votes Please, which doesn't mean Please Play Louder, but Please Dry Up. The howling dog may think he is singing a tuneful duet with the clarinet or he may just be swearing at it; let's say he votes yes, for artist John Falter is pro-clarinet (he plays one). Another way to count those votes is the way of the heart: only two people are on that cover, a boy and a girl, and to them everybody else is nowhere at all. The two are unanimous.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1958 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49–58 or June 7, 1958; 9–58 or August 30, 1958.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 234

The greatest star of the screen!

(Leo is delighted to introduce Patricia Owens, co-star of M-G-M's "The Law and Jake Wade," as guest columnist for this issue.)

It's a pleasure to be the Lion's Roar guest columnist—a very new and exciting experience for me—just as, I hope, M-G-M's "The Law and Jake Wade" will be for you.

Most stories of the West are about men. This one is also about a woman. I know because I play her part in this thrilling and unusual story.

★ ★ ★ ★

I think I was really lucky, after being in "Sayonara", to win this fascinating role playing opposite Robert Taylor and Richard Widmark.

★ ★ ★ ★

Bob is Jake Wade, once a gun slinger, now the Law . . . and the man I love.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dick is Clint Hollister, bank robber, escaped convict . . . and the most dangerous threat to our happiness.

★ ★ ★ ★

After his jailbreak, Clint makes his ruthless plans known: he will find Jake, force him to reveal the secret whereabouts of the loot of their last robbery together . . . and then kill him.

★ ★ ★ ★

Relentlessly, he tracks Jake down, kidnaps me, and, at gunpoint, drives us both off on our long, dangerous journey.

★ ★ ★ ★

Finally, the inevitable showdown comes. A blazing climax involving a ghost town and its hidden riches erupts with all the suspense the screen can hold.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm recommending "The Law and Jake Wade" to the women—as well as to their men folk—because its romance is as rugged as its breathtaking Western background.

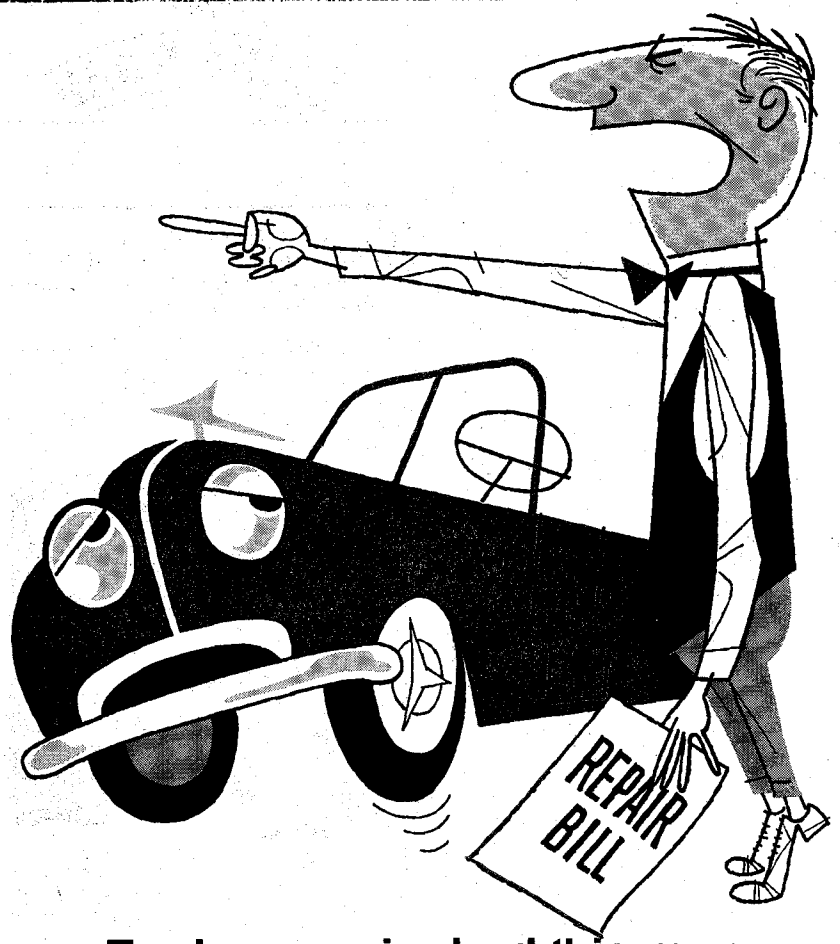
★ ★ ★ ★

Hope you'll come to see it—and me.

Patricia Owens

P.S. Plaudits for them all: co-stars Robert Middleton, Henry Silva. William Bowers for the screen play. Marvin H. Albert for the novel on which it's based. For the CinemaScope and Metrocolor. For director John Sturges and producer William Hawks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

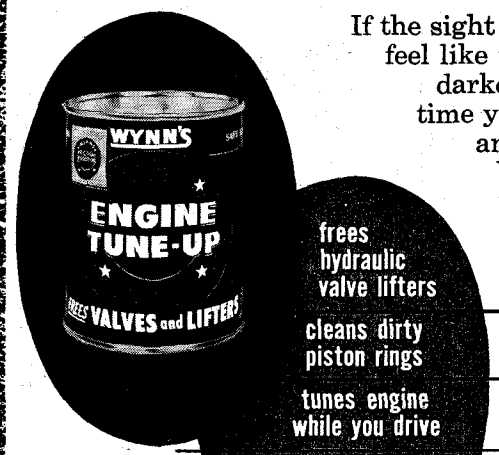


Engine repairs had this man

PAYING and PAYING and PAYING!

If the sight of repair bills makes you feel like telling your car to 'never darken your door again'... it's time you put an end to troubles and expensive repairs with Wynn's Friction Proofing products. A pint of Wynn's Engine Tune-Up is *guaranteed to free sticking hydraulic valve lifters* and Wynn's Carburetor Cleaner will *remove harmful and trouble-causing deposits* from your carburetor quickly and economically.

Get Wynn's Friction Proofing products at your service station, garage or new car dealer and stop paying and paying and paying for repairs.



frees hydraulic valve lifters

cleans dirty piston rings

tunes engine while you drive

guaranteed results in 10 minutes

cleans fuel lines and fuel system

removes harmful gums and deposits

no need to remove carburetor from car

This Wynn's Friction Proofing Streamliner set an all-new American speed record of 270.473 mph at Bonneville... this clearly demonstrates that

THE *Proof* IS IN THE *Performance!*

Also available in Canada and everywhere in the free world.

WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING

*Friction Proofing is Wynn's trademark for its exclusive metal conditioner which reduces friction between moving metals by chemically smoothing and sealing the surfaces. Manufactured by Wynn Oil Company, 1151 West 5th Street, Azusa, California, U.S.A.

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

Letters

BASSETS: IRRESISTIBLE THOUGH UGLY

Dear Sirs:

Like Mrs. Charlotte Paul's Josie, my basset bitch, Victoria, has false pregnancies. [I LOVE MY UGLY DOG, Mar. 15.] But she isn't bluffing. When bred she winds up and has herself a delivery. The photo [above] shows the largest basset-hound litter registered by the AKC to date—fourteen survivors from a litter of fifteen.

JUSTUS N. BAIRD, JR.
Kingston, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Being a new member of the Basset cult and loyal defender of their beauty and charms to skeptics, I bow low to Mrs. Charlotte Paul and her article.

Unlike Mrs. Paul's Josie, my basset hound, Happy, is an excellent watch dog . . . she bites first and then barks . . . a peculiarity which proves annoying to unwanted door-to-door salesmen.

JANE S. MOYLAN
Scranton, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Bassets may be charming beasties, but I wouldn't trade our one beagle for 10,000 of them.

JEAN WYTTENBACH
Fresno, Calif.

Installment-Plan Slaves

Dear Sirs:

Thank you so much for printing WE COULDN'T PAY OUR BILLS [by Marion F. Rairigh, as told to Elmont Waite, March 15]. On the day my Post arrived, I was going out to buy a used car, thinking we could pay for it on small monthly payments. After reading Mr. Rairigh's story, I know we could have been in the same situation he was in. Adding up our monthly bills, I then realized we would be going overboard; to say the least. Thanks for teaching us a lesson in time.

MRS. C. BOWN, JR.
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I have absolutely no sympathy whatsoever for thoughtless, grabby people like the Rairighs. . . .

The troubles they bring on themselves are strictly of their own doing.

EDITH M. COLE
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Even my seven-year-old daughter can figure out that if she buys something which costs more than her weekly allowance, she will be in hot water.

MRS. MALCOLM KROHNGOLD
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

It might be well to remember the words of Benjamin Franklin:

"Buy what thou hast no need of, and e'er long thou shalt sell thy necessaries."

BLANKS EVERETT
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

An excellent piece of journalism. Mr. Rairigh deserves a pat on the back for having the courage and taking the initiative to relate his misfortunes to the public. Someone should have done so long ago.

ROBERT V. STATON
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

People of all incomes and social groups fall into debt. Much of their financial trouble is due to the very same device that has made our standard of living so good—the installment plan. The installment plan and other forms of credit are fine so long as we do not abuse them. But too many of us have not been able to "even up" our outgo with our income because of too loose credit.

V. N. THOEN, *President*
Minnesota Ass'n. of Credit Counselors
Minneapolis, Minn.

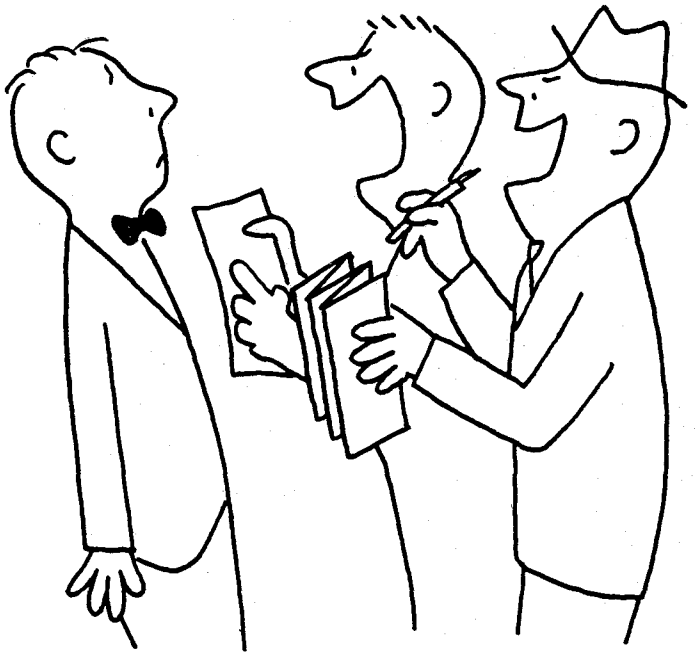
Those Sassy, Small Cars

Dear Sirs:

Arthur W. Baum's THOSE LITTLE FOREIGN CARS [March 15] causes me to wonder if the Detroit Titans haven't been missing the boat for a long time, and ignoring the evidence under their collective noses.

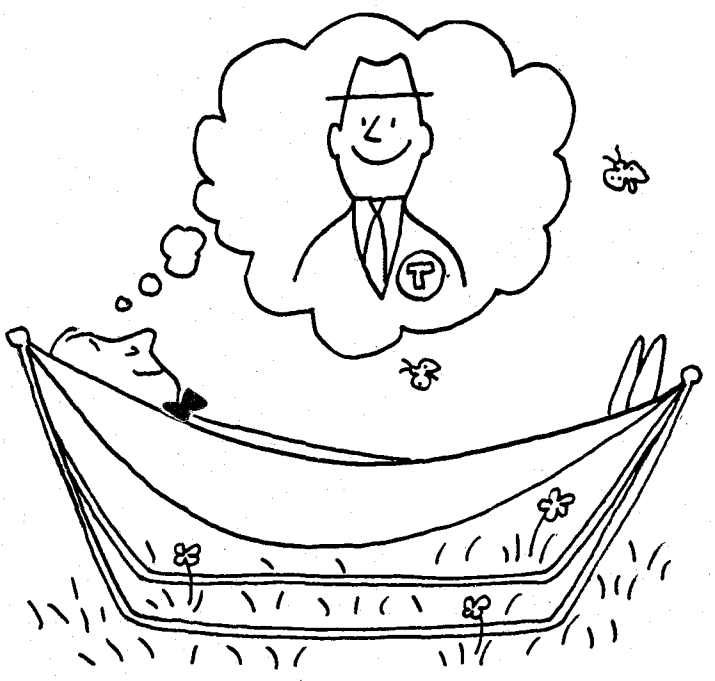
For example, the Model A Ford, a light car with a four-cylinder engine, made from 1928 through 1931, had a proportionately higher value as a used car than any other, until the end of World War II. . . . This was true because there was (Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



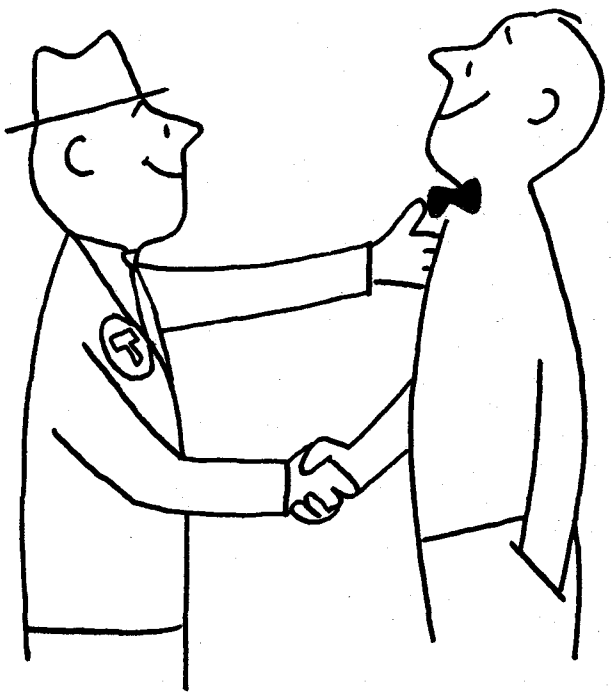
1.

Ed Ryan worked so hard all day—at home he wanted rest.
But then insurance men in droves descended on his nest.
So many policies and plans and payments—all confused.
Until a Travelers man stepped in, Ed really felt abused.



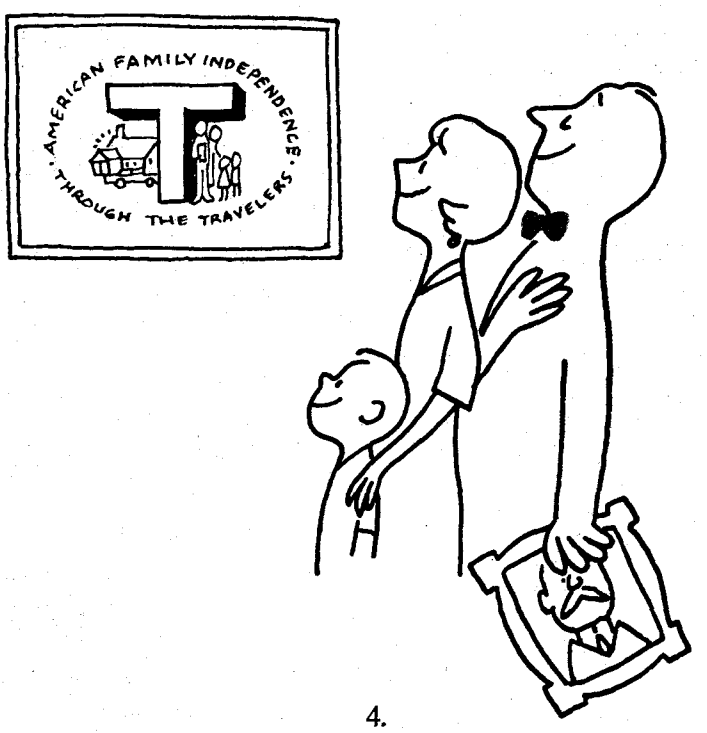
2.

Now Ed is well protected and his evenings are so free—
To all insurance men he says, "The Travelers is for me.
My life and health and home and car—The Travelers handles all.
And when I have a claim to make there's just one man to call.



3.

"He sees the picture—all of it—he spots each risky gap
And steers me clear of policies whose functions overlap.
He knew my needs and income when he built my Travelers plan—
I've balanced, sure protection from my trusty Travelers man."



4.

American Family Independence—that's how the Ryans live . . .
They're happier today because tomorrow's positive.
They have *all* of their insurance in one monthly payment plan—
And *you* can have it, too—just call your friendly Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carry it by its built-in brass handle. Set it down—and it makes itself at home.

Picture sizes: 17" overall diagonal; 150 sq. in. viewing area. Model 17P105

New Sylvania portable TV matches your furniture

Here is portable TV expressly styled for your living room. It comes in your choice of two grained finishes that complement your furniture. It has a big screen to welcome a host of viewers.

You'll enjoy the added pulling power you get from the world's longest dual antennae. You'll marvel at the clear, steady pictures brought in by the Sylvania S-110 Chassis and 110° Silver Screen 85 Picture Tube—the tube that made slim TV possible.

Base swivels completely around—tilts up and down

See the full line of Sylvania portable TV—from $149.95*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price

Special Consolette Offer

Set it down on its matching base, and your furniture-finished portable becomes a handsome consolette. Clever swivel-tilt base is offered with this portable—for a limited time only—by most Sylvania dealers in the U.S.A. who display this symbol of value . . .

SYLVANIA

. . . fastest growing name in sight

SYLVANIA HOME ELECTRONICS: 700 ELLICOTT ST., BATAVIA, N. Y. A division of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
Lighting • Television • Radio • Electronics • Photography • Atomic Energy • Chemistry-Metallurgy
In Canada, Sylvania television manufactured and distributed by Sylvania Electric, Canada, Ltd.

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

a demand for a sturdy small car that was economical, and mechanically simple. The demand still exists; only the car is missing.

H. C. PLUNKETT
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

These little foreign cars are in the same category as a home run, toasted marshmallows and sex. In other words, fun.

JOHN F. CLAPP, JR.
Danielson, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Who really needs a car that will go faster than 60 mph, carry more than two adults and three children and be able to accelerate on a hill? . . . The European manufacturers are building a simple very dependable and durable automobile which is really the practical car for the typical American family.

ROBERT A. HEGEMAN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The small car brings back, if only for a few minutes, a refreshing sense of command.

A foreign-car driver does things for himself, rather than having them done for him via power steering, power brakes, power windows, power seats, 325 insane horsepower, etc.

LLOYD W. GUNDY
Newton, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

In many cases a small foreign-made car is the only new car that will fit in our old-fashioned garages. Detroit simply overdid it.

MRS. KATHRYN V. WALLACE
Cheshire, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Arthur Baum writes: "Detroit manufacturers suspect that a good many purchases of imported economy cars are made easy by a certain freedom from loss of face." Fiddle-faddle! A certain freedom from loss of moola is what prompts most purchases. "Made-in-America" would hold just as much charm if they'd manufacture small, economical cars of comparable quality and workmanship.

MRS. CONSTANCE MILTON
Broomall, Pa.

● *Despite owners' enthusiasm for their "imports," sales figures tell a different story. 1957 score: Detroit sales, 5.8 million; imports, 200,000.*
—ED.

Chaplin Abroad

Dear Sirs:

James P. O'Donnell in CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORMY EXILE [March 8–22] says: "Triumphant was the word for Charlie. . . . The little fellow had pitted his personal prestige against the giant dignity of the United States Government. He had won hands down precisely because he was the little fellow. . . ."

Don't you think O'Donnell should have given just a teeny-weeny bit of credit to the agents of Moscow for the nasty little fellow's triumph?

D. H. MOREAU
Flemington, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I . . . fail to see what good it did to tear down a man who was once so cherished and loved by millions of Americans.

GORDON SCHRAMM
Bremerton, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The unsubtle vilification and obvious sarcasm of O'Donnell in treating even the most innocuous aspects of Chaplin is not called for.

ROBERT W. LEE
Thousand Island Park, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I don't believe there is a better man ever lived in the U.S. than Chaplin. Even though he didn't become a citizen, he is not just a citizen of any one country but a citizen of the world.

OLIVER CASPER
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If Chaplin sounds bitter then so does James P. O'Donnell. Charlie Chaplin may not have been a great or even a good man but he made us laugh. Heaven knows we could use a laugh now.

ANTON JUSTICI
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Re. article on Charlie Chaplin. I am surprised that you are printing an article like the above on *anybody*. I've never read such a malicious, gossipy, unfair treatment of any person in a magazine before.

JANE CARTER
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

What a terrible shock awaits poor Charlie (Chaplin) when upon the Day of Judgment he wakes up to find out Someone else is God!

THE REV. M. L. RITCHIE
Dalton, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Having lived all my life in Vevey (Switzerland)—except for the last six months—I was very interested by James O'Donnell's article concerning Charlie Chaplin's "delicate" relations with the people of my town. It is true that he has become less popular with our authorities and that his outlook on the usefulness of firing ranges is probably becoming one of hate at a speed directly proportionate with the number of shots fired a hundred yards from his window. However, I must say that the attitude of the population towards the great man is one of 5% of pride, 5% of annoyance and 90% of total unconcern. I believe that the majority of the inhabitants followed a century-old Swiss tradition of "uninterested discretion" towards our guest.

JACQUES MOREILLON
Wallingford, Conn.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Gower. • 23, 24, 25–Hans Knopf. • 26, 27–Ken Riley. • 28, 29–George Lazarnick. 30–Paul Rabut. • 31–Larry Fried. • 32–Bill Shrout. • 33–United Press, Brown Brothers, International, two from United Press; Wide World, Culver. • 34, 35–Mike Ludlow. 36–Larry Keighley. • 37–Bruce Bomberger. • 38, 39–Gus Pasquarella. • 40–Three by Larry Keighley; Gene Lester. • 41–Gene Lester. • 42, 43–Ken Riley. • 44–Larry Fried. 45–Culver, two by Larry Fried. • 51–Edwin Georgi. • 148–Anonymous, Frank Ross, Anonymous, Gene Lester.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how to
feel cool,
comfortable
and almost
light as air!

Now, fashion-forerunner Hart Schaffner & Marx presents a plus of elegance by adding luxurious silk to that famous blend of Dacron and worsted...which was first developed and introduced by HS&M. The new highlights of silk give an almost frosty look to this season's Virasil* suits...visual coolness that indicates the way you'll *feel*. And you'll stay trimly tailored, well-dressed and well-pressed throughout every summer day.

Here is a really lightweight suit that is superbly tailored. You'll like the new Trend styling ...trim, slim and *natural*... HS&M's expression of the trend toward greater casualness.

Ease into a Virasil, and wonder why you didn't do so sooner. (*Her* suit is by HS&M, too.)

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The name that means so much to so many well-dressed men.

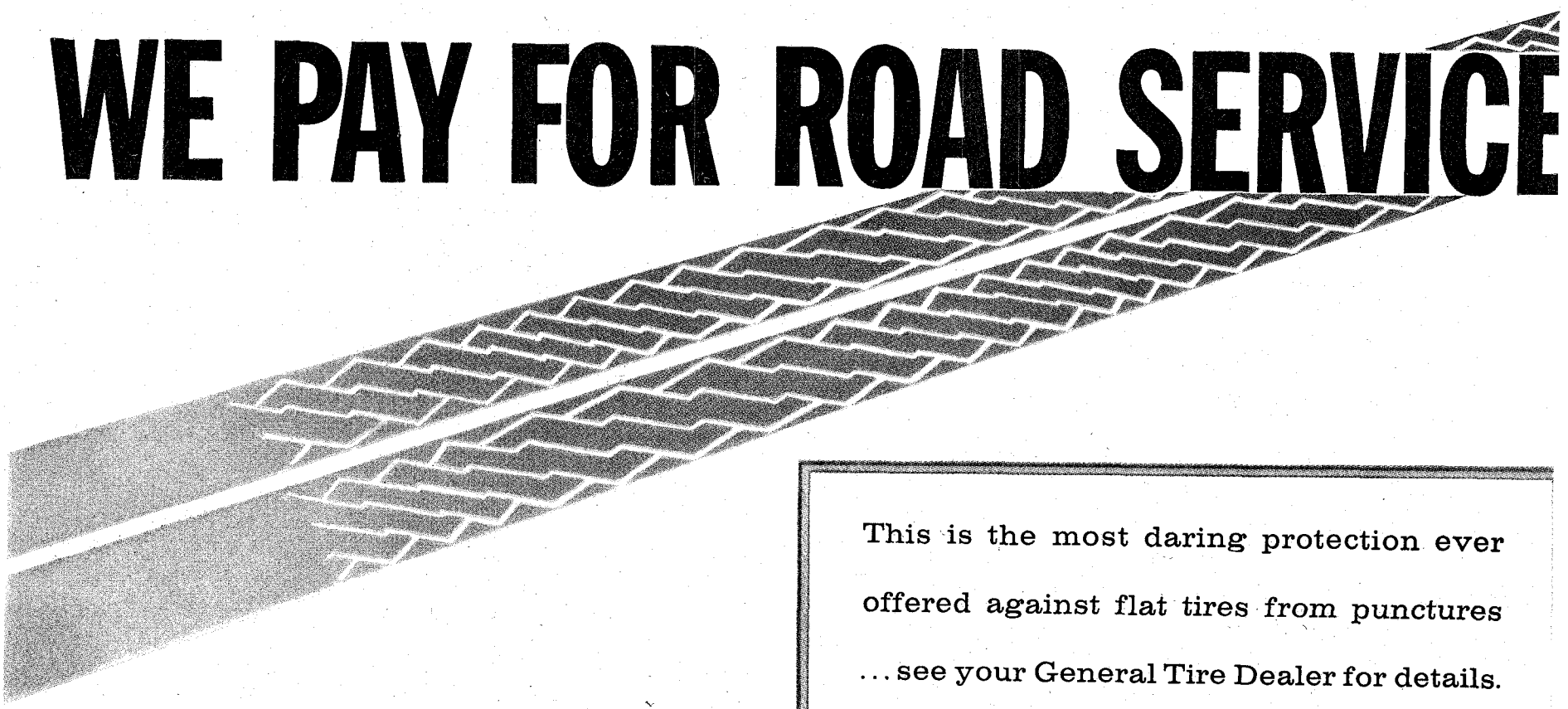
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENERAL DUAL

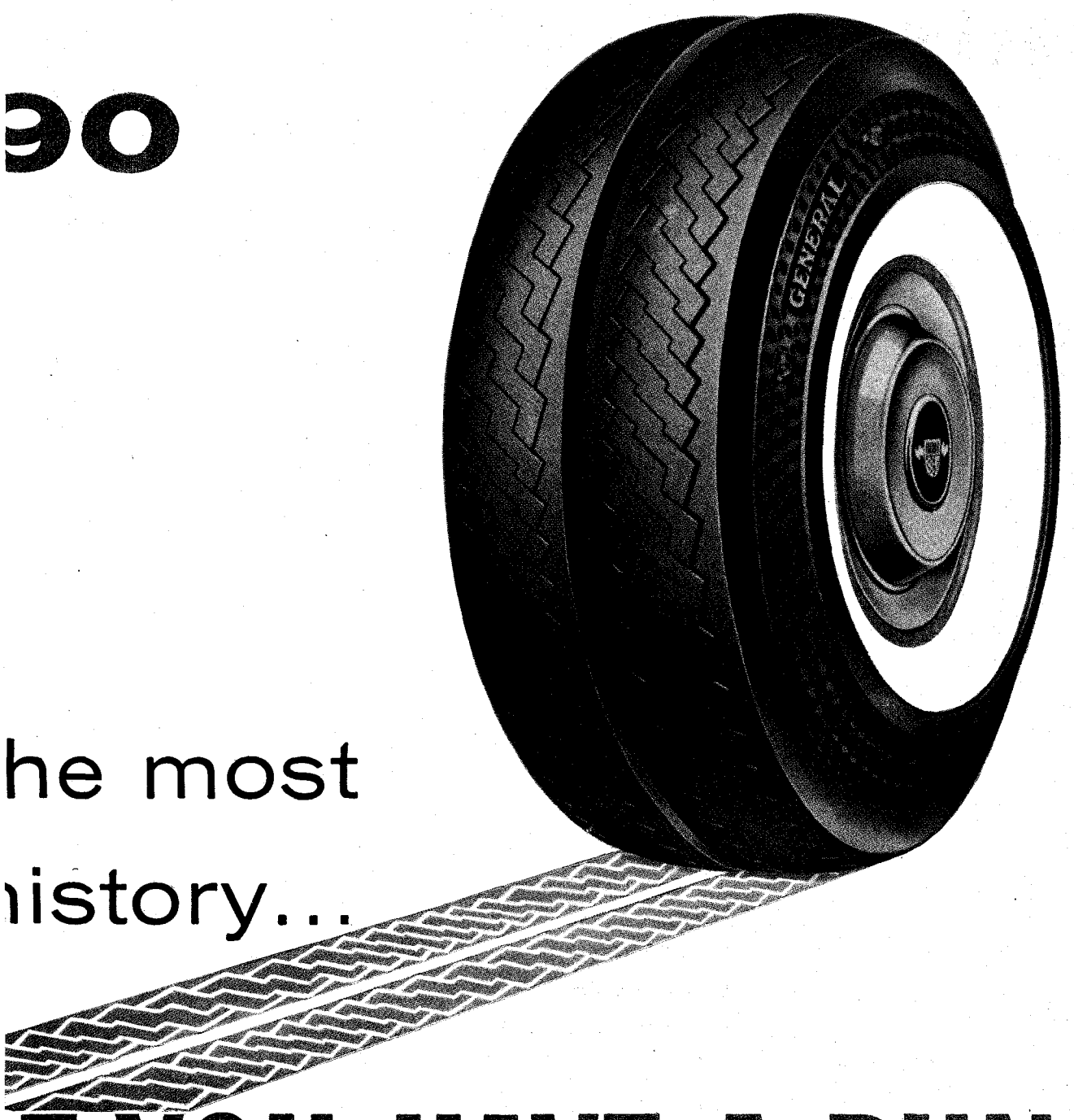
Only the NYGEN TIRE with 2 treads makes possible daring statement in tire

WE PAY FOR ROAD SERVICE



This is the most daring protection ever offered against flat tires from punctures ... see your General Tire Dealer for details.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



90

he most

istory...

F YOU HAVE A PUNCTURE!

There's a world of difference between tires that are merely puncture "resistant" and the Dual 90. Only the Nygen Tire with 2-treads dares to pay for road service if you have a puncture! The Dual 90 seals as it rolls. And you can withdraw the puncturing object without losing a single pound of air!

This is priceless protection in traffic and at night. And a wonderful convenience anytime. Enjoy the complete peace of mind of puncture-free driving.

Call on your local General Tire Dealer for a convincing demonstration.

NO FLATS FROM PUNCTURES! 301 nails were driven into this General Dual 90 without the loss of a single pound of air. Dramatic proof of the complete protection from puncture you get in the Dual 90.

Copyright 1958, The General Tire & Rubber Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Lawmaking Isn't the Supreme Court's Job

Senator Hennings, of Missouri, was doubtless right in feeling that Congress ought to do a lot of thinking before adopting anything like Sen. William Jenner's bill to restrict the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court over certain selected matters. However, it ought not to require too much study to convince Congress that some action is necessary if it is to retain its position as a supposedly equal partner in our tripartite Federal system. The reason why congressional action to curb the court is even mentioned is that the court is setting itself up as a sort of third legislative chamber, and, as such, has felt free to impose its ideas upon the other branches of the Government.

Judge Learned Hand, formerly of the United States Court of Appeals, in his recent lectures at Harvard, declared that "if we do need a third chamber it should appear for what it is, and not as the interpreter of inscrutable principles." He added that for him "it would be most irksome to be ruled by a bevy of Platonic Guardians, even if I knew how to select them, which I assuredly do not. If they were in charge I should miss the stimulus of living in a society where I have, at least theoretically, some part in the direction of public affairs."

The Platonic Guardians have attempted to tell a committee of Congress how it may not interrogate a witness, a ruling which has seriously hampered necessary investigatory procedure. They have decreed that a state may not pass a law to deal with subversives because the Federal Government is presumed to have a monopoly in the field. According to them, a state must admit to the practice of law an applicant who refuses to tell the bar examiners whether or not he is or has been a member of a Communist conspiracy. And they have turned loose convicted Reds on narrow technical grounds.

Surely the legislature is bound to consider how to restore balance to the Federal system of "checks and balances." For, as Abraham Lincoln warned in his first inaugural address, "if the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers."

To limit the court's jurisdiction may not be the way to restore Congress to its rightful and constitutional authority, but there can be no doubt of the right of Congress to do so if it pleases. The late Justice Owen Roberts many years ago raised the question: "What is there to prevent Congress taking away, bit by bit, all the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States? I can see nothing . . . in view of the language of the third article of the Constitution."

The third article of the Constitution defines the jurisdiction of the court, both original and appellate, and adds this very important qualification: "with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." If any branch of the Government yearns for the role of Platonic Guardian, the Constitution says it should be Congress!

This is a constitutional question which should—but probably won't—be debated without reference to one's feelings about investigations or "civil rights." Judge Hand hesitates to prescribe a remedy for the trouble. He rightly dreads the confusion that would arise if a final decision on the constitutionality of statutes could not be made by anybody. But the learned judge, who might well be on the higher court himself, plainly regards the errors of lawmakers and of the people as less menacing than the rise of judicial dictatorship, however benign. So should we all.

Our Farm Surplus Could be an Asset in the Cold War

Since 1950 almost $10,000,000,000 of taxpayers' money has been spent in fruitless efforts to prop up farm prices and to shrink the size of our increasingly productive agriculture—all this at a time when much of the world has been hungry and ill-clothed.

The simple truth, of course, is that the best answer to the farm problem lies in finding more customers for the fine products that the American farmer grows with such efficiency. We can't help wondering what would have happened to the "burdensome surpluses" we hear so much about if the $10,000,000,000 had been applied in a bold way to the building of bigger and better markets around the world.

There's more to it than just selling our products at bargain prices. These great stocks of wheat, cotton, vegetable oils, dairy products and the like represent useful, much-needed capital, if put in the right place. They can be used as powerful weapons in the cold war. They can be used as investments to stimulate the progress of backward nations.

We can, if we will, make full use of this obvious truth that one man's surplus is another man's capital. We can do it by "lending" our surpluses to needy countries. And we can, in the long run, expect good returns from such loans.

The mechanism for such a program is in existence. It is the Agricultural Trade Development Act of 1954, Public Law 480, under which the United States Department of Agriculture can sell surpluses to foreign nations for their own currency. The receipts of such sales then can be lent back to the countries in question to finance development projects. The P.L. 480 program has been a highly successful one. To date, it has lent more than $1,650,000,000 worth of surpluses to thirty-five nations. That is just a drop in the bucket.

The program needs to be expanded on a bold front, particularly but not exclusively in areas where Soviet Russia is offering to underwrite development work. It might not be a bad idea to divert some of the billions now being spent in negative efforts at production control into this positive plan for building more and better customers.

Courses for Foreign Leaders Worked Well for the U.S.A.

It is now ten years since the passage of the law which enables the State Department to bring to this country for study or research "leaders" from various foreign nations. The law, officially entitled The U.S. Information and Educational Exchange Act, is more popularly known as the Smith-Mundt Act.

This program appears to be one of our happier ventures in what critics of such efforts call "do-goodism." Grantees have returned to their homelands after absorbing American instruction in various spheres of governmental techniques. The cabinets of several European nations contain a number of these "leader grantees" who had visited the United States as State Department guests. There is, for instance, Premier Felix Gaillard, of France. Sweden's cabinet includes two former leader grantees: Ragnar Edenman, Minister of Education and Ecclesiastical Affairs, and Gosta Netzen, Minister of Agriculture.

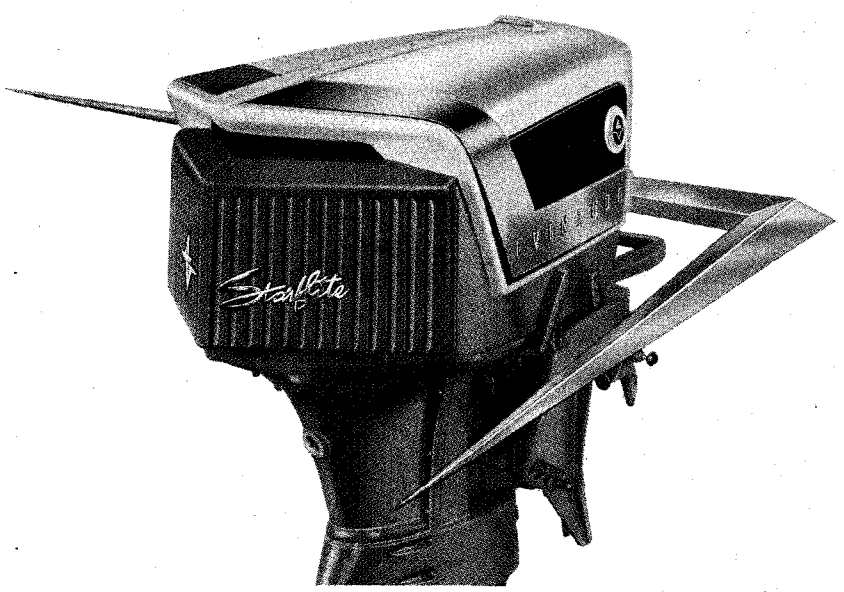
In West Germany, six members of Chancellor Adenauer's cabinet are alumni of the program: Heinrich von Brentano, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Franz Joseph Strauss, Minister of Defense; Gerhard Schröder, Minister of the Interior; Theodor Blank, Minister of Labor; Richard Stuecklen, Minister of Posts and Telecommunications; and Hans-Joachim von Merkatz, Minister of Bundesrat Affairs. The President of the Bundestag, Eugen Gerstenmaier, and two of the vice presidents of the Bundestag are also former U.S.A. leader grantees.

Other alumni, selected at random, include high officials of Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Ceylon, Chile, Cuba, Egypt, Ghana, Greece, Honduras, Iceland, India, Iran, Iraq, Italy, Japan, Korea, Laos, Lebanon, Libya, Malaya, Morocco, New Zealand, Norway, Pakistan, Peru, the Philippines, San Marino, Thailand, Turkey, the Union of South Africa, the United Kingdom and Venezuela.

There is, of course, no effort to "indoctrinate" these visitors or to sell them anything beyond instruction in the techniques which they came to receive. Perhaps this is the reason why so many of these leader grantees have become friends of America just by residing and working among us.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

price it at your Evinrude dealer



You can buy this dream! If you doubt it—look out across the sparkling blue water any golden day this spring. See the "Evinrude-powered" families at play. They're no richer than you—except in living life to the fullest!

Boys and dads by the millions—and mothers and daughters, too—are finding a deeper source of companionship, sharing the fun of cruising, fishing, skiing, exploring a new world of adventure afloat.

Dreaming won't do it . . . but your Evinrude dealer will. He'll show you how easy it is to own the boating outfit of your dreams. Furthermore, he'll gladly take you and your family for a "Revelation Ride" . . . let you try, first hand, Evinrude's mighty Starflite V-4, the low-priced, high-powered Four-Fifty, the brilliant new Lark (all with Starflite sound-sealed quiet, Starflite floating-power smoothness) . . . or any of 8 other dashing new Evinrudes in a size and price to match your needs and budget.

See your Evinrude dealer *now*. His name is listed under "Outboard Motors" in the yellow pages of your phone book. For complete, colorful catalog, write Evinrude Motors, 4232 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 16, Wis.

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation
In Canada: Mfd. by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

EVINRUDE

quiet outboard motors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spring into Action!

They spark the fuel with the greatest of ease . . . that's why more new cars are equipped with ACs!

New spark plugs are an important part of any tune-up. If your spark plugs have delivered 10,000 miles or more of service, they're due for a change. A new set of Hot Tip ACs will fire up your car and go a long way toward making it act like new again. That's because AC Hot Tips burn away combustion deposits that foul plugs and reduce engine power. They'll save you up to three times their cost, too!

AC Spark Plugs are factory-installed on more new cars than any other make. Let your AC dealer install them in your car, too!

If the FUEL PUMP in your car is over three years old, replace it with a new AC . . . original equipment on most new cars.

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

ACTION starts with

AC

1908 GM 1958

HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO every week on ABC-TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincoln National insures entire family with one low-cost Family Policy!

★The larger the amount of the policy, the less it costs you per thousand.

★Premiums can be paid automatically each month from your checking account.

Now, a single policy—with one low monthly premium—provides life insurance for your whole family!

For Dad: $5,000 of permanent insurance. Cash values grow each year. Double indemnity and waiver of premium are benefits automatically included if he qualifies on the standard basis.

For Mother: $1,500 term insurance until age 65 (if she's the same age as Dad). Then she can convert to a permanent plan.

For Each Child: $1,000 term insurance which, at age 25, can be converted to a permanent plan and increased as much as fivefold.

Additional children in the future—no matter how many—will be included automatically with no increase in the premium.

Up to three times these amounts can be purchased if desired. And should the father die, no further premiums are required for the insurance on the mother and children.

For complete information about this Family Policy, see the Lincoln National man in your community, or mail the coupon.

Its name indicates its character

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY FT. WAYNE, IND.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company
Dept. SEP-48, Ft. Wayne 1, Indiana

Please send me full details about your new Family Policy.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

FATHER'S BIRTH DATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An advertisement published in the interests of the American motorist

Just what is

What goes into a tune-up... and is it really worth your money? How often does your car need one? Even if you don't know a tappet from a poppet, it will pay you to read these pages.

When Paul's car shuddered to a stop at the red light, the engine did, too. "Been dying on me pretty often lately," said Paul to his friend beside him. "Kind of sluggish — needs a little ten-cent tune-up."

He started the engine, leaped out and raised the hood. Using a dime as a screwdriver, he turned the idle adjustment screw on the carburetor, and smiled in satisfaction at the bone-rattling roar that burst from the engine.

"You call *that* a tune-up?" said his friend, as they went surging forward. The car, if not running better, was certainly running harder, and behind it trailed a rich plume of blue-white exhaust. "You ought to take this thing in and get a real tune-up."

"Aw," said Paul, "they'd only want to sell me plugs and points and everything else they can think of. It's doing okay the way it is. Except it doesn't have the power it used to. And it's a little greedy for gas."

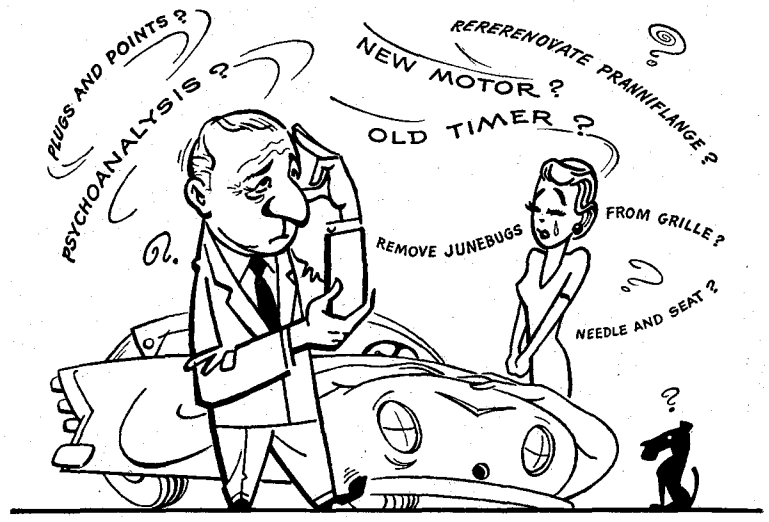
Are car-owners like Paul typical of American motorists? Well, they are typical, perhaps, of one extreme. Between Paul and the extra-careful gentleman who brings his car into the garage every week or so for a complete check-up, are millions of more conventional motorists. And one thing, at least, became certain after Carter studied the results of a recent "blind" survey: the average motorist doesn't really know what an engine tune-up should include.

What Should an Engine Tune-up Do?

Just as a car seems to run better after it is washed and polished, so a lot of motorists seem to feel their cars are "tuned up" after an oil change, chassis lubrication, brake adjustment and a switch-around of the tires. These things are vital, no question about it, but they are not part of an *engine* tune-up.

Basically, an engine tune-up has one main purpose: to bring engine performance up to "new car" specifications. Slowly but inevitably, as you drive your car mile after mile, its performance begins to fall off a little here and there. The change may be so gradual you may argue indignantly that the car runs as well as it did the day you drove it off spanking-new from the dealer's lot. Actually, what is going on inside that engine, all the time?

For every 5,000 miles you drive, each spark plug fires about 5,250,000 times. The distributor points open and close about 42,000,000 times for the same distance, and the valves, of course, open and close the same number of times as the plugs fire. Every time you press down on the accelerator, from 10 to 15 parts move within the carburetor.



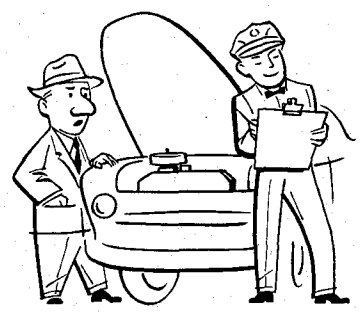
Everywhere within that engine, precision parts are moving, adjusting themselves, and eventually departing a little or a lot from new car specifications. And like most motorists, you probably aren't babying that engine. You're calling for power and response when you want it, at the instant you want it.

Tune-ups and Modern Cars

True, a car may run when a good many things are wrong with it. But the fact is, modern cars need regular tune-ups more often than their predecessors, if we are to get our money's worth in performance and safety. Carburetors, for example, have necessarily increased in complexity to keep pace with the needs of a much bigger power plant under the hood. Today's engine tolerances are closer, compression ratios and octane ratings are higher. So it's important to keep the modern fuel system in peak-operating condition at all times.

The complete engine tune-up should start with a compression check of all cylinders. If the cylinders are losing compression, your car needs more than the usual engine tune-up. Otherwise, money spent for tune-up and replacement parts may be largely wasted.

If engine compression is satisfactory, the spark plugs should then be cleaned and re-gapped or replaced, and distributor points and condenser replaced, depending on mileage and condition. Tell your serviceman what grade of gasoline you are using, so the engine can be re-timed to correspond with the fuel. All ignition wiring and cables should be checked for loose connections, for resistances, for wear and corrosion that could later cause short circuits. At the same time, a complete check of the starting and charging systems should be made.



In the fuel system, the carburetor, fuel pump and fuel filter must be checked, cleaned, adjusted, and parts replaced where necessary. A quick test makes sure the fuel pump is providing proper pressure and fuel delivery. The air cleaner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carter Carburetor, Division of ACF Industries, Inc.

an engine tune-up?

should be cleaned inside and out and re-oiled or, with the newer types, the paper filter cleaned or replaced.

Carburetor—Power Center of Your Car

How important is carburetor maintenance and repair in engine tune-up? Well, suppose your car travels 9,000 miles a year and averages 15 miles per gallon. Your carburetor must then provide just the right fuel mixture at the right time for *600 gallons* of gasoline every year. Some carburetor parts are so rugged they may last for 50,000 miles, or perhaps for the life of the car. Others, because of their nature and function, give maximum efficiency for considerably less mileage.

If your carburetor is fouled by dirt, a thorough cleaning plus a few low-cost parts will return it to top-operating condition. After longer service, it may require a complete going-over, using a Carter "re-carburetion kit." However, carburetors do wear out, and the time may come when it is more economical to replace it than to attempt to have it repaired.

As a forecast of future performance, the engine tune-up can often prevent car trouble from happening. This brings the question: how often should your car have an engine tune-up?

Mom and the "Second" Car

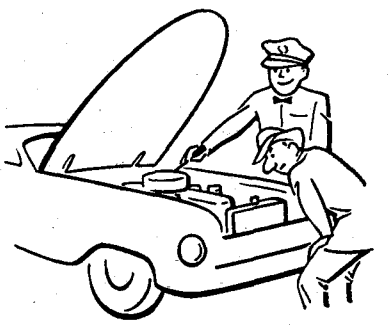
It's somewhat frustrating to maintenance-minded motorists to learn that a neat rule of thumb like mileage can't be applied across the board. Automobile manufacturers and other manufacturers who, like Carter, make equipment, fuels and lubricants for cars, often *recommend* certain milestones as convenient inspection points. Apart from these, the following general considerations should determine when your car needs an engine tune-up: (1) type of service the car performs, (2) amount of mileage since last tune-up, (3) changing seasons, (4) common-sense planning before long trips.

Keeping a car constantly on the go is actually the best thing that can happen to it. Often it's the "second" car in the family that needs the more frequent maintenance. Mom's short runs to deliver the kids to school, to shop at the grocery store and visit the beauty shop, are followed by long periods when the car is idle. This type of service gives the engine much harder treatment than that received by a busy delivery truck or taxicab with engine running warm all day.

The idle car is a sitting duck for the formation of condensation in the engine and exhaust systems. Here it creates destructive acids or rust when it's not evaporated by longer trips with a hot engine. Oil changes should be made more often — perhaps as often as once a month — in the short-run car, regardless of the relatively little mileage put on the car in that time. The exhaust system should be checked occasionally so acid, corrosion and rust do not accumulate to build up dangerous back pressures within the muffler and tail pipe.

Carter and the Science of Tune-up

Carter began making carburetors in 1909. Today the company is the world's largest independent manufacturer of complete automotive fuel systems — carburetors, fuel pumps and fuel filters. Many outstanding product improvements have been made in these 49 years. At the same time, Carter has been working hard to improve the science of engine tune-up, and to help train your local servicemen to render this service efficiently and economically.

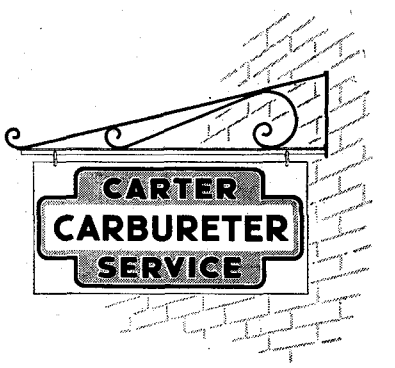


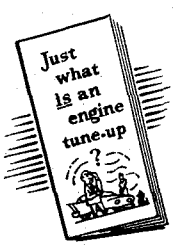
At the Carter Factory Service School, established in 1934, and in the Carter Power Center Training Courses — some of which may be going on right now in your area — mechanics are trained in *complete* engine tune-up. There is as much training emphasis on the ignition system as the fuel system, even though Carter sells no spark plugs, points, condensers, cables or wiring.

40,000 Carter Graduates

Carter and its distributors and wholesalers believe it is good business to make sure the trained specialists who display the Carter Sign in your community are skilled in all phases of engine tune-up, so you can go to one place for the *complete* job. Consider that a portion of the cars of every major auto manufacturer in America are equipped with Carter carburetors — that some manufacturers use Carter carburetors exclusively — that 24 million cars on the road today have Carter fuel system equipment. This gives your Carter man a place of unique importance in the automotive service picture.

To date, more than 40,000 mechanics have been graduated from Carter schools. Your Carter man knows his business. We recommend you take your car to him regularly. Have him check it over at frequent intervals, at least every 5,000 miles. Then, when the time for a complete engine tune-up rolls around, he'll be familiar with your car and your driving needs. He can recommend — and act — in your best interests.



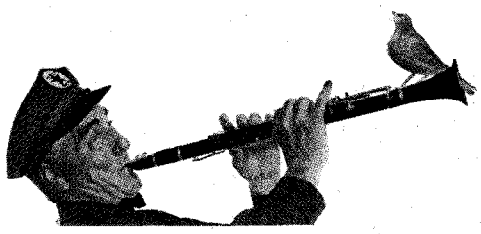


Free Booklet on Tune-ups Offered

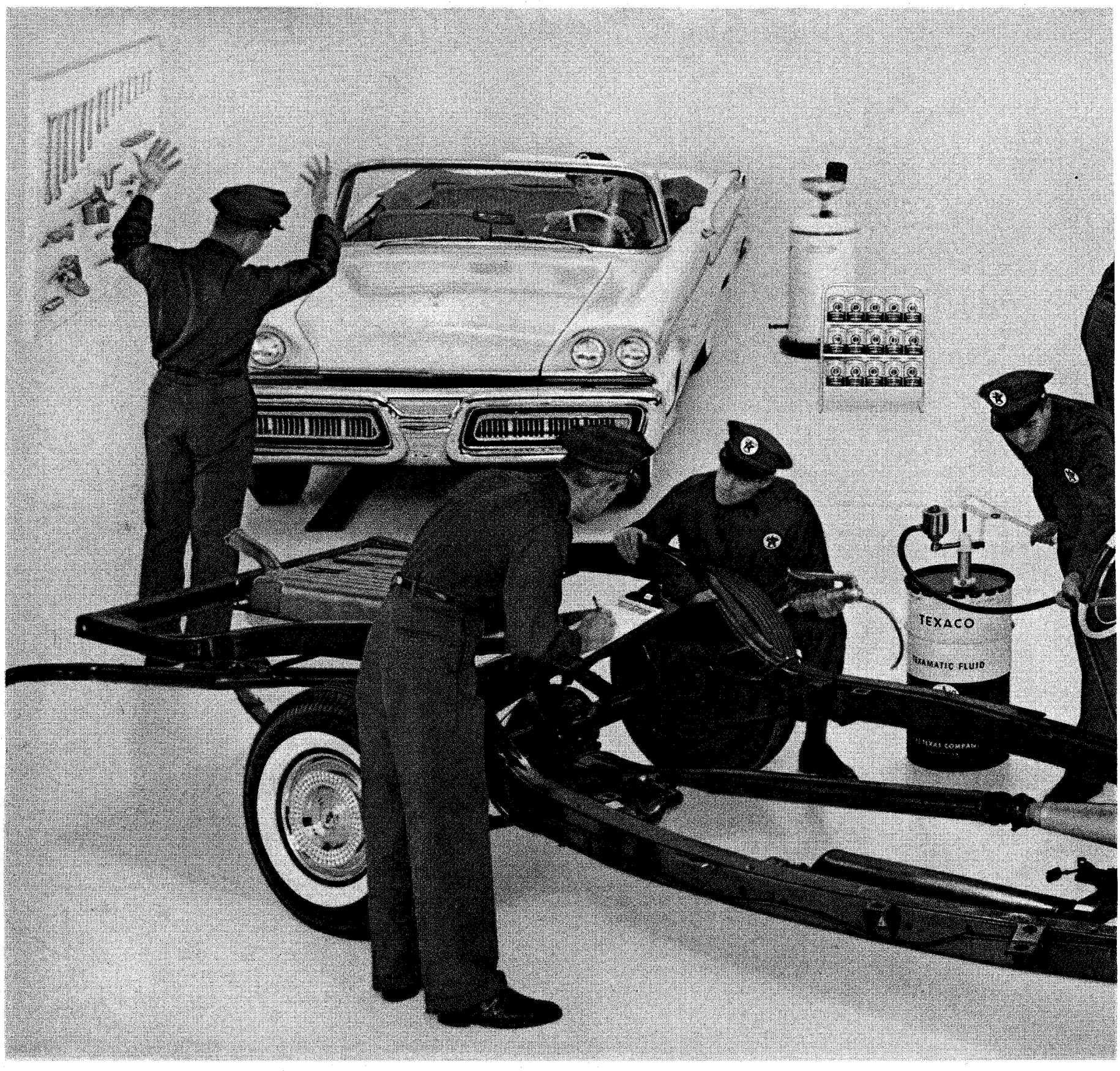
Carter has prepared a booklet, *"Just What Is An Engine Tune-up?"* which covers in greater detail the points discussed. If you would like to have a free copy for the glove compartment of your car, mail a postcard or letter to:

Carter Carburetor, Division of ACF Industries, Incorporated, St. Louis 7, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Swing into Spring



Here's how your Texaco Dealer gets you set for Spring, saves you money, and helps to assure safer driving for your family.

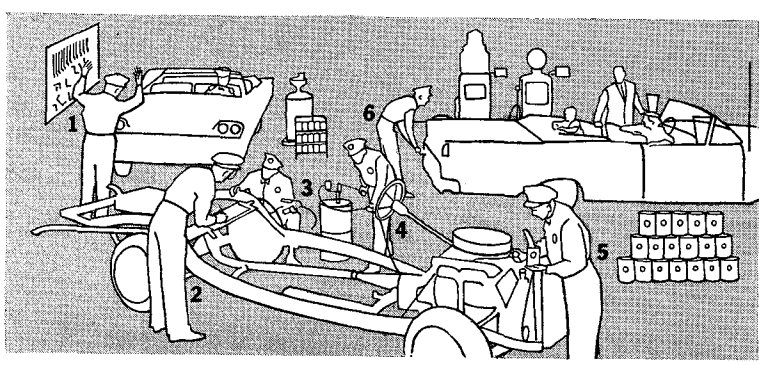
1. He Safe-T checks and services your lights, tires, radiator, battery, brake fluid, and other potential trouble spots! **2.** He leaves nothing to chance, lubricates by chart, and gives you a record of work done. **3.** He cushions the chassis with Marfak, for quieter riding, easier handling, greater comfort. **4.** Services your automatic transmission—uses Texamatic Fluid. **5.** And—to protect your engine, Havoline Special 10W-30 the all-temperature motor oil. This is the revolutionary new motor oil that thinks for itself—to save you thinking about seasonal grades! **6.** Finally, your Texaco Dealer fills 'er up with top octane Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme with Petrox . . . or lively-powered, regular-price Texaco Fire Chief gasoline. Both are 100% Climate-Controlled!

THE TEXAS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . with a Texaco Safe-T Check-up

Special **BENNY GOODMAN**
"Swing into Spring" Record Album
4 HIT TUNES!
$1.29 VALUE **Only 50¢** with money-saving coupon.
SEE YOUR TEXACO DEALER
— for your record album coupon!



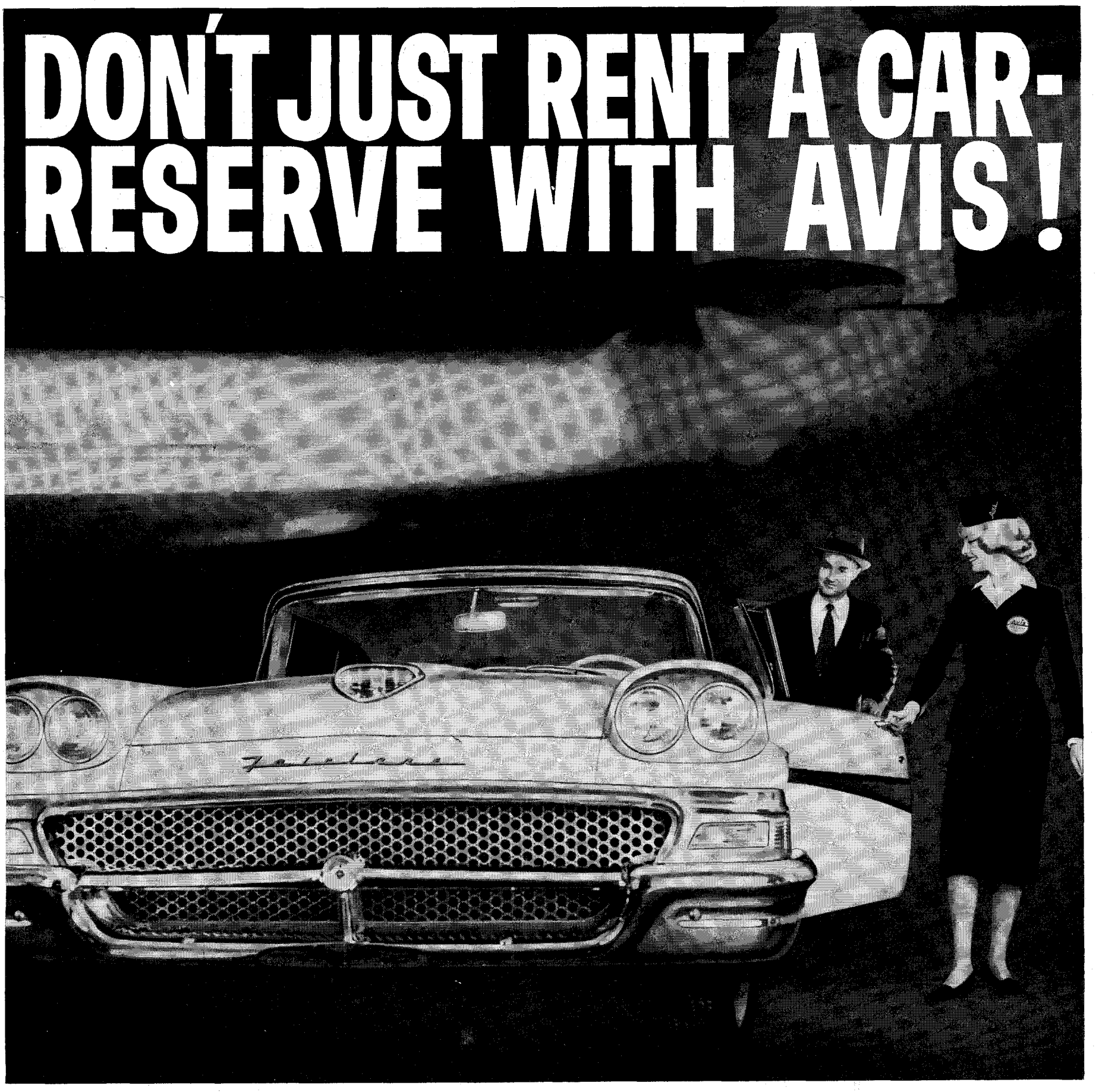
TEXACO

DEALERS in all 48 states

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T JUST RENT A CAR-RESERVE WITH AVIS!



ONLY AVIS OFFERS YOU ALL THESE EXECUTIVE SERVICES SO ECONOMICALLY!

When you reserve in advance with Avis you are guaranteed delivery of the car you want—when and where you want it ● No disappointments, no costly delays ● Avis offers all leading makes of cars but features sparkling new Fords equipped with latest automatic features ● You pick up your car at any Avis station—drop it at any other without extra cost at most places ● No deposit with all recognized credit cards ● Low rates include gas, oil, service and insurance ● More than 1250 Avis stations throughout the world, over 950 in the U. S. alone ● A local call to any Avis station or travel agent reserves a car for you anywhere in the world.

Reserve in Advance and Save with **Avis® RENT-a-CAR**

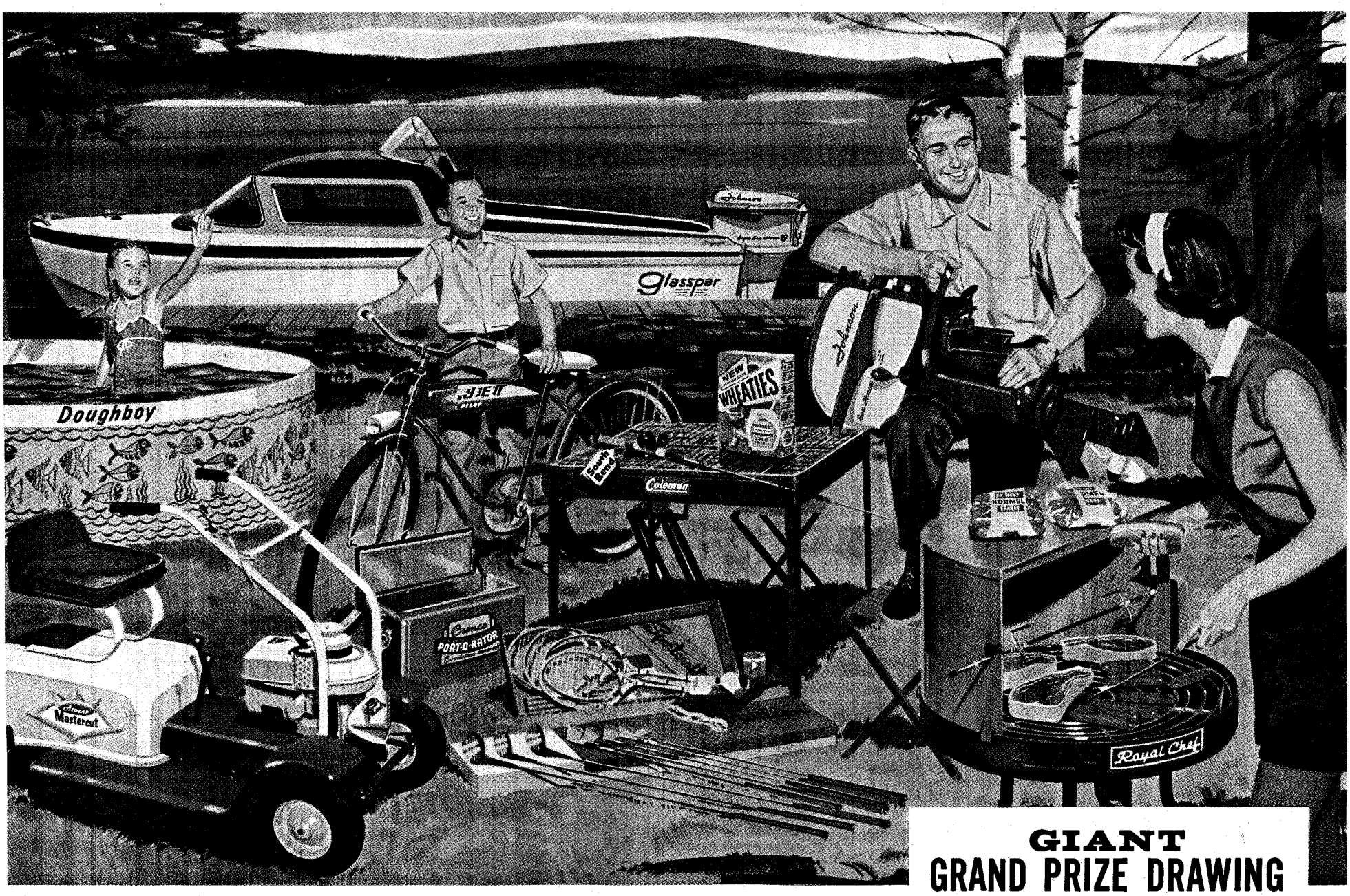
COPYRIGHT 1958, AVIS, INC.

Better buy by Brand Names — BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW WHEATIES OUTDOOR LIVING SWEEPSTAKES

WIN EVERY PRIZE IN THIS PICTURE!



2,350 prizes worth over $100,000

No jingles to write . . . no boxtops to mail!

Get in on the celebration of the birth of a wonderful new Wheaties! All you do is write your name and address and mail in accordance with the easy Sweepstakes rules. For Sweepstakes rules see the specially marked New Wheaties "Sweepstakes" packages in your store, or write to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 185, 623 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.

Four Great Weekly Drawings

Each week New Wheaties is giving away 306 Prizes!

1st PRIZE—16-Ft. Glasspar Del Mar Cabin Cruiser with Johnson Super Sea-Horse V-50 Outboard Motor.

5 2nd PRIZES—Aircap Master-Ride Power Mower.

50 3rd PRIZES—Coleman Pak-Table with 4 folding chairs.

50 4th PRIZES—Cronco Port-O-Rator Cooler.

100 5th PRIZES—Sportcraft Official Badminton Set.

100 6th PRIZES—Full case of Hormel Dairy Brand Franks.

Weekly Drawings Will Be Held On
APRIL 21 • APRIL 28 • MAY 5 • MAY 12

After each drawing, all entries are saved and added to the following week's entries. Thus, every entry you send in has a chance to win a wonderful prize in any or all of the remaining weekly drawings! In addition, all entries received by 8 A.M. May 19, 1958, are eligible for the mammoth Grand Prize Drawing! So enter early and often! Subject to Federal, State and local laws.

LOOK FOR THIS SPECIAL SWEEPSTAKES PACKAGE!

NEW WHEATIES takes your taste outdoors Take the "ho-hum" out of breakfast. Try the new taste that shows you how good whole wheat can really be. Big, golden flakes, radiant-crisped clean through to *stay* crackling crisp in milk. Chock-full of the food value whole wheat's famous for. *Your* family would enjoy the New Wheaties tomorrow morning!

GIANT GRAND PRIZE DRAWING ON MAY 19, 1958

All entries received by 8 A.M. on May 19, 1958, are eligible for:

1st Grand Prize — $10,000 IN CASH!

Plus one each of every other prize in the Sweepstakes!

- 16-Ft. Glasspar Del Mar Cabin Cruiser with Johnson Super Sea-Horse V-50 Outboard Motor.
- Aircap Master-Ride Power Mower.
- 5½ H.P. Johnson Sea-Horse Outboard Motor.
- Boy's or Girl's Roadmaster Jet Pilot Bicycles.
- Coleman Pak-Table with 4 folding chairs.
- Wilson: Patty Berg, or Sam Snead Golf Club Set.
- South Bend Spin Cast® Rod, Reel and Line Set.
- 8-Ft. Doughboy Splasher Pool.
- Cronco Port-O-Rator Cooler.
- Royal Chef Charcoal Brazier.
- Sportcraft Official Badminton Set.
- Full case of Hormel Dairy Brand Franks.
- Year's Supply of New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties (120 12-oz. packages).

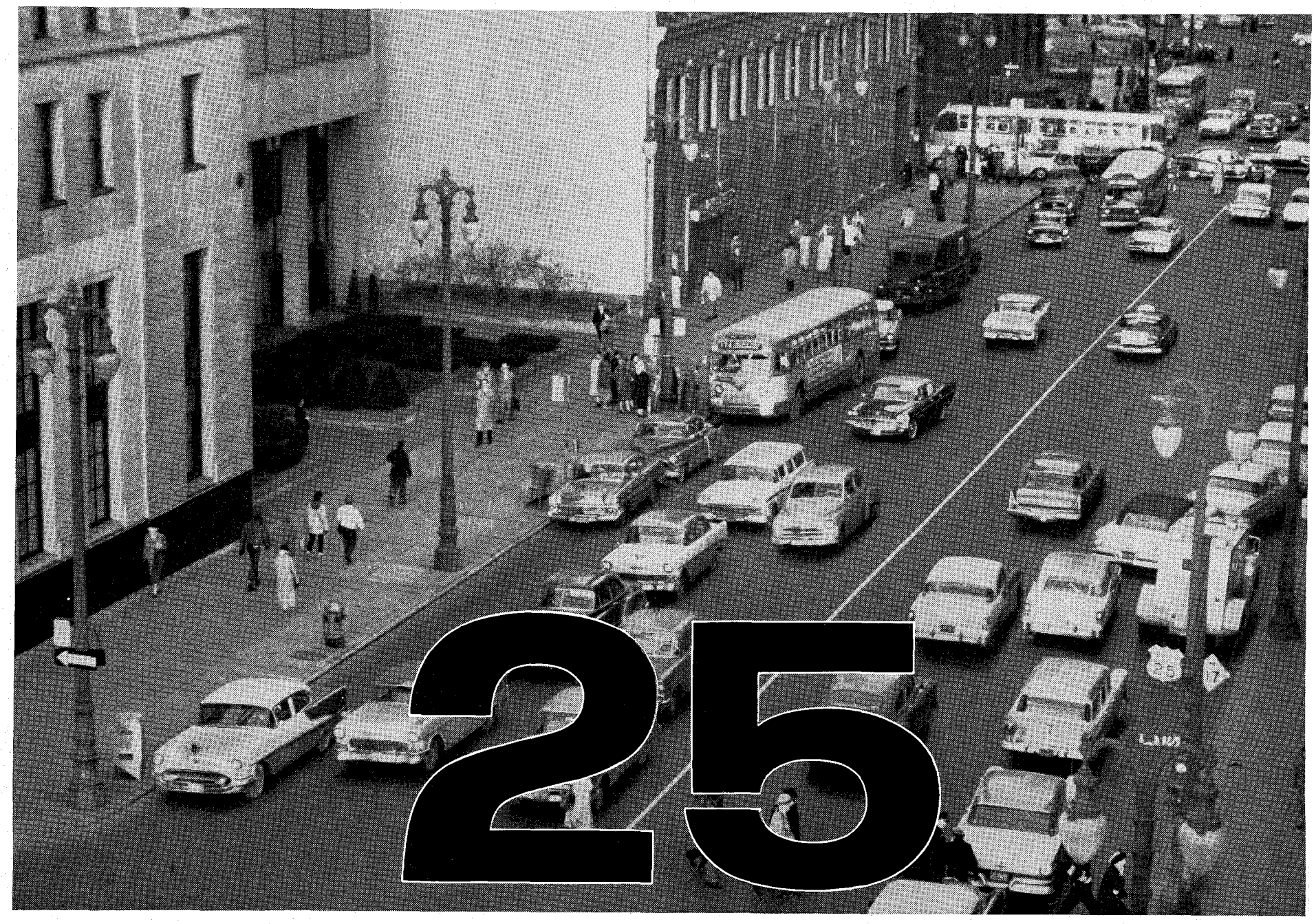
Plus Year's Supply of Hormel Prime Choice Steaks—(Choice of a deluxe gift box of 8 New York Cut or 12 Tenderloins each week for 52 weeks).

1125 Other Grand Prizes!

75 2nd PRIZES—Johnson Sea-Horse 5½ H.P. Outboard Motors.
100 3rd PRIZES—Wilson Golf Club Sets (3 woods, 5 irons, your choice of Patty Berg or Sam Snead Models).
100 4th PRIZES—Roadmaster Jet Pilot Bicycles (Your choice of boy's or girl's model).
200 5th PRIZES—8-Ft. Doughboy Splasher Pools.
400 6th PRIZES—South Bend Spin Cast® Rod, Reel and Line Sets.
200 7th PRIZES—Royal Chef Charcoal Braziers.
50 8th PRIZES—Year's Supply of New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties (120 12-oz. packages).

NEW "Breakfast of Champions"

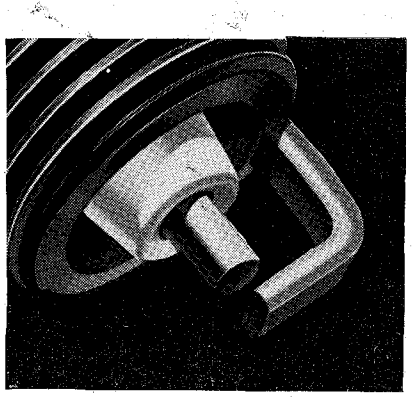
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IN TOWN TRAFFIC . . . *some spark plugs, designed for high speeds, become fouled and cause misfiring and loss of power when driven at low speeds.*

AUTO-LITE RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS WITH POWER TIP

The first spark plug ignition-engineered for today's engines and today's driving



Amazing new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip are ignition-engineered to meet the needs of today's higher horsepower, higher compression engines. Auto-Lite worked on the problem for more than five years, then came up with a radical new design that meets the needs of both today's engines and today's types of driving. After exhaustive laboratory and road tests, Power Tip was made available for *all* of America's 19 makes of passenger cars.

Ask your garage or service station to install Auto-Lite . . . the only spark plugs with Power Tip . . . and start enjoying top performance and economy from your car at *all speeds*.

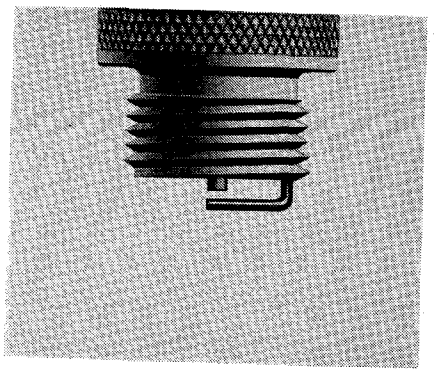
*Power Tip, with or without Resistor, is ignition-engineered for overhead-valve V-8 engines and for most overhead-valve 6's in all these cars—Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Edsel, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Plymouth, Pontiac, Rambler, Studebaker.

AUTO-LITE® RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS WITH **POWER TIP**

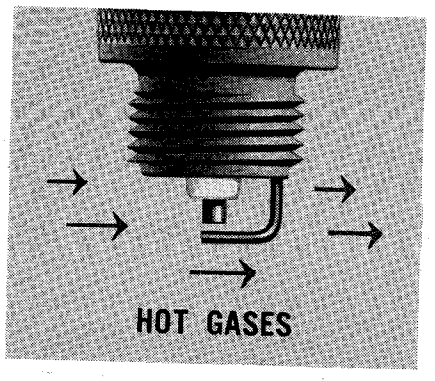
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE HIGHWAY . . . *some spark plugs, designed for low speeds, misfire causing power loss and invite destructive pre-ignition at high speeds. Why gamble when . . .*

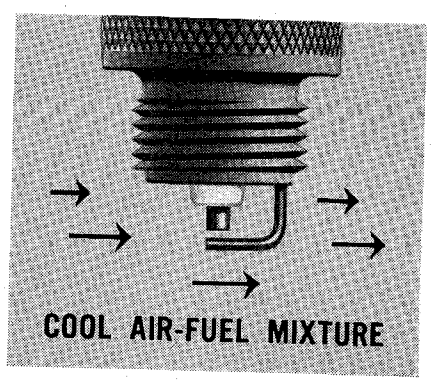
"FIRE UP" YOUR ENGINE* AT ALL SPEEDS!



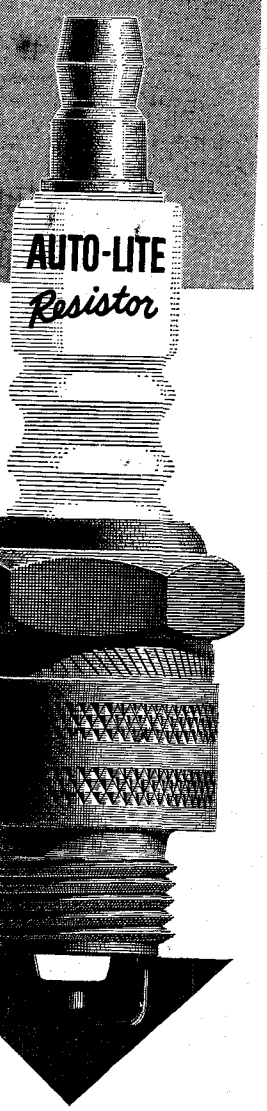
CONVENTIONAL SPARK PLUGS place the spark gap on the "sidelines" making it less able to take advantage of the cleansing, scouring action in the combustion cycle. But see the difference with Auto-Lite Power Tip . . .



POWER TIP IS HOT AT LOW SPEEDS—At low speeds, the projecting Power Tip is in the thick of combustion where it gets hot quicker and stays hot to burn fouling deposits away *clean* . . . keeps engines "fired up."



POWER TIP IS COOL AT HIGH SPEEDS—At higher speeds, the projecting tip is in the path of the incoming air-fuel mixture where it stays cooler to effectively *check* power-robbing pre-ignition. Power Tip "fires up" at *all speeds.*



YOU CAN SEE THE BIG NEW DIFFERENCE IN SPARK PLUGS!

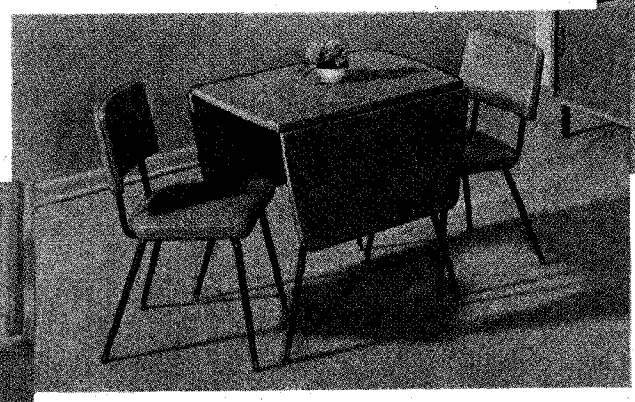
AUTO-LITE *manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look at DAYSTROM dining furniture... style and quality at a price you can afford now!

The really wonderful thing about Daystrom is the way it brightens any room... and your dining *mood,* too! Tables and chairs have a clean, uncluttered look, and make everyday meals more pleasant. And it's so *practical.* Daystromite® table tops have the beauty of rich wood *plus* the ability to resist scratches, stains — even cigarette burns! Wide selection of vinyl chair coverings in rich patterns and colors. Good looks and quality, too, at modest, realistic prices. Set above, *about $139.95.* Daystrom Serving Cart, *about $34.95.* At better dealers everywhere.

"SO EASY TO CLEAN"... *Mrs. J. M. Bristow, Cleveland, Ohio* — Every inch of Daystrom whisks clean with a damp cloth or sponge. This 42-inch long table expands to 52 inches when leaf is added. Coloramic® black legs with self-leveling glides. Chairs in Gray "Sierra" pattern. *About $79.95.*



"WONDERFULLY COMFORTABLE CHAIRS!"... *Mrs. R. S. Farrington, Newton, Mass.* — Heavily-padded chairs covered in Tan "Nassau" vinyl surround this sturdy round table (shown with leaf) with a two-tone woodgrained top. Bronze leg finish with glistening brass appointments. *About $179.95.*
(Prices slightly higher in West)

"I LOVE THE LINES"... *Mrs. D. C. Mitchell, San Francisco, California* — Compact Drop Leaf Table opens to a full 51 inches. Bronze legs swing out to keep it steady. "Driftwood" Daystromite® top. Tufflex-padded chairs in leather-like Green "Saddle" Vinyl. *About $89.95.*

America dines best on daystrom FURNITURE OLEAN, N. Y.

Better buy by Brand Names — BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

OPERA on the OPEN ROAD

By MEYER BERGER

It happens every spring—the Metropolitan Opera packs up and tours the U.S.A. The parties and the panic are more spectacular than anything on stage.

Only the management's aesthetic sense keeps New York's Metropolitan Opera Association from billing its seven-weeks 1958 spring tour as the Greatest Show on Earth, though it is. For the first time in its history, the Met road show will use more railroad units for its spring swing than the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, which coined the "Greatest Show" title before the opera started barnstorming seventy-five years ago. This year the circus will use only three railroad baggage cars for its horses and elephants and will move everything else in twelve trailer trucks. When the Met troupe heads west this week after a stop in Boston it will fill twenty Pullmans and eighteen baggage cars carrying scenery for nine operas.

More than 300,000 hinterland customers along the route—after Boston come Cleveland, Washington, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Dallas, Houston, Oklahoma City, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Bloomington, Lafayette, Chicago, Toronto and Montreal—will pay $1,000,000 to see and hear the Met shows,

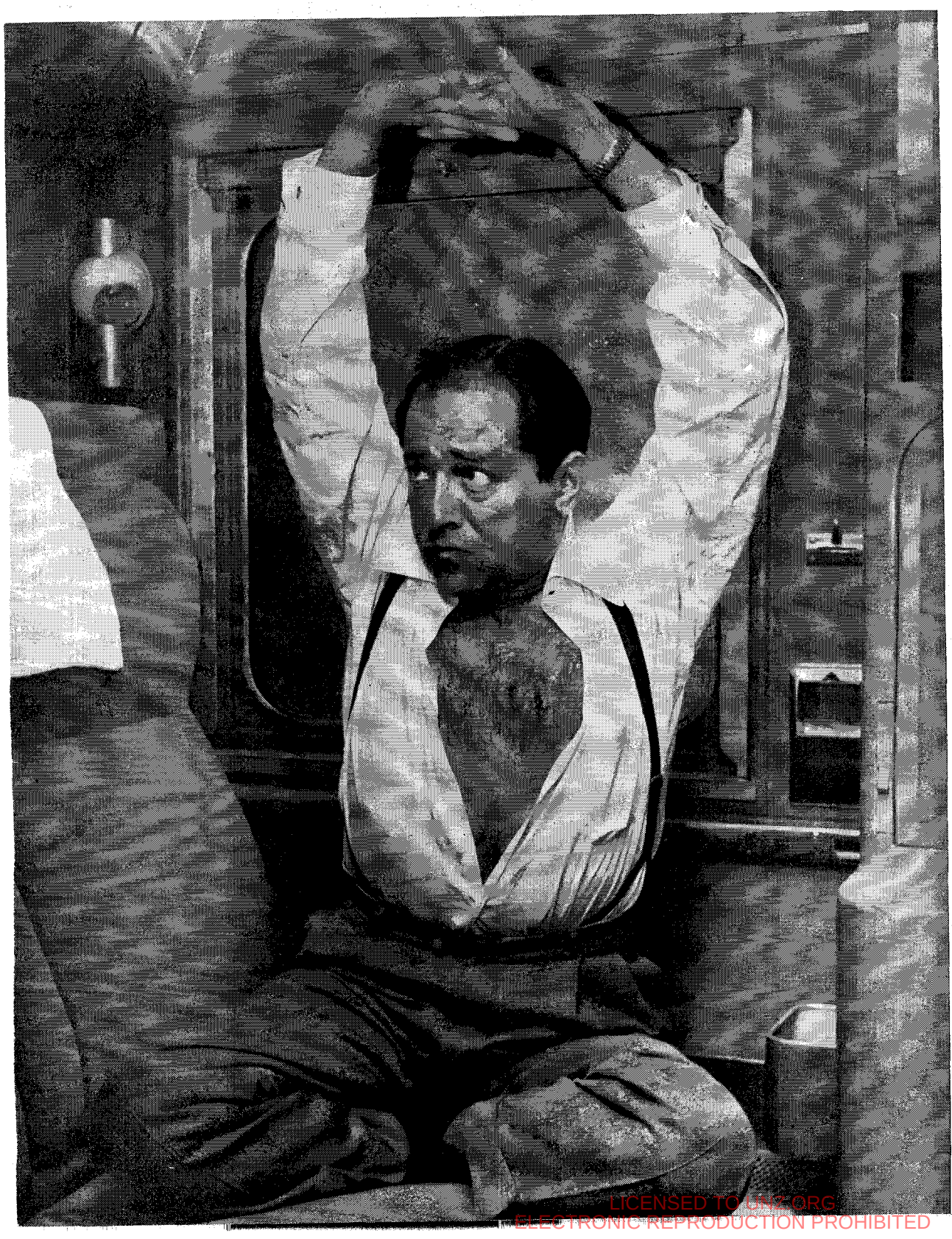
Dallas: One night last spring ballerina Louellen Sibley danced at after-curtain party for cast.

Houston: At a post-opera celebration, tenor Paul Franke couldn't resist accompanying the strolling guitarist. At left is fellow tenor Giulio Gari.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Des Moines: Conductor Mitropoulos gives last-minute instructions to baritone George London before Tosca.

Minneapolis: Guest comedian Cyril Ritchard, whose part did not call for a great voice, rehearses with the donkey he used for his role as the viceroy in La Perichole.



and if everything comes off smoothly the Met stands to make a profit of from $100,000 to $115,000. General Manager Rudolf Bing, a high-strung platform-pacing type, isn't a superstitious man, but he keeps his fingers crossed before each tour when he thinks of how the 1906 tour was wiped out by the San Francisco earthquake. That show lost all props and scenery for nineteen operas, all musical instruments, all costumes and personal baggage, and had to refund $118,000 in ticket money. It was the company's worst road disaster.

Almost all the 300 Met road players do a bit of finger-whammy on their own before they leave, because the show rarely escapes frightening acts of God and man. There are almost always spring floods along the way to delay performers or their equipment and scenery. There are winter-hang-over blizzards, cloudbursts, tornadoes, strikes, power failures. Last year, winds, floods and rains dogged the Met migrants from Dallas to Minnesota. Divas and tenors sloshed to and from Dallas' State Fair Park Music Hall whipped by tornado-tail winds. Ballet kids, chorus and musicians bunched in the few available cabs in sodden groups. Screaming gusts wrestled with stagehands for possession of great strips of wood-framed canvas scenery. Top performers fretted over possible loss of voice in the unseasonable cold. Stagehands were magnificently profane.

When the company pulled out of Dallas for Houston on Monday morning, May thirteenth, an unlucky day, lowering clouds still menaced. Once aboard the specials, all hands stripped in lurching roomettes to change to gear that came from hand luggage only half dry. The hoodoo rode a long way with the opera gypsies. On the 625-mile run from Oklahoma City to Des Moines—which isn't on this year's road schedule—a track washout threw them from the Rock Island roadbed over to the Santa Fe. The itinerants, incidentally, dislike the long hauls; these tend to bring out latent antisocial impulses.

Between cities: Baritone Robert Merrill resorts to the contortions of yoga to take his mind off the long jaunts. His colleagues prefer reading and games.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

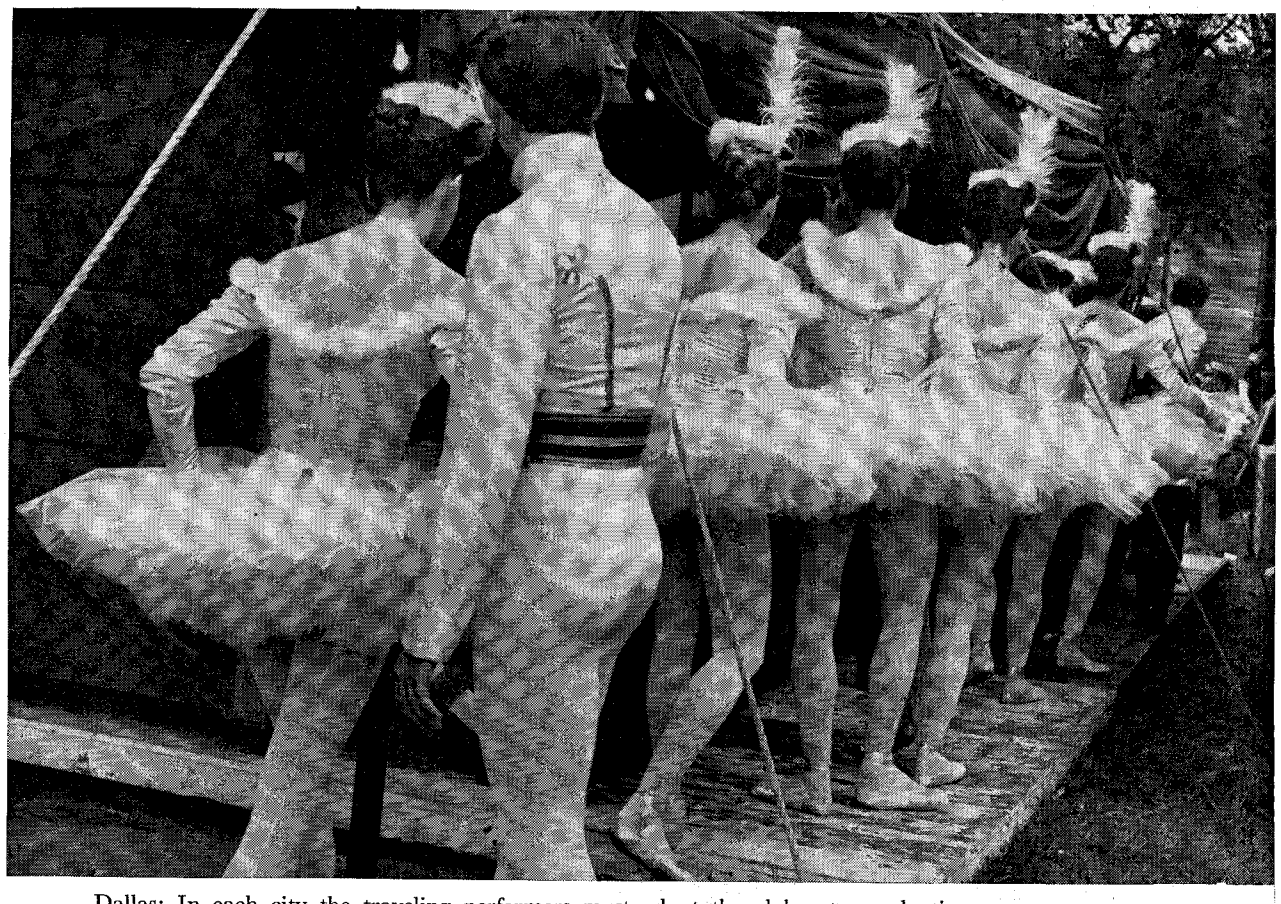
Minneapolis: Prima donna Renata Tebaldi, before singing in La Traviata on her first American tour.

Some of the older hands seem to take road discomforts philosophically, but there's one bit of tragedy they met on tour nine years ago that not even they can forget. Early on the morning of April 21, 1949, John Garris, a handsome German-born tenor, managed somehow to slip out of Atlanta railroad station unseen after he had been checked into his railroad compartment before pull-out for Memphis. 'Way down the line, on the way to Memphis, management got a wire from the Atlanta police.

John Garris, who had played in Otello in Atlanta the night before, had been found shot to death in an ill-lighted Atlanta alley. No one knows to this day who killed the tenor, or why. Murder was one danger the troupe had never expected to meet. (Continued on Page 134)

Minneapolis: His worries over for one more performance, Rudolf Bing, the Met's manager, admires a patroness's poodles. Local society goes all out when the opera comes to town.

Somewhere in Texas: Singers Giulio Gari (left), Norman Scott and Frank Guarrera whiff the prairie air.



Dallas: In each city the traveling performers must adapt the elaborate productions to a different stage. Here, outside the State Fair Music Hall, ballerinas wait to go on.

Photographs by Hans Knopf

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

He was a teen-age driver. No one would believe his story of the . . .

FRAME-UP ON THE HIGHWAY

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Jimmy Franklin didn't know how the accident happened. He was driving carefully. A seventeen-year-old with two minor accidents charged to him had to drive carefully. Too, he had just passed the scene of a crash on Lake Boulevard—police cars, an ambulance, a swirling crowd—and the memory of that held his speed down and sharpened his awareness.

The night was clear, the gentle curves of Dutch Hill Road were dry, there was little traffic. He came up on a new and expensive car going about twenty-five. "Mrs. Murphy," he said. He knew the car, knew the driver. She was married to pop's best customer. He followed her for a time, wondering why she was just poking along. Then he pulled out and passed her, alert for any danger that might come around an approaching curve. He swung back in good time toward the right-hand lane.

Her headlights were on the high beam. They hit his rear-view mirror and blinded him for a moment, but not long enough to cause him any trouble. There was no car approaching, no reason to hurry the turn back. He had done everything right, everything safely, and yet he was no more than across the center stripe when something struck his car a giant blow.

He yelled, a hoarse, wordless sound of fear. His car went out of control, tires squalling across dry pavement, the steering wheel twisting in his hands. Jimmy could not think in his panic; he could only fight instinctively and desperately, and he fought with considerable skill.

"Over here," Ben Murphy commanded Jimmy. "I want to talk to you."

The careening car almost overturned; somehow he managed to hold it upright. Then it began to fishtail, the rear end whipping back and forth, the front end seeking the ditch on either side of the road like a thing possessed.

He was aware that headlights had flashed crazily across the trees on the right of the road, and now he heard a second crash behind him. He was sickened, as if he'd been struck again, but he was fighting too hard to give it thought.

The fishtailing stopped at last. With the car rolling straight, he used the brake—not hard, pumping it carefully—and brought the car to a stop two hundred feet down the road from the point of collision. Shaking, weak with shock, he could not move for a moment. Then awareness came back to him suddenly.

"Mrs. Murphy," he said hoarsely.

He hammered the door of his car open, lunged through it, stumbling, to the road. The road back of him was dark and empty. He yelled the name of the woman again and ran that way—seventeen, a lanky, gangling boy in desperate haste.

The woman's car had left the road on the right side, plunged down a small incline and into a grove of trees. It had struck two trees hard. The chrome-laden front end was crushed, the long and shining hood stood open to the sky. The headlights were out, smashed, but the dash lights glowed. Looking down from the shoulder of the road, Jimmy saw that a man had reached the car before him.

"Is she hurt?" he called fearfully.

The man was leaning into the car. He straightened and looked at Jimmy. "Yeah, she's hurt." He turned to the car again.

Jimmy went down the bank in clumsy, great strides. There was enough light from the interior of the car, the stars and the newly risen half moon to see the man who had preceded him. He was wearing overalls, a vest, a short-sleeved shirt—a stringy wisp of a man, near fifty. He was trying to pull the inert body of the woman from the car. Jimmy caught his shoulder.

"Don't move her!" He'd had first aid in high school; he knew that much. "You can hurt her bad!"

"She's hurt bad now! She ——"

Jimmy pushed past the man and leaned into the car. What he saw filled him with nausea and turned his bones to rubber. Mrs. Murphy had been a very pretty woman, twenty-five or six, long blond hair, dark blue eyes. She'd been an actress or something, and there'd been talk about her after she'd married Mr. Murphy. Jimmy hadn't listened much to the things people said, they sure didn't matter now.

Her face had hit the steering wheel. She was half lying on the seat, unconscious, breathing heavily. There was quite a lot of blood on the seat, in her hair, on her face, and she was still bleeding. Jimmy fumbled helplessly, mind numb with shock, almost blank. Then, suddenly, he found his senses. He backed out of the car and turned on the thin wisp of a man.

"Call a doctor!" he said. "Get an ambulance!"

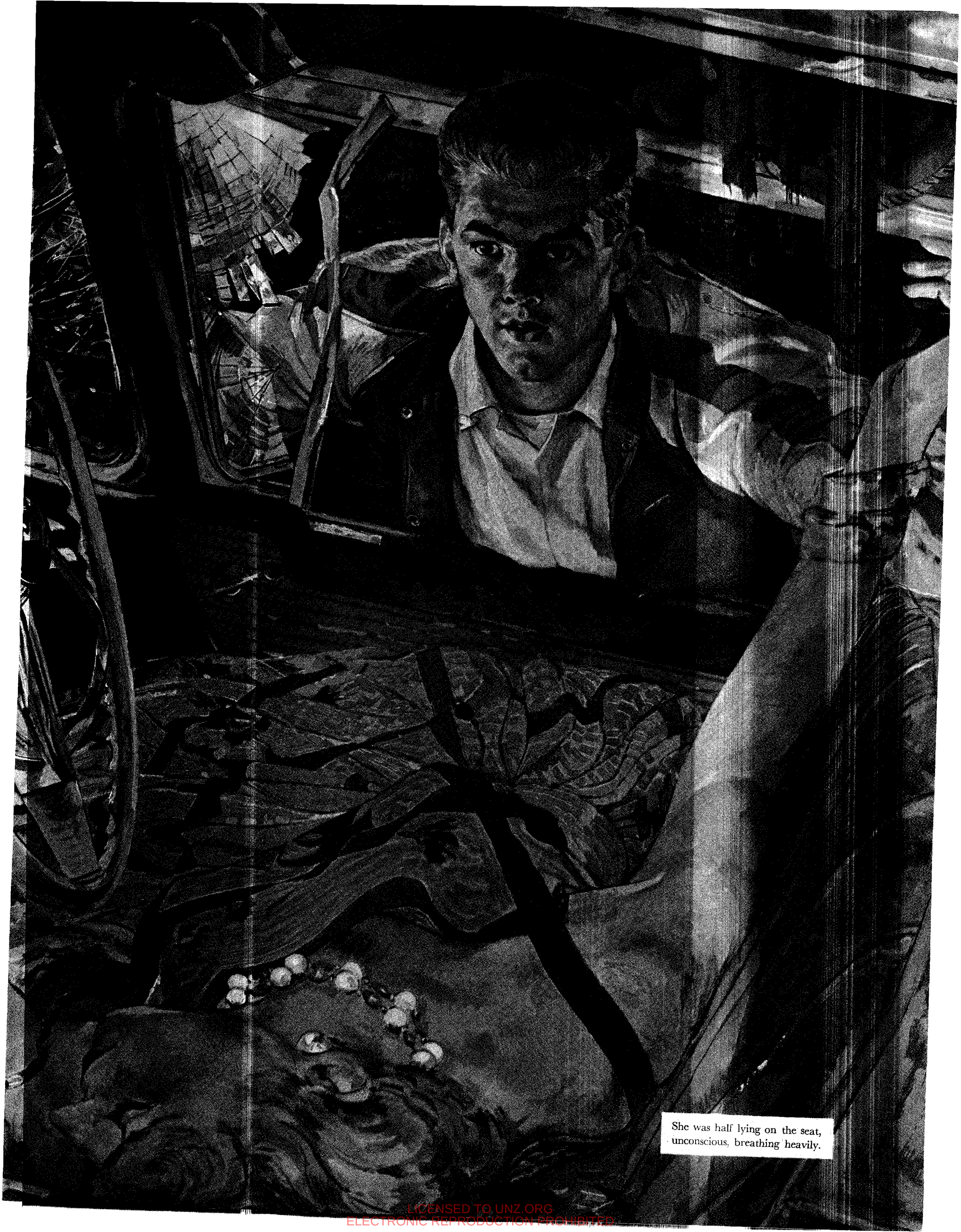
"Why me? I ——"

"Because I can't leave!" Jimmy yelled at him. "There's plenty of houses on the other side of the road!" (Continued on Page 120)

They went up the walk together. Jimmy opened the front door.

Illustrated by Ken Riley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

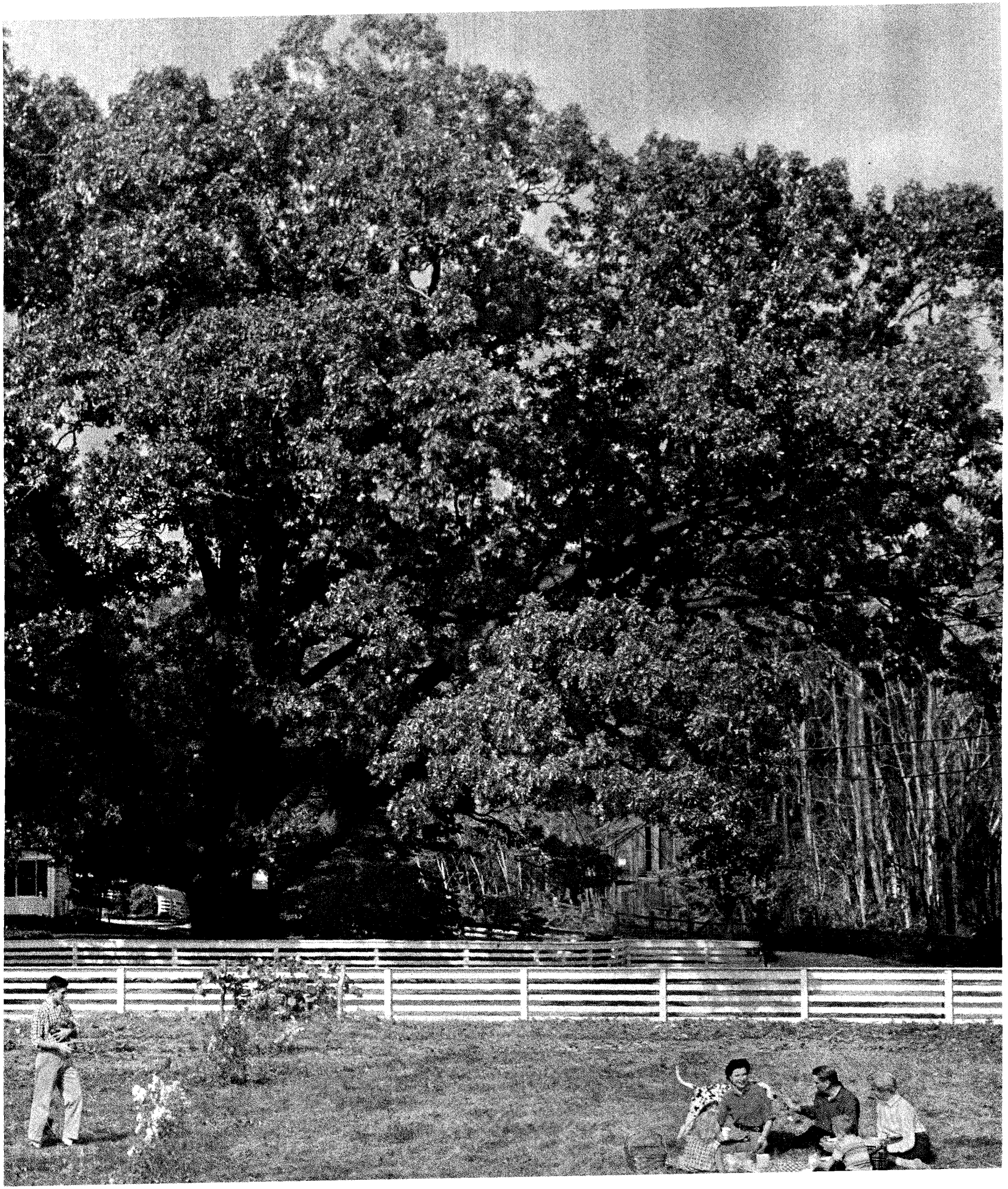
The Face of AMERICA

Champion

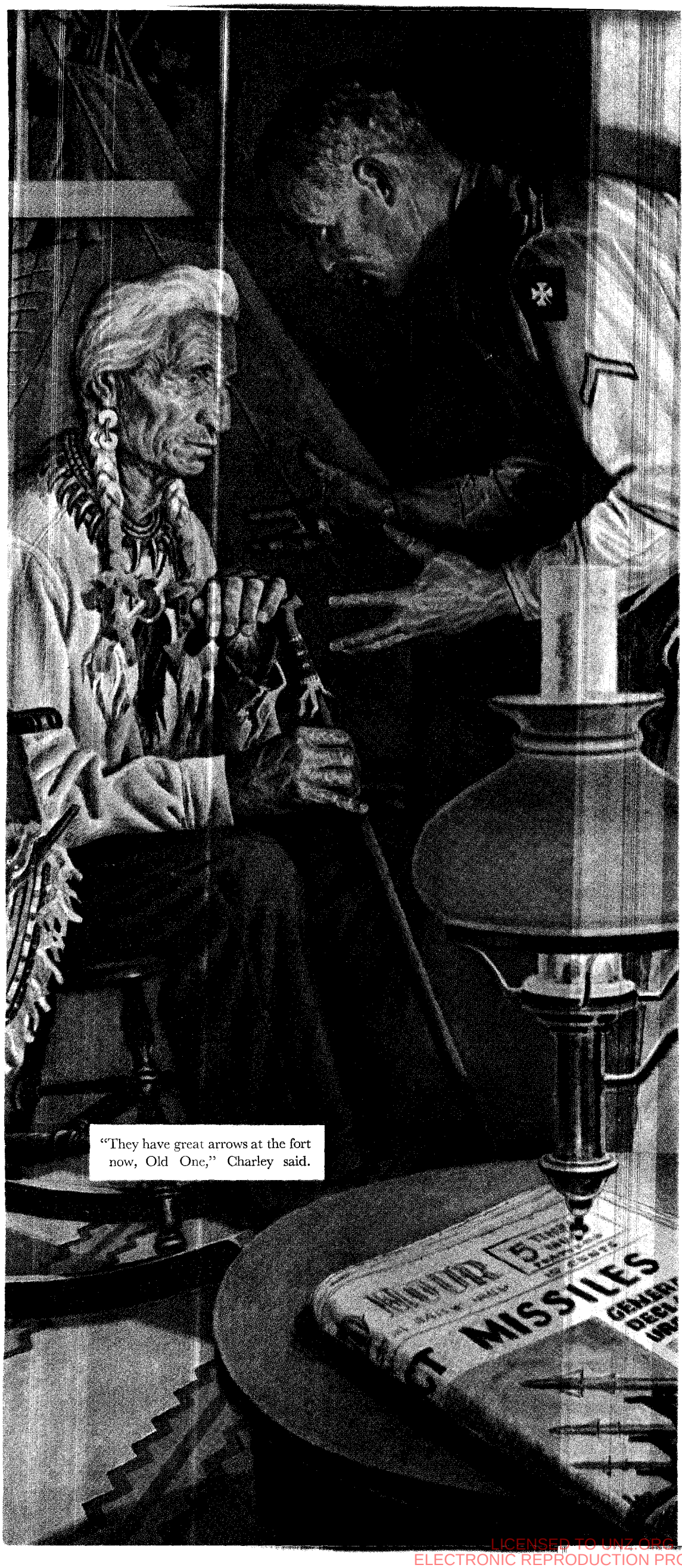
This great black oak grew from an acorn which fell to the ground soon after Columbus opened the New World to further investigation. The tree was a century old by the time Dutch traders brought white men's affairs to its neighborhood. It had its 200th birthday under Queen Anne, its 300th under President Jefferson. Some time before World War I the oak began its fifth century. At Lloyds Neck, near Huntington, Long Island, this patriarch spreads its branches across a span of 138 feet. It's 90 feet high; the bole is 19 feet, 9 inches around. Such at least are the dimensions attributed to it by the American Forestry Association. A plaque on the trunk gives more imposing statistics: A 150-foot spread of branches, 100-foot height and 25-foot circumference. Under its timeless shelter, even great men are mindful of their own mortality. Teddy Roosevelt lived near here; he, too, knew and admired the old monarch as a kindred living thing—a specimen, like himself, both rugged and unique.

● Photograph by George Lazarnick

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"They have great arrows at the fort now, Old One," Charley said.

The Unconquerable

This proud survivor of his tribe's great battles was still at war with the U.S. Army.

By MARY AGNES THOMPSON

They had moved Quanah Parker. They had disturbed the slumber of the Last Chief of the Comanches. The Army needed additional land for the expansion of its guided-missile program at Fort Sill, and the past had been forced to give way to the future. The old Comanche Post Oak Mission Cemetery had been moved to another location and the Last Chief and his mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, had been reburied in the post cemetery at Fort Sill. Still, the words engraved on the marker of the Last Chief echoed among the Comanches: RESTING HERE UNTIL DAY BREAKS AND SHADOWS FALL AND DARKNESS DISAPPEARS IS QUANAH PARKER, LAST CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES.

Charley Shield sat in the Fort Sill cafeteria and stared at the figures in the murallike wallpaper. The ceremony was over and he was tired.

"What're you looking at, Chief?" Sid Benson, from New Jersey, asked with an exaggerated imitation of Charley's somber countenance. "You counting the redskins biting the dust, huh, Comanch?"

"Can't a fellow keep his mouth shut a minute without thinking?" Charley demanded. "You guys, always with the big joke. Everything's funny, real funny."

"Aw, the Chief's worrying about the payments on that secondhand convertible job he put his name on," Jim Harris nodded solemnly. "Well, if you ever hit hard times, Cholly, my boy, just sell a chunk of Oklahoma or Texas or Colorado. . . . Hey, fellows, were you around the day Charley said all the country in these parts is still Comancheria? The Comanches never gave it up. Well, it serves 'em right, if they still own Texas. My brother, he was stationed at Fort Hood once. He always said, 'Give it back to the Indians!'" He laughed heartily at his own humor.

Charley narrowed his eyes. He had about had it. He set his mouth and remained silent. Just a little bit more of the fellows' spouting off with that Comanch and Chief stuff and, regulations or no regulations, he was going to throw one of his Golden Gloves lefts at them.

(Continued on Page 52)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mayor Richard Lee (left) and Edward Logue, Development Administrator. In background new construction rises on a former New Haven slum.

He is Saving a "Dead" City

Do old cities have to die? Consider how the young mayor of New Haven is bulldozing his "blight-ridden" town out of the stagnant past into a handsome new future.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

The mayor with his wife and daughter. Lee, 42, has staked his career on redevelopment of his city.

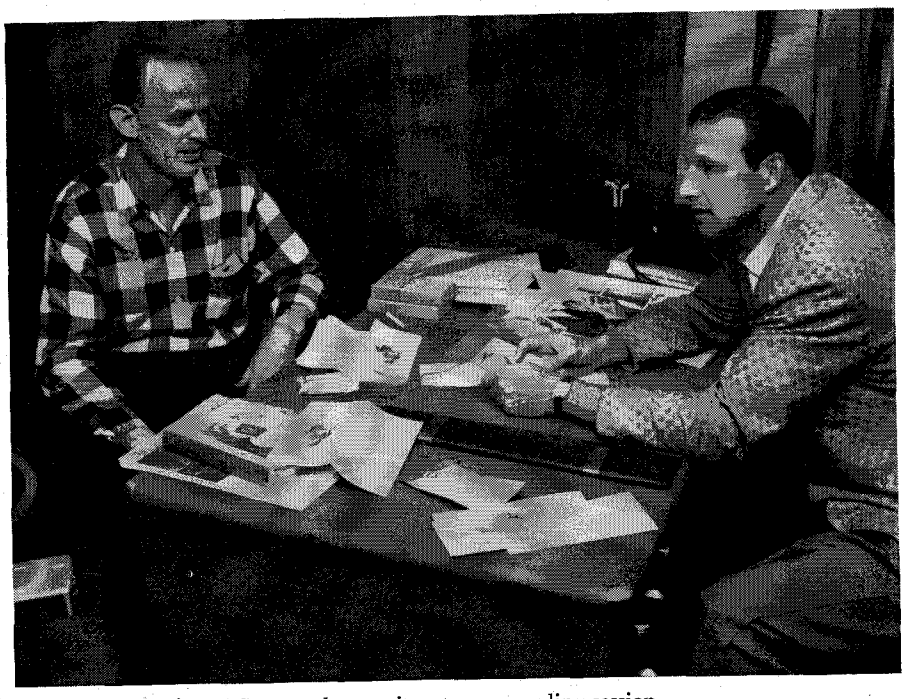
As mayor of the Connecticut city of New Haven since 1954, Richard Charles Lee has assiduously devoted himself to violating certain fundamental rules for success in a political career. He embarrassed and angered many voters—including some prominent citizens and at least two red-faced city officials—by having the police tow away their automobiles for illegal parking. He made it impossible to "fix" a traffic ticket. He described New Haven as a decaying community and widely publicized the disgraceful fact that 10,000 disease-carrying rats infested a single street in the center of the city. He hounded wayward property owners into paying back taxes that had been owing for as long as fifteen years. He fired city employees and a few appointed officials for loafing, and abolished patronage jobs with salaries totaling $102,000 a year. Then he raised his own salary from $10,000 to $18,000 and boosted expenses of the mayor's office from $20,000 to $78,000 annually. On top of all this, he waged a running battle with the town's only newspaper owner, John Day Jackson, who has long been a powerful figure in local affairs.

That kind of politicking, as any party hack could—and did—tell Mayor Lee, is not recommended as the way to win a popularity contest at the ballot box. (Continued on Page 115)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

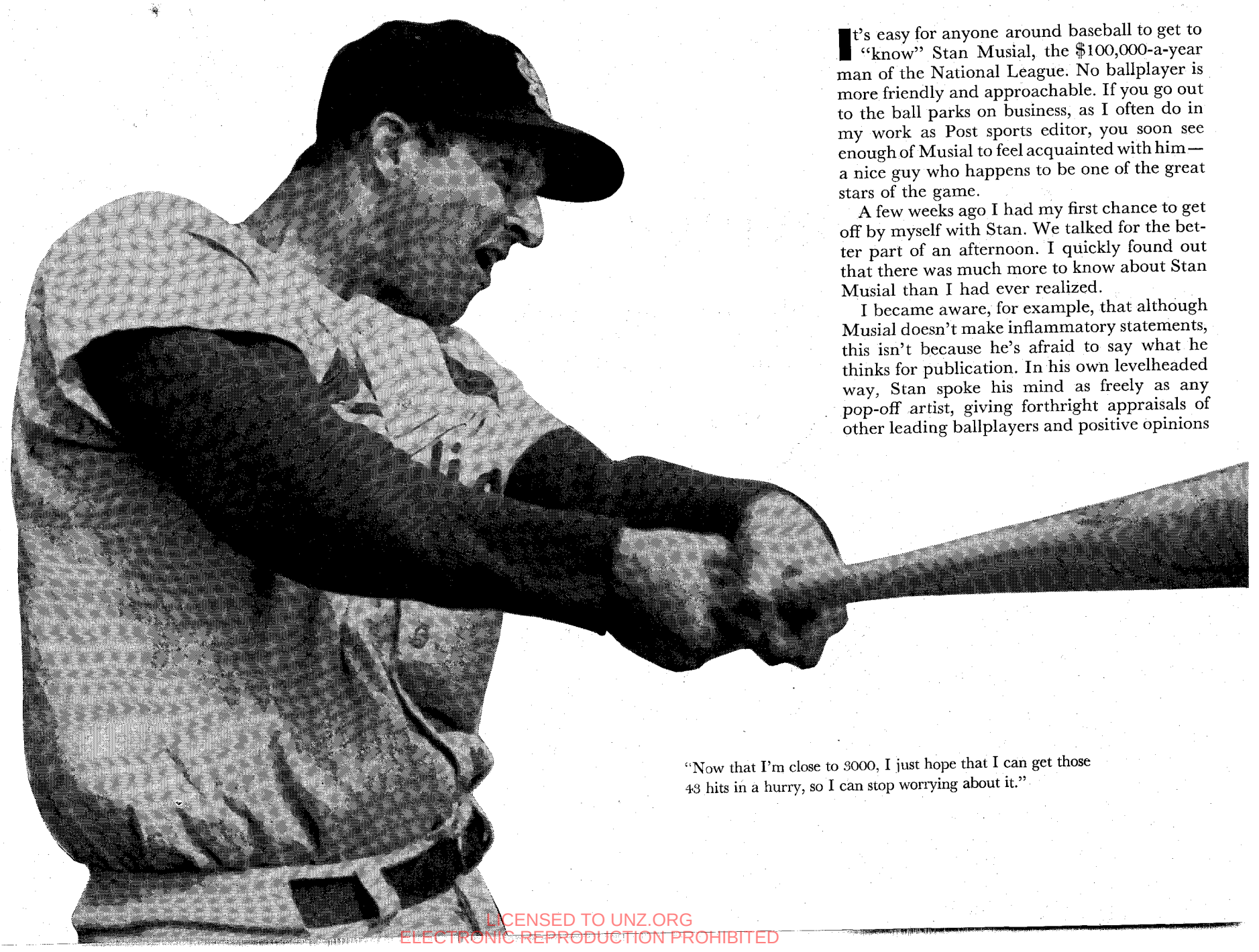
By HARRY T. PAXTON

A Visit With STAN MUSIAL



The author (left) and Stan underway in a tape-recording session.

The Cardinal veteran discloses the batting tricks that make him one of baseball's greatest hitters. He also tells how he staged his comeback at the ripe old age of 36.



"Now that I'm close to 3000, I just hope that I can get those 43 hits in a hurry, so I can stop worrying about it."

It's easy for anyone around baseball to get to "know" Stan Musial, the $100,000-a-year man of the National League. No ballplayer is more friendly and approachable. If you go out to the ball parks on business, as I often do in my work as Post sports editor, you soon see enough of Musial to feel acquainted with him—a nice guy who happens to be one of the great stars of the game.

A few weeks ago I had my first chance to get off by myself with Stan. We talked for the better part of an afternoon. I quickly found out that there was much more to know about Stan Musial than I had ever realized.

I became aware, for example, that although Musial doesn't make inflammatory statements, this isn't because he's afraid to say what he thinks for publication. In his own levelheaded way, Stan spoke his mind as freely as any pop-off artist, giving forthright appraisals of other leading ballplayers and positive opinions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on a variety of topics. When it came to his pet specialty of hitting, Musial was fascinatingly expressive. He went into fine points I hadn't known even existed. Maybe some of them don't exist for the average big-league hitter.

My visit with Stan Musial took place in St. Petersburg, Florida, last month at Al Lang Field, the spring-training base of the St. Louis Cardinals. We were in a private office under the stands, with only a tape recorder to hear what we said. From ten that morning until 2:30 in the afternoon, Musial had drilled as hard as any rookie. As our session stretched on, he began to look a little tired. However, just as he hadn't dogged it at practice, so he wasn't going to dog it at this interview. Instead of trying to dispose of questions in a hurry, he enlarged on each new subject until he had covered every phase of it to his own satisfaction.

At thirty-seven, Stan Musial is well-groomed and nice-looking—the very picture of a young man of distinction. He is not a polished talker, for all his years on the banquet circuit, but he is entirely at ease with both large audiences and individuals. He speaks with convincing naturalness and sincerity. From time to time he punctuates a sentence with a spontaneous burst of laughter.

One of the things I was most interested in finding out was whether Musial had any real explanation for his impressive comeback performance last year. Perhaps you've already forgotten that 1957 did represent a comeback season for Stan the Man—a nickname which originated with Bob Broeg, of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, who probably is the baseball writer closest to Musial.

Well, the situation was this. Musial's lifetime batting average for sixteen and a fraction seasons with the Cardinals is .340—a figure which puts him in a class by himself in the National League, and is paralleled in the American League only by Ted Williams (.350). In 1955, however, the mighty Musial dropped off to .319, and in 1956 he was down to .310. Although he was still driving in more than 100 runs and hitting around thirty homers, there were murmurs that The Man was getting over the hill. Then in 1957, at the age of thirty-six, Stan shot up to .351 to win his seventh league batting championship—his first since 1952.

I asked Stan how he accounted for his upsurge. It became clear that this was something to which he had given considerable thought.

"When a ballplayer's been playing a lot of hard, consecutive years, he has a little letdown period," Musial began. "And then he spurts up again. Well, back in 'Fifty-six, 'Fifty-five, I did feel tired physically, whereas last year and this year I feel better physically. I feel great.

"When you're tired physically, you become mentally tired. That affects your hitting. I know when I was really in my prime I could concentrate on every pitch. Every day, in every game, I could concentrate. In 'Fifty-five and 'Fifty-six I couldn't do it as well."

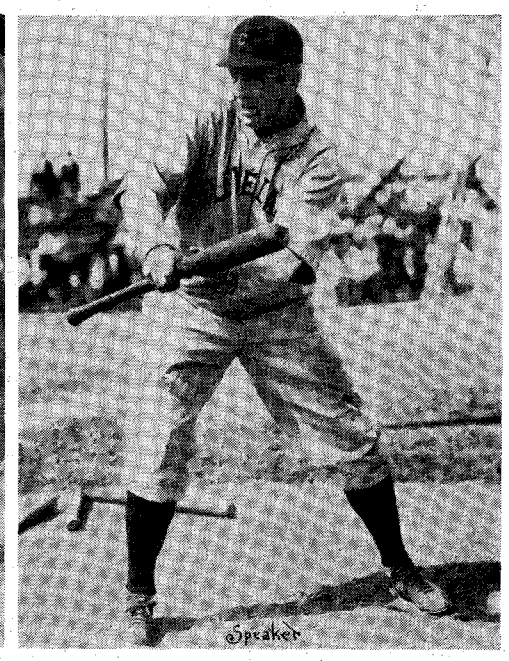
He continued, "Maybe it's partly from coming to the plate so many times. After you've been playing fourteen, fifteen years, you've been up to the plate 8000, 9000 times, and it becomes hard to concentrate on every pitch. But last year I made it a point that I was going to concentrate more. When I was at the plate, I wasn't (Continued on Page 113)

ON OR ABOUT JUNE 1, MUSIAL WILL JOIN THIS EXCLUSIVE CLUB

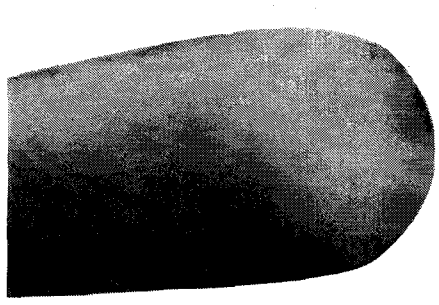
Ty Cobb, 4191 hits (1905–1928).

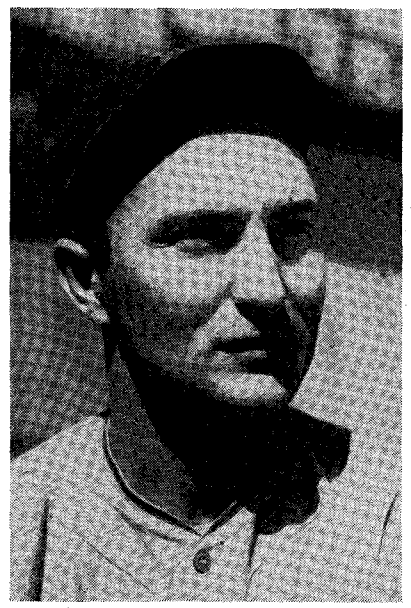
Cap Anson, 3081 hits (1871–1897).

Hans Wagner, 3430 hits (1897–1917).

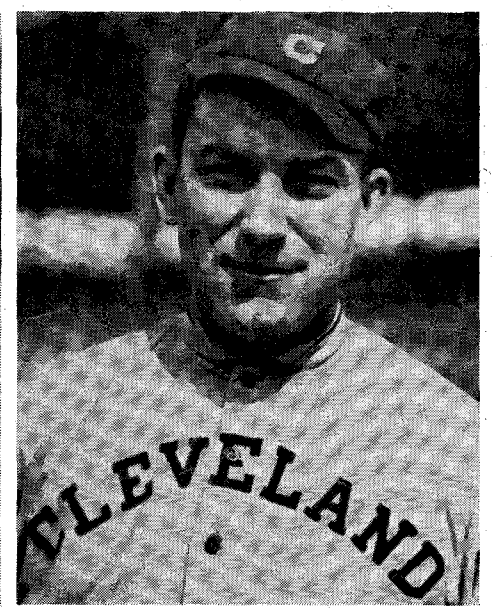


Tris Speaker, 3515 hits (1907–1928).

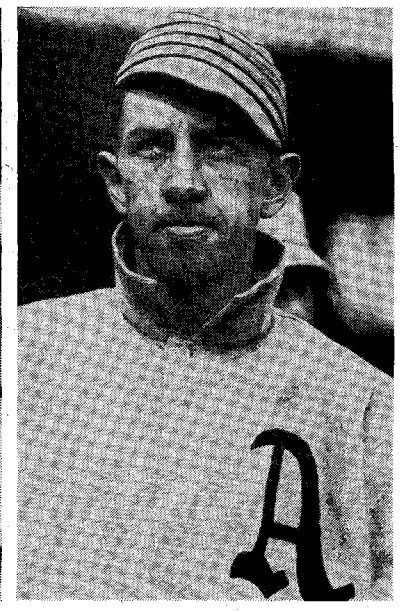




Paul Waner, 3152 hits (1926–1945).



Nap Lajoie, 3251 hits (1896–1916).



Eddie Collins, 3313 hits (1906–1930).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lady Was Insulted

How can a girl's life be glamorous when the only things she can do well are wash and iron?

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

164 East 69th Street, New York, September 28

Dear Marc: My sweet, uncomplaining niece, Aggie, writes me that your nephew Ted has insulted her. How very encouraging. What happened?

Love,
CELIA

Hamlet, Connecticut, September 30

Dear Celia: I really don't know and I am not going to ask. Ted and Aggie are two extremely elderly people in their twenties and I don't understand them for a minute.

But I can say this: you've made a mistake about that word "insult." I know you. "Insult" has some lovely connotation to you—like getting pinched by a fellow you hardly know—but let's face it, angel; you are an old-fashioned girl. What probably happened was that Ted told Aggie she didn't understand the political situation in Vietnam. That's an insult.

Or so I have observed. All I can do is observe. Ted came bouncing out of the Navy two years ago, plumped himself in his chair at the bank and hasn't moved since. I grant you, I had always told him there would be a place for him in the bank, but I had hardly thought he would take me up so soon. I had expected a period of revolt. You know, of being spit at and reviled and told in no uncertain terms what I could do. That, I would have considered normal. You remember how I had to be carried, kicking and screaming, into the teller's cage by my father.

But not Ted. He sits there and knows more about banking than I will ever know. So don't be encouraged. These people are strangers, foreigners. I treat them politely and a little fearfully.

It's why, really, I put Ted in charge of Jack's estate. He and Aggie can settle things their way. It's been fine. Jack's final illness cost more than any of us knew, so while Aggie will have a great deal less than I had supposed, Ted has got her every penny possible.

Oh, my dear, my dear, where have these twenty-five years gone to? The last thing I remember clearly was an afternoon in 1932 when I went downtown to buy a newspaper. I was a revolutionist. I was happy. And now I have got back home again and I am the president of a bank.

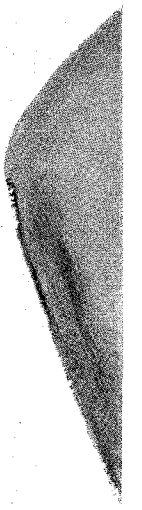
With love,
MARC

164 East 69th Street, New York, October 2

Dear Ted: I have just had a rather senile note from your uncle, but tucked into it was one bit of information that disturbs me. He said my brother Jack's estate would be much less than we expected. Just how much less? Will Aggie be actually in a bad way? Do let me know.

You've been seeing Aggie, I gather. I don't understand her. For such a pretty girl, she's such a rock of reliability. That can't be altogether wise, can it? Now you're a man and you've been in the Navy. Can't you think of something that would take her mind off the national budget?

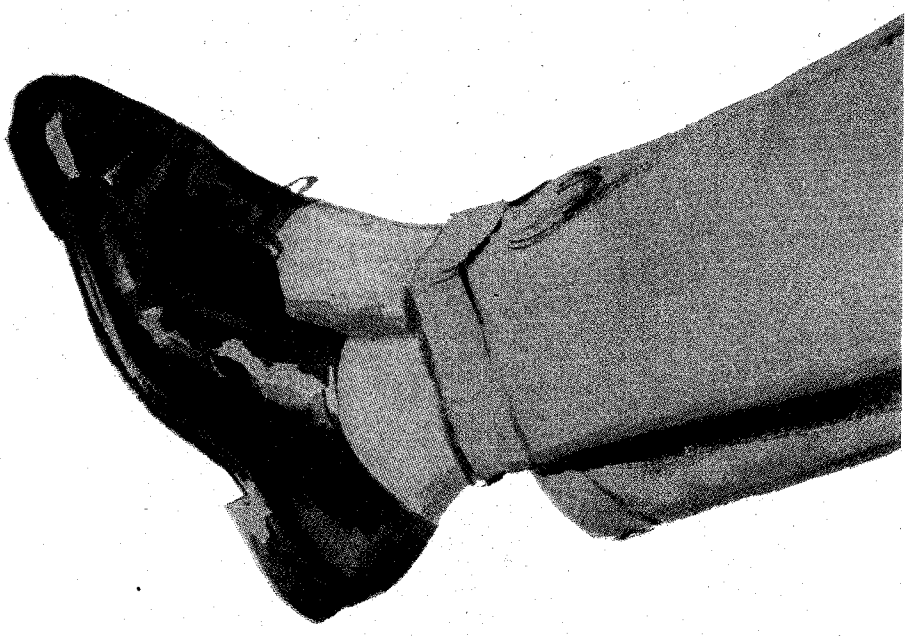
Yours,
CELIA GRANT



164 East 69th Street, New York, October 2

Aggie, my dearest Niece: About that insult: there's no use pretending: I feel uneasy.

Let me say, first, I know the world has changed in twenty-five years. It is part of my job as a literary agent to keep up with the popular novels, so I have recently read two about life in small towns—Peyton Place and By Love Possessed—and all I can say is that (Continued on Page 90)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I suggested marriage as a career to her, she hit the ceiling.

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marriage is Our Business

Part Two

WIFE TROUBLE

By EMILY HARTSHORNE MUDD, Ph. D.
as told to Hannah Lees

From the files of a celebrated marriage counselor, the real reasons some wives nag or whine or betray their husbands.

Divorce hearing: Clarence Walker (far end of table), a court-appointed "master," hears testimony from a husband (back to camera) suing his wife (right). For a less agonizing settlement of a marital quarrel, see below.

Several trips to the Marriage Council rescued this couple from unhappiness. Many wives feel "invisible," says the author, because their husbands inadvertently ignore them or withhold the attention and affection they need.

A lot has been written lately about woman's duty to make a marriage succeed, to make home happy and create an atmosphere of love. And it is all true—up to a point. A prominent psychiatrist—male—says women should realize that men are essentially children in their marriage relationship; that men want and need their wives to comfort them, mother them and build them up. I'm afraid this is true, too, although we at the Marriage Council of Philadelphia often wish it were not. We are part of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine—what is called the Division of Family Study in the Department of Psychiatry. We are rather proud of the fact that we were a pioneer agency in the field of marriage counseling.

Since 1932 we have studied over 10,000 troubled marriages, and our question is: What is going to make a woman do all this comforting, mothering and ego-building year after year? . . . A home? A wife does ordinarily have a better home under her husband's roof than she could provide for herself, especially if she has children, and most women want children. Women are instinctively mothers. But they are also pleasure-loving and love-needing creatures like men. The most noble woman in the world isn't all give. She has an ego, too, perhaps not as big as her husband's, but big and hungry enough to need feeding.

A man called our office one morning a few months ago. Could he possibly see a counselor right away? Next week, even tomorrow, might be too late. We are normally booked up weeks ahead, but he did sound desperate, and we try to fit in emergencies. One of our women counselors, Mrs. Mary Gibbon, agreed to see him on her lunch hour.

He was a well-dressed young executive of the type you see by the dozens on every suburban train. He looked dazed when he came in. "I can't believe I am here," he told the counselor. "Yesterday I would have said my wife and I were completely happy together. But when I came home last night I found she had left me." He brought a sad little note.

"I'm sorry," the note said, "but I've found out at last what it's like to feel loved and loving. I've tried to talk it over, but you never would let me. I'm sure you can find someone else to make you comfortable."

Mrs. Gibbon asked what had led up to this. How long had she seemed unhappy? How had she reacted the last time he made love to her? What things did they enjoy doing together? Was he away very much?

He looked blank. "She never complained," he said. "She had nothing to complain of, really. I'm a good husband. I've never looked at another woman." It was soon obvious he didn't care why she had left him. He just wanted his comfortable life back—and that we couldn't give him. When he finally heard from his wife, through (Continued on Page 143)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quite coldly and scientifically, as if he were at saber practice, Gunnar drove the steel spike of his right ski stick at my face.

The Mountain of Fear

By BRIAN CLEEVE

Their bitter quarrel was more important than a girl's life.

Hans stretched and yawned as he stood up, his shadow enormous on the timber walls of the room, reaching up to the great antlers that my grandfather had nailed above the door. The horns seemed to crown the shadow, spring from its forehead, as if Hans were more than a man; as if he were one of those monsters from a fairy tale, half man, half beast, immortal. Beside him, Helga was a toy, a child, her feet curled under her on the oak settle, her small chin on her hands, her eyes attempting to look grave and serious and worthy of the attention of two such men as Hans and Gunnar. Hans with his lint-pale hair, and Gunnar as dark and heavy as a tree seen by lightning.

Gunnar sat opposite to the pair of them, his elbows on the table, his eyes never leaving Helga's face. They hadn't left it all supper-time. He had hardly spoken, hardly even looked at me when I filled his plate. Only at Helga, while she had purred and preened herself like a kitten being stroked, and then looked sideways at Hans, smiling at him as if they shared some secret joke. When she did that, I could see Gunnar's face go dark as blood, except where it went tight and white at his lips.

If she does choose him in the end, I thought, *I've an idea he'll make her pay pretty heavily for moments like that.* And I wondered again if it would be any good trying to warn her. But you might as well talk to the wind. For that matter, would Hans be better? Or worse? Or was I wrong about both of them? How can you see into the heart of a man?

"Time for bed," said Hans, and Gunnar dragged his eyes away from Helga and made himself yawn agreement.

"You turn in, too, Helga," Hans added, easy authority in (Continued on Page 70)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Panning for gold: Camp director Robert Tully demonstrates prospecting to a group of young treasure hunters. Sometimes they actually find a token flake or two.

The Sixth Grade Takes to the Woods

Here's education with a fresh approach—a week in the wilds for an entire class. The kids learn things they never get from books, and even the teacher has fun.

By Jerome Ellison

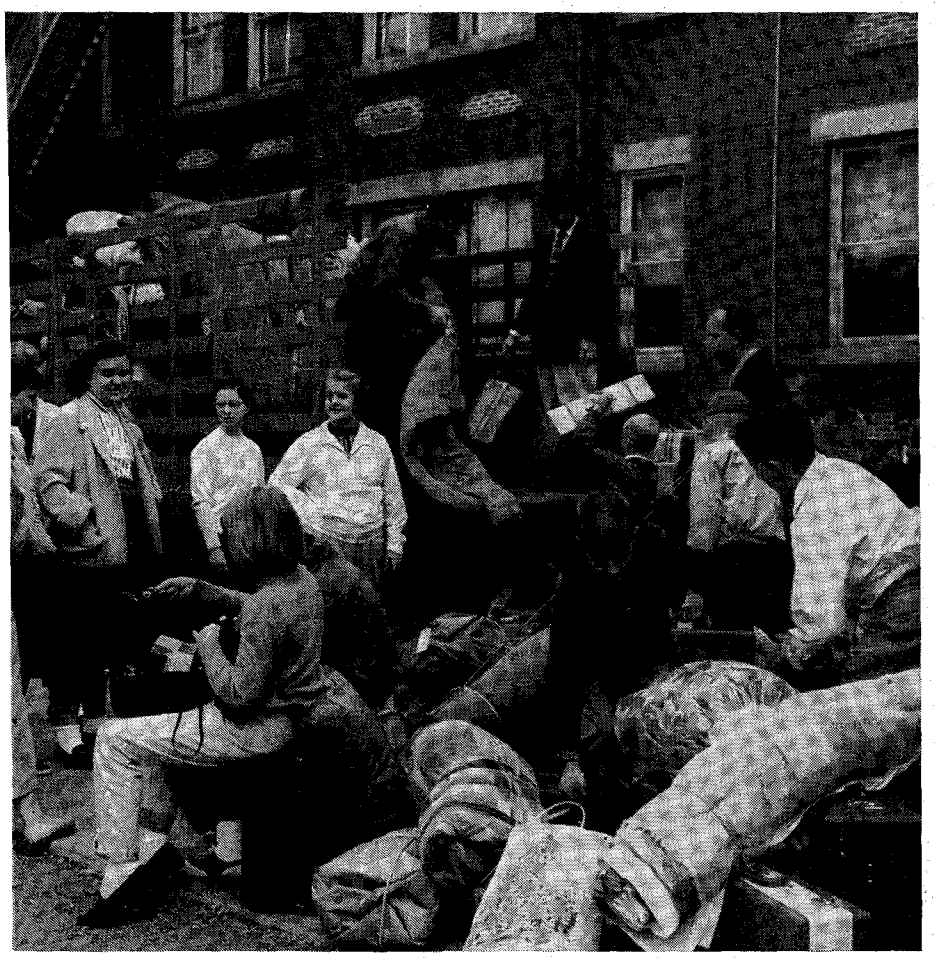
Sturdy counselor Tom Cross leads weary hikers back to camp after a hunt for arts-and-crafts-class materials.

"Dear Mom: Yesterday we went panning for gold, and found some." From a grown son seeking his fortune in some far-off wild? Nothing so bizarre; it's from the midweek letter of a twelve-year-old on safari, with his whole sixth-grade class, fifty miles from his Indianapolis home.

The full-week grade-school campout has come to be quite a thing in our urban public schools. The idea originated in Michigan twenty years ago, and had a slow, steady growth for its first decade. By 1950, fifteen states, including populous New York, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois, had school camping.

Now over half the states go along with the idea and nobody seems to know where it will stop. Last year California alone took 29,000 youngsters from 361 schools on sojourns in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At the William McKinley School in Indianapolis, Ind., campers load their equipment for the week-long outing at Bradford Woods, a 2300-acre tract an hour's drive away.

Twelve-year-old Lemuel Walton (*right*) gives his fascinated classmates a lesson in zoology. At first he was the only one who dared pick up this harmless green snake.

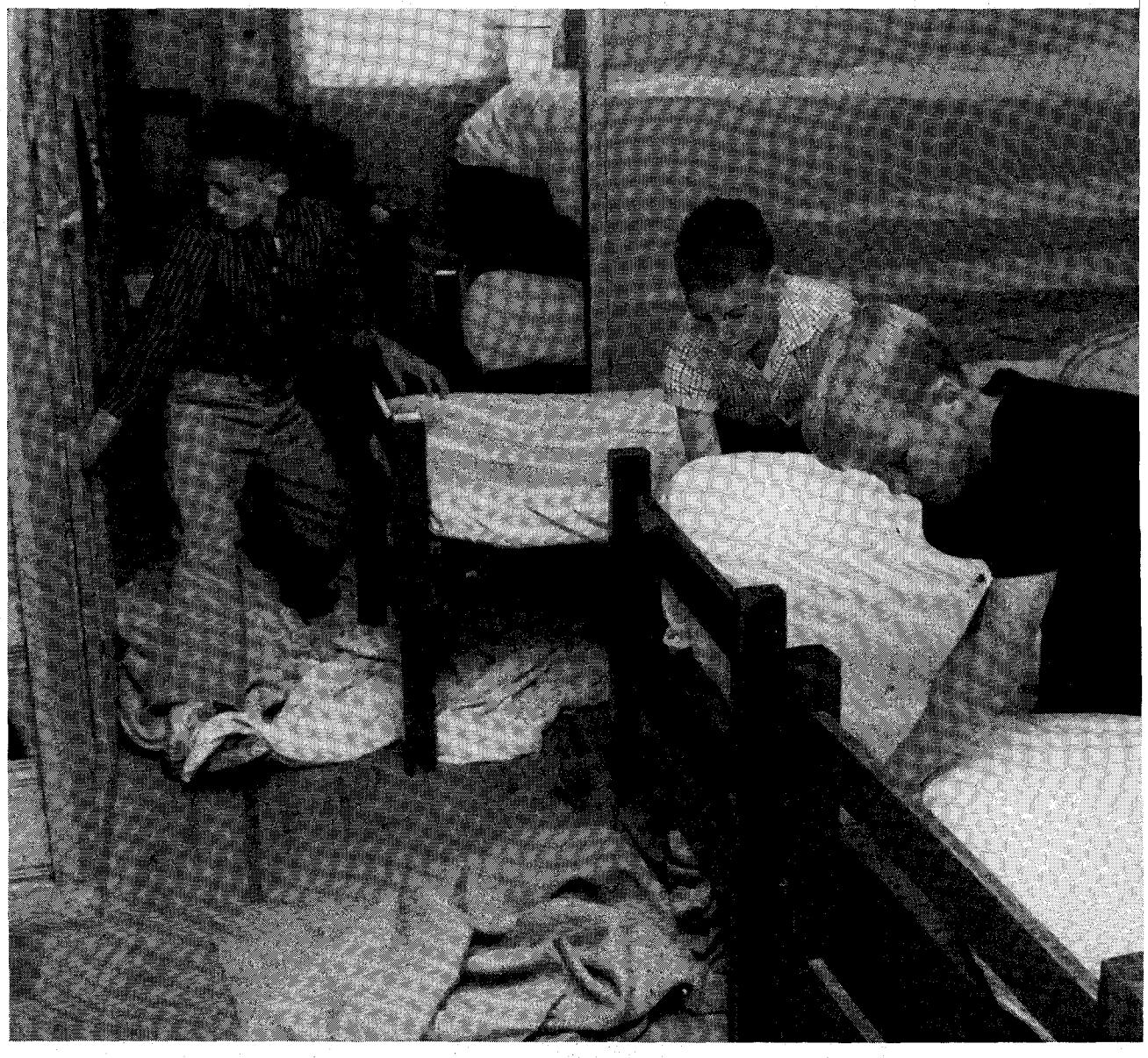
wooded hills. In a few more years, West Coast school men say, half the state's children will be included.

In Indiana, one of the pioneer school-camping states and the scene of the present inquiry, the idea is considered past the experimental stage. It is here, they assure you, to stay.

When you ask school people what good it does, they say, "It is an experience." When you want to know what kind, they say, well, it is an experience that brings classroom theory to life. Arithmetic, for example, takes on a more vivid meaning when it's applied to banking and budgeting for an exciting trip. Lectures on the constellations are not so remote when you can tip your head back and look at them through clear air and a deep woodland silence. Nature study perks up, once you've stumbled, popeyed, upon the spectacle of a snake swallowing a frog. Citizenship is more than just a word, after you and twenty classmates have taken care of your own living quarters for a week.

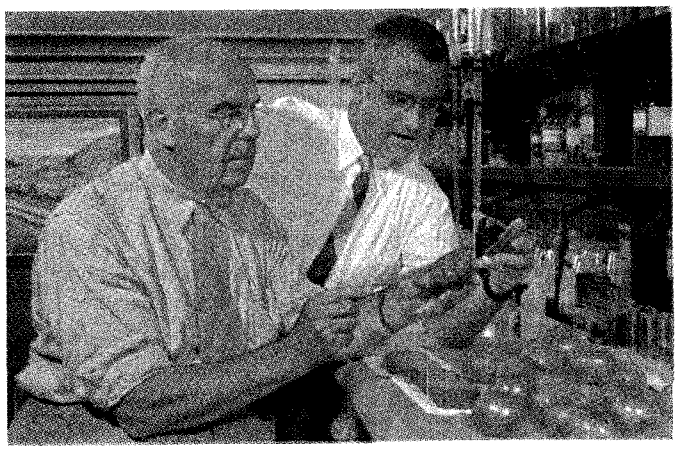
Your reporter spent the better part of a month, off and on, among fifth- and sixth-grade campers at fabulous Bradford Woods, a 2300-acre woodland tract an hour's drive southwest of Indianapolis. An experience must, after all, be experienced. So come along and share one, with the teachers and kids, the staff and parents, of McKinley School, P.S. 39, Indianapolis.

On the Monday morning of departure, everybody is present, and punctual. For half an hour before school time, parents of sixth-graders, conspicuous for the burdens they carry, have been converging on the school grounds. Their bags, suitcases and bundles contain the (Continued on Page 63)



Getting ready for morning inspection. When they go home, campers often surprise their parents with a new zeal for tidiness. Camp attitudes carry over at school, too, grateful teachers report.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



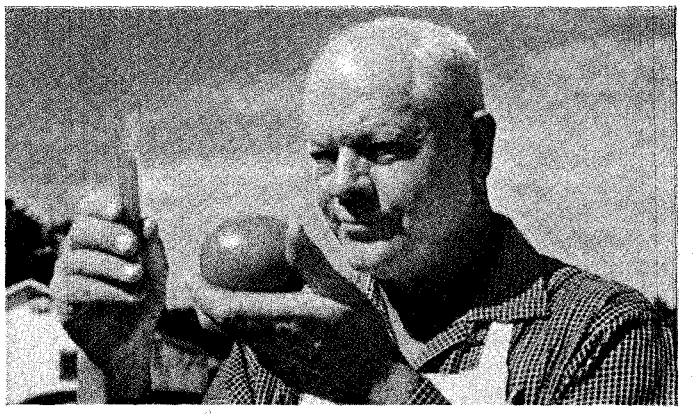
Geneticists at Rutgers University examine special seed tomatoes. Dr. L. G. Schermerhorn (left) developed the famous Rutgers variety.

Home gardeners raise more tomatoes than any other vegetable. The crop above is hybrids, grown in Blue Bell, Pennsylvania.

A California shopper buys her tomatoes in an open-air market. Half the country's harvest comes from California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Vegetable Anybody Can Grow



Color means a lot to soup makers, so Campbell's Dr. Donald Porter compares a sample of juice with a fresh tomato in bright sunlight.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

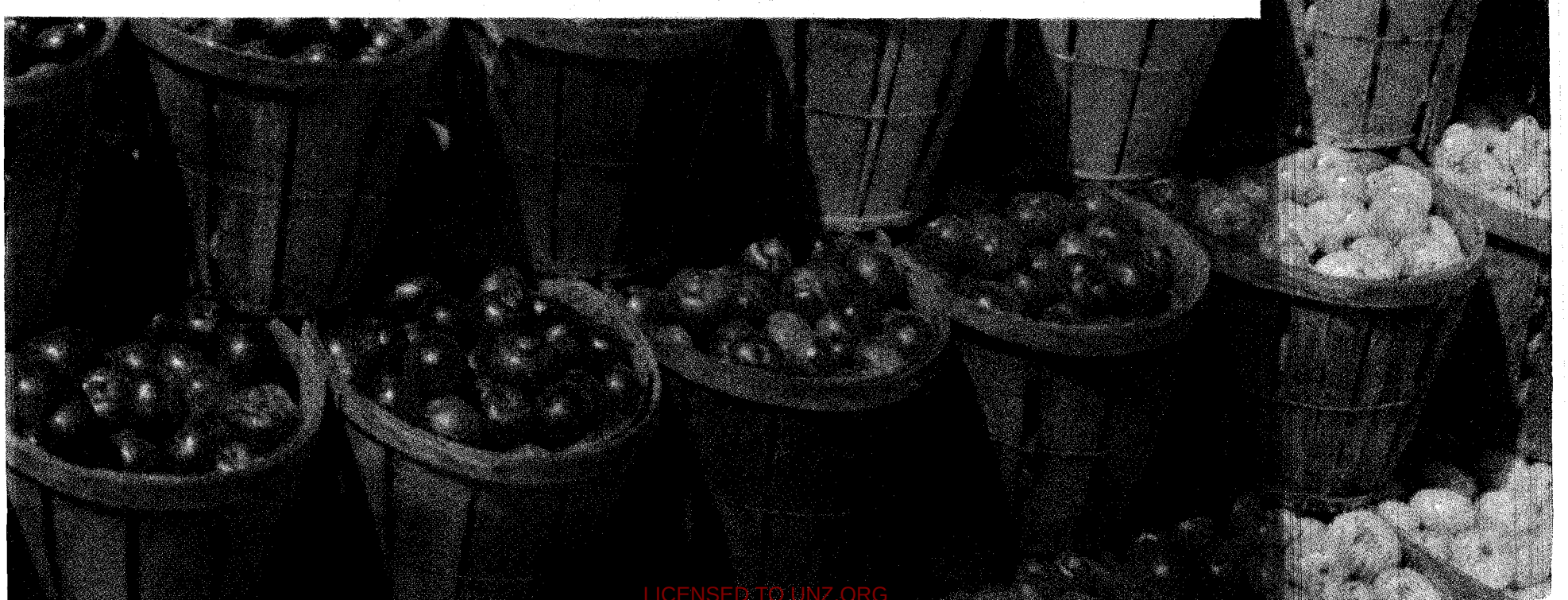
The tomato used to be considered poisonous and sinful, but look at it now! Here's how experts help Nature make "love apples" tempting.

On a sunny farm near Santa Paula in Southern California, deft Linda Lawrence and the agile Cook twins, Paula and Glenda, plus about sixty other nimble-fingered high-school girls, were busily giving Nature a helping hand in the mass production of seeds of the love apple, which to most people is just a tomato.

The assist involved swarming over a fifteen-acre tomato patch and dunking the blossoms of alternate rows of staked-up vines, known as the female parents, in vials of pollen extracted from blossoms that had been growing the day before on vines in other rows, designated the male parents. Collection of the pollen had been mechanized. At a row of field-size tables the blossoms of the male plants were fed into vibrators—made by remodeling secondhand electric shavers—which shook the golden dust into the vials.

This artificial pollinating of love apples was an unexpected summertime bonanza for the local high-school girls. It was also a jack pot for the W. Atlee Burpee Company, whose enterprising president, Mr. David Burpee, had schemed for years to find a method of cross-breeding that would produce hybrid vigor in tomatoes, which are pretty obstinate plants. At last Mr. Burpee had it.

The 8,000,000 or more hybrid seeds the high-school girls helped Nature to produce last summer will yield for this (Continued on Page 130)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He's escaped, my lord. He broke prison during the night."

HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE

The prisoner sealed his own terrible doom. Not even Hornblower himself could save him now.

By C. S. FORESTER

II

For Hornblower it was over, a lifetime in His Majesty's service. Ransome, his successor as commander in chief in the West Indies, had arrived in Jamaica, and soon Hornblower would sail for England and retirement.

There was one other unpleasant aspect to Ransome's arrival. A young marine bandsman named Hudnutt had been ordered by his superior to play a wrong note, and Hudnutt could not. His artistic sensibilities prevented him. A trivial matter, but Hudnutt's refusal was mutiny. The penalty was death or a flogging so severe it amounted to the same thing.

Hornblower decided to pardon Hudnutt, but before he could legally do so, Ransome arrived. The decision was no longer Hornblower's, and Ransome was unfeeling and ambitious, a man not likely to be merciful.

Ransome was a man of fine presence, bulk and side whiskers and all; Hornblower had not really appreciated the fact at their first meeting. His manner was somewhat more cordial in Barbara's presence, which might have been the effect of Barbara's personality, but might also have been, as Hornblower realized, the result of Ransome's knowing that Lady Hornblower was a person of much influence in political circles. Hornblower did his best to exploit Ransome's faint cordiality. He passed the wine, he let slip as casually as possible bits of useful information regarding West Indian conditions—casually, so that Ransome could not suspect him of trying to bring influence to bear on him regarding his future policy, and yet useful information that Ransome could snap up and treasure with a smile at Hornblower's carelessness. Yet, all the same, dinner was not a tremendous success. There was still a certain tenseness.

And as dinner was approaching its end, Hornblower was conscious of a glance darted at him by Barbara; it was only one glance, and of the most fleeting nature. Ransome could not have been conscious of it, but Hornblower understood. Barbara was jogging his memory regarding a matter that was important to her. He awaited a suitable turn in the conversation before mentioning the subject.

"Oh, yes," he said, "there's a court-martial pending. A marine bandsman ——"

He went on to tell Ransome the circumstances of the case, treating it lightly. He was aware, even if Ransome was not, of the closeness with which Barbara was studying

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ransome's expression as the narrative continued.

"'Repeated and deliberate disobedience to a lawful order,'" Ransome was repeating to himself Hornblower's own words. "It could have been mutiny."

"So it could," agreed Hornblower. "But it's rather a curious case. I'm glad you have the decision to make regarding it, and not I."

"It seems to me as if the evidence will be quite incontrovertible."

"No doubt." Hornblower made himself smile, telepathically conscious of the intensity of Barbara's interest. "But the circumstances are a little unusual."

The stony expression on Ransome's face was most discouraging. Hornblower knew the situation to be hopeless. He would have abandoned any further effort if Barbara had not been there, but as it was, he went on uselessly.

"If the trial had been held during the period of my command, I might have—naturally I had not made up my mind—commuted the sentence to mark my appreciation of the good behavior of the squadron."

"Yes?" said Ransome; no monosyllable could have expressed greater disinterest, but Hornblower plunged on.

"It had occurred to me that you might find this a favorable opportunity to display clemency as your first official act."

"That will be a matter for my own decision."

"Of course," agreed Hornblower.

"And I cannot imagine my taking any action of that sort, naturally. I cannot have the squadron believing that I shall be lenient as regards discipline. I cannot have my command unsettled at the start."

"Of course," said Hornblower again. He could see the uselessness of further argument, and he might as well be graceful about it. "You are the best judge of all the circumstances, as well as the only judge."

"Now I shall leave you gentlemen to your wine," said Barbara suddenly. Hornblower looked at her just in time to see her frozen expression melt into the smile he knew so well. "I shall say good night to you, admiral. I shall make every effort—as far as the rules of the navy allow—to see that this house is in good condition for you to take over tomorrow, and I hope you will be comfortable in it."

"Thank you," said Ransome; the two men were on their feet now.

"Good night, dear," said Barbara to Hornblower. The latter was aware that the smile she gave him was not quite real, and he knew her to be acutely upset.

She left them, and Hornblower passed the port and settled down again to what proved to be a long evening. Ransome, having asserted himself and having made it perfectly clear that he would remain uninfluenced by any suggestion Hornblower might put forward, was by no means averse to acquiring any information that might come his way. Nor to finishing the bottle of port and starting on another.

So that it was very late before Hornblower went to bed, and he used no light for fear of disturbing Barbara. He crept about the room as silently as he could. In the darkness, the glances that he directed at the other bed—naval establishments made small allowance for wives, and that allowance did not include double beds—under its mosquito net revealed nothing to him, and he was glad. If Barbara had been awake they could hardly have avoided discussing the Hudnutt case.

Nor was there any time next morning, for the moment Hornblower was called he had to hurry into the dressing room and array himself in his best uniform with his ribbon and star, and hasten away to the ceremony of the change of command. As the officer to be relieved, he was first upon the quarter-deck of the Clorinda, and stationed himself on the starboard side, his staff behind him. Captain Sir Thomas Fell had received him, and next busied himself with receiving the other captains as they came on board. The marine band, without Hudnutt, played selections on the poop; the pipes of the bos'n's mates twittered unceasingly to welcome the continuous arrivals; the sun blazed down as if this were just some ordinary day. Then came a pause, intense in its drama. Then the band burst into a march again, there were ruffles of drums and flourishes of bugles as Ransome came up the side, with his staff behind him, to take up his station on the port side. Fell came forward to Hornblower with his hand at his hat brim.

"Hurricane!" Knyvett was shouting into his ear.

"Ship's company fallen in, my lord."

"Thank you, Sir Thomas." Spendlove pressed a paper into Hornblower's hand; Hornblower stepped forward. "Orders from the Lords Commissioners for the execution of the office of Lord High Admiral, to me, Horatio Lord Hornblower, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Rear Admiral of the Red Squadron ——"

He really had trouble in preventing his voice from trembling, forcing himself to read in a harsh and matter-of-fact tone. He folded the paper and gave his last order.

"Sir Thomas, please have the goodness to haul down my flag."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

The first of the thirteen saluting guns went off as the Red Ensign came slowly down from the mizzen peak. A long, long descent; sixty seconds for thirteen guns, and when the flag completed its descent, Hornblower was the poorer by forty-nine pounds, three shillings and seven pence a month command pay. A moment later Ransome came forward, paper in hand, to read the orders of the Lords Commissioners to him, Henry Ransome, Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Rear Admiral of the Blue Squadron.

"Hoist my flag, Sir Thomas."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Up to the mizzen peak rose the Blue Ensign; until it broke at the peak, the ship was silent, but then it unfolded itself in the breeze and the salute roared out and the band played. When the last gun fired, Ransome was legally commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels in West Indian waters. More blaring from the band, and in the midst of it Hornblower stepped forward, raising his hand in salute to the new commander in chief.

"Permission to leave the ship, sir?"

"Permission granted."

Ruffles of drums, bugle calls, pipes, and he went down the ship's side. He might have been sentimental; he might have felt agony of regret, but there was instant distraction awaiting him.

"My lord," said Spendlove beside him in the stern sheets.

"Well?"

"That prisoner, Hudnutt, the marine bandsman ——"

"What about him?"

"He's escaped, my lord. He broke prison during the night."

That settled Hudnutt's fate beyond all doubt. Nothing could save him. He was as good as dead, or soon perhaps he would be worse than dead. No deserter, no escaped prisoner, ever succeeded in evading recapture in Jamaica. It was an island, and not too large an island. And there was a standing reward of ten pounds sterling for information resulting in the apprehension of a deserter, and in Jamaica, far more than in England, ten pounds was a fortune. A journeyman's wages for a year; more money than a slave could hope to see in a lifetime. (Continued on Page 83)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

King of the Gag Men

Goodman Ace gets $9500 a week for furnishing other people funny things to say. But his private life is even loonier than his scripts.

By Maurice Zolotow

In the whole complex business of putting together a big modern television show, probably no one person has a more demanding, yet less widely appreciated job than the head writer. To begin with, it is he who lays out—or "routines"—the sequence of dialogue, songs, specialty acts and commercials on the program. In addition to this, he must be a master gag writer himself and must be capable of guiding a staff of assistant jokesmiths through the intricacies of styling their material to the per-

Goodman Ace (left) with his No. 1 client, TV singing star Perry Como. "We sweat like dogs to make the Como show appear free-and-easy," says Ace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonalities of the star and guest stars. Perhaps most important of all, it is up to him to persuade the actors who have to tell the jokes that these are really very funny jokes indeed and are sure to get big laughs. Thus, a head writer must possess the combined talents of an editor, a gag writer and a diplomat. It is very difficult to find such a combination of traits in a single individual, and there are probably no more than twenty skilled head writers in the country. Each makes at least $3500 a week.

At the top of his profession—with $9500 a week—is a gentleman named Goodman Ace, who head-writes the Perry Como television show. As a good deal of the Como show consists of songs by Como or guest singers, the actual dialogue does not average more than 2500 words per week, and a lot of people think that Ace has the softest touch in television. At times, Ace gets upset about being regarded as a sort of literary swindler. He recently remarked, "I'm introduced to somebody at a party and they say, 'What do you do for a living, Mr. Goodman?'—by the way, I'm always being called Goodman by strangers. So I say, 'I write the Perry Como show.' So they look at me suspiciously and say, 'But what do you do? How much time could it take to write that program?' The trouble is we work like dogs to make the Como show look free and easy, as if Perry and his guests just walked out in front of the cameras and said anything that came into their heads. You think it's easy to write simple, tight dialogue without obvious jokes or heavy slapstick? Perry does not like big jokes on the program. He cuts them out usually."

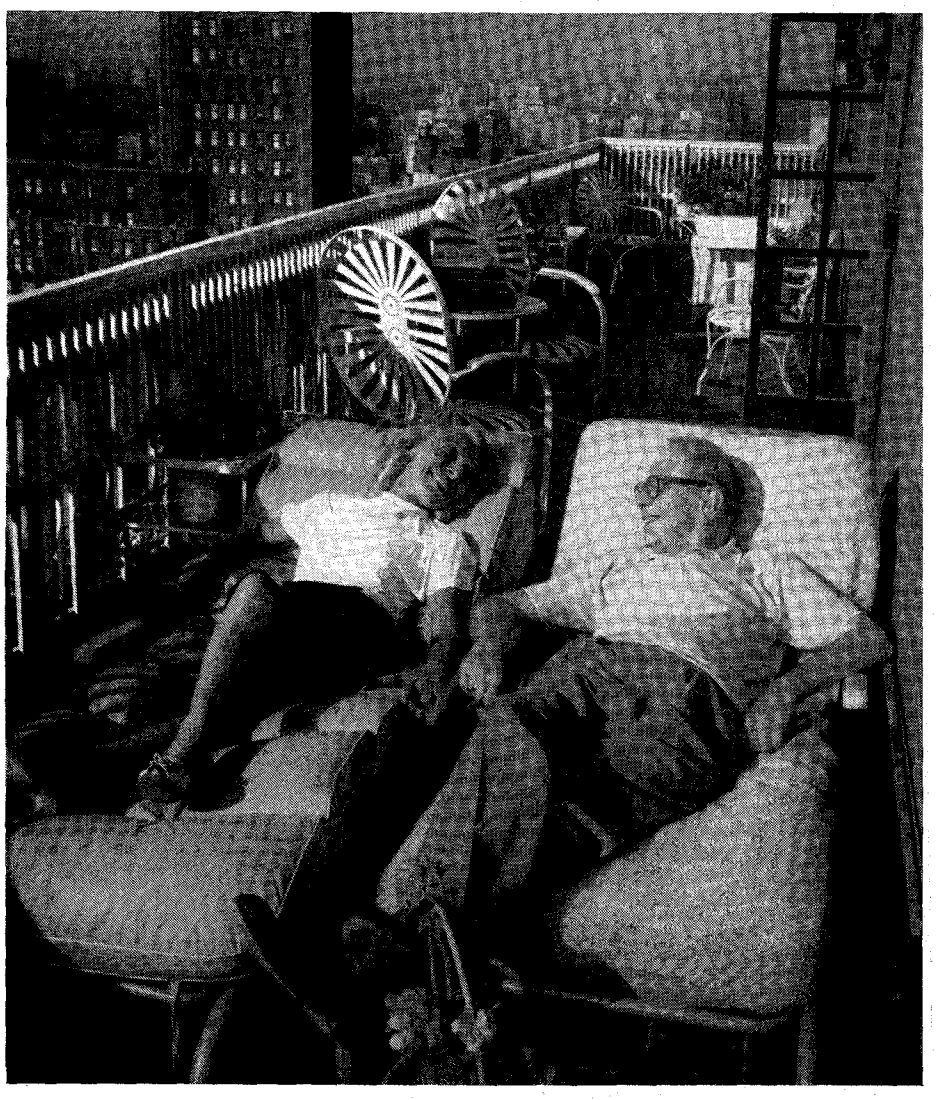
Ace wishes that he could write for Como the kind of jokes he used to write for Milton Berle.

As the Easy Aces, Goody and his wife Jane (both at left) did 3000 radio broadcasts in 17 years. With them in this mid-1930's episode are cast member Mary Hunter and announcer Paul Douglas, who is now in the movies.

Ace was Milton Berle's head writer from 1952 to 1955. He created an eerie little female character, named Maxie, who was Berle's secretary and was passionately in love with him. It was Maxie who once told about a boy friend's taking her to the Louvre and showing her the statue of the Venus de Milo. "I said," said Maxie, "that I wished I looked like that—and he started breaking off both my arms."

In defending his creative labors, Ace points out that, for one thing, people don't realize that even the nonspeaking jokes on the program are invented by the writers. When Kirk Douglas was a guest, Ace racked his brains for a week trying to concoct a hilarious three-and-a-half-minute sketch between Como and Douglas. Then he had a flash of inspiration. He remembered that Douglas still had the beard he had grown for the role of Vincent van Gogh in Lust for Life. He telephoned Douglas in Beverly Hills and told him to leave the beard on. Then he arranged for Perry Como, an ex-barber from Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, to give Douglas a haircut and shave right on television.

It may not have been high comedy, but it was plenty funny, and what was funny was the idea, not the words. (Continued on Page 138)

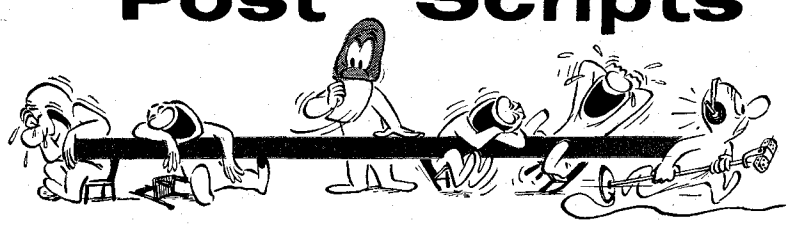


During gag-writing sessions, Ace (at desk) and his three colleagues talk baseball or play gin rummy until someone says something humorous.

"I like everything about television but the programs," says the sardonic funny man shown here with his wife on their New York apartment terrace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

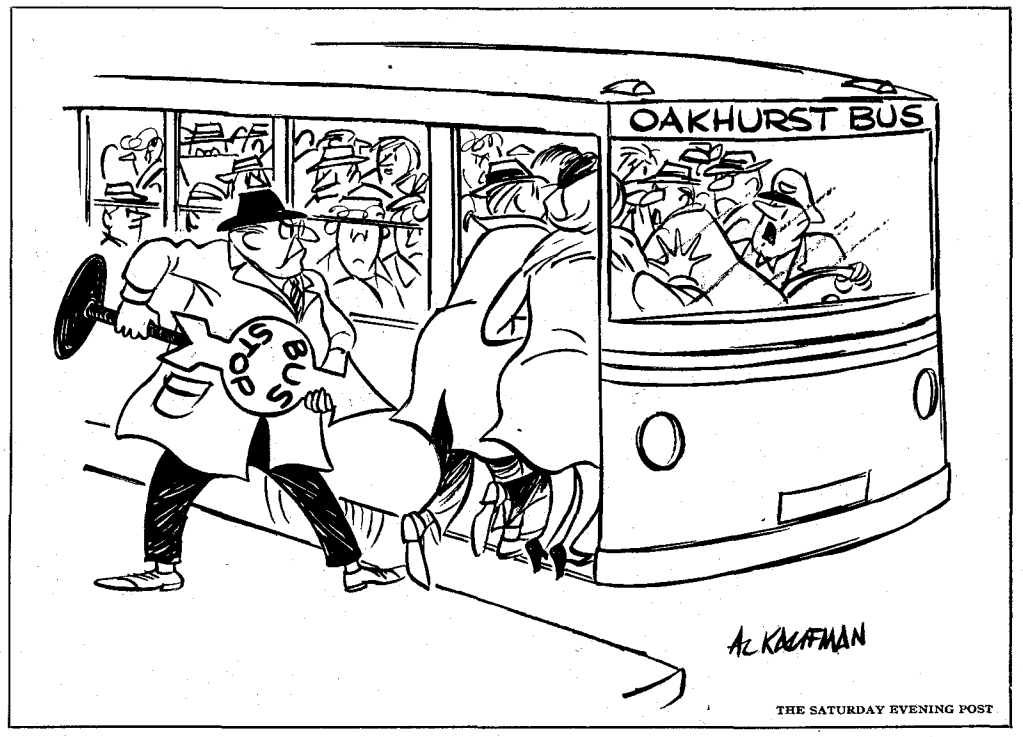


New Leaf

Check exemptions, add them up
  And enter total here:
Wages, tips and salaries
  Received within the year.
Deduct the cost of traveling,
  Attach required sheet
(Hotel charges, porters' tips,
  And what you spent to eat).
Subtract line 6 from 5 (above)
  And write the balance down.
Then make a tidy package of
  Receipts from out of town.
Profits gained from businesses
  On separate Schedule C;
Other income (gained or lost)
  Bring over from Page 3.
Add 7, 8 and 10 and print
  The total on 11,
Then add your figures once again
  From 10, to 8, to 7.
Eleven's your adjusted gross—
  To figure doctor bills,
Take 3% of that, and then
  Take 1% for pills.
The overage you may deduct
  Plus hospital insurance.
(Now have a cup of coffee, black,
  To keep up your endurance.)
Contributions, interest paid,
  And auto-license fees.
Safety features, tools, supplies,
  Employment agencies.
Entertaining customers
  And taxes paid to state,
Glasses, dentures, union dues
  (Instructions on Page 8).

But just before you sign your name,
  You feel a twinge of fear,
So you take it to a C.P.A.
  Just as you did last year.

WILLIAM BRAMLEY



Me and My Big Mouth

"Here—you're sitting behind a post, Joe. Let me swap with you."

"Thanks a lot. That's mighty considerate of you."

"If there's anything I can do to help while your wife is in the hospital, just let me know."

"Well, you could shop for food for me while I'm at the office, and then you could come over and tidy up the kids' rooms and sort the laundry and do a little vacuuming. I'll leave the key under the mat."

"It sounds as though it's going to be a wonderful party—but I wish you'd let us contribute something."

"If you could bring lobster salad for twenty-four people, that would be swell."

"Wait a minute, Bill. Let *me* take the heavy end."

"O.K."

"I feel like an awful heel. You drive me to the train and then you get fined twenty-five dollars for speeding just because I keep telling you to go faster. Seems to me it's only fair that we split the costs."

"That makes good sense to me."

PARKE CUMMINGS

The Hound is Quicker Than the Eye

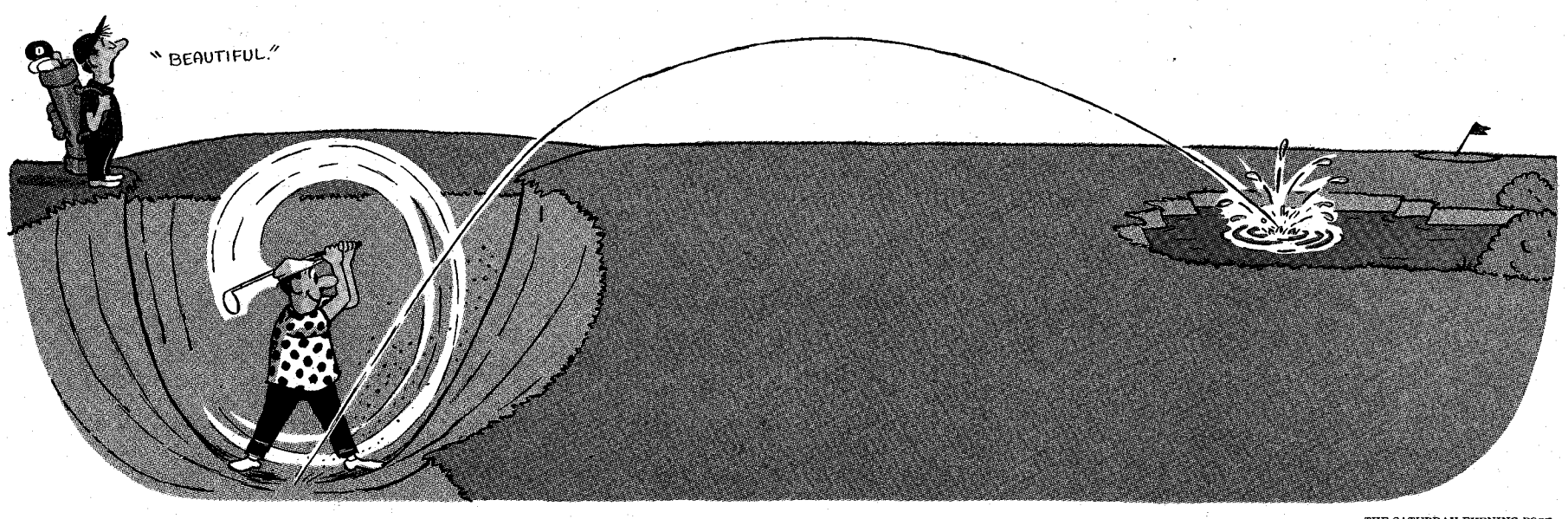
For reasons that I can't explain,
Dogs love me with a love insane;
That I do not reciprocate
They shrug off as a quirk of fate;
Let me but sit and make a lap
And something in them seems to snap;
Their precious steak bones are ignored
As they pounce joyously aboard,
Including beagle, Peke and Scottie
And Danes and mastiffs, like as nottie;
Are they content, once they are flung there?
Not quite; they've got to use the tongue there;
Dividing it by size and classes,
Some merely steam, some break my glasses;
And, should I try to get unchaired,
The hackles rise, a fang is bared;
Thus flattered, my resentment melts;
I like all canines—somewhere else.

DICK EMMONS

Note Pinned to a Potted Palm in a Hotel Lobby

The thought occurs to me as I wait,
  One eye on my watch and one on the door,
That people who are persistently late
  Are seldom worth waiting for.

PENNY PENNINGTON



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M'm!

M'm!

Good!

3 GREAT NEW *Campbell's* Soups

1. NEW! Turkey Noodle Soup

It's better than homemade . . . because it's made extravagantly from the *whole* turkey! You get full-flavored, long-simmered broth, tender pieces of light and dark meat and noodles by the spoonful . . . golden, enriched egg noodles! A *very* special soup!

2. NEW! Minestrone Soup

A Campbell's pride-and-joy soup! Fine beef stock. Carrots and potatoes, peas, green beans and pea beans, too. Tomatoes and onions, cabbage, mustard and turnip greens . . . celery and zucchini . . . spaghettini, and a zip of cheese. Magnificent! Nourishing, too!

3. NEW! Chicken Vegetable Soup

It's great to discover a new country-kitchen *chicken* soup. Delicious — nutritious, too! Noodles and vegetables joining flavors with good chicken and golden broth! The ribbon noodles are enriched. The vegetables are your favorites. Enjoy 'em, all together!

Have you had your soup today?

Nourishing good! Gives you vitamins, proteins — minerals, too! So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP — *Campbell's*, of course!

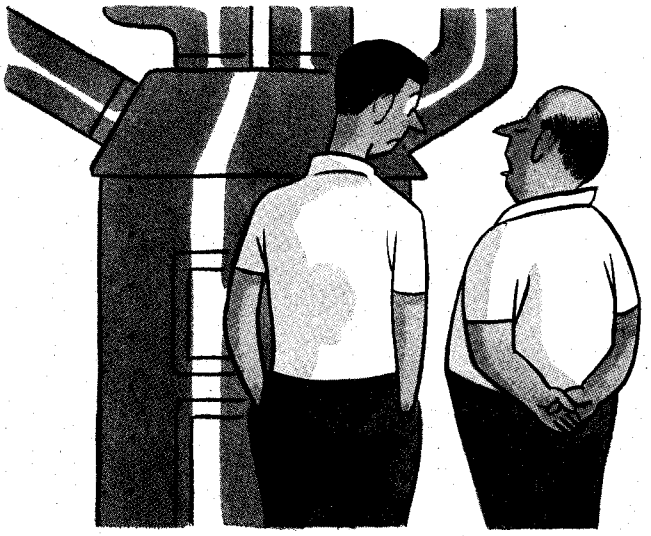
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Expert

by

1 "Neighbor of yours. Now that you're moved in and settled, thought we ought to get acquainted."

2 "Well, your house is still standing, I see. Amazing, simply amazing. No real foundation, you know. Should've seen them build it. Up in *ten* days. Contractor's in Sing Sing, I hear."



3 "These obsolete burners amuse me. Brother, when I think of your fuel bill and what you pay for smoke! House this size needs a thermodyn radiant air flow six eighty-one, with superretractable oil ducts."

4 "Not in *this* soil, no sir. Wants lime and vitamized peat moss. Ever try synthetic hormones? If you really want it to grow . . ."

5 ". . . and that taught me my lesson. No use raising 'em unless they're show dogs. Purebreds. Your mutt here . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6 ". . . if you train them. No homework, I tell them, no television. Spare the rod and spoil the child. Kids, I figure . . ."

7 "Your differential calometer is on the blink. Tell by the oscillating variable. I can't understand these firms using an AD4 circuit on a flowback frequency jacktube. But as long as people buy them . . ."

8 ". . . only she uses more butter than you do. Sets it in the freezer overnight, then bakes at three-sixty. Gets rid of that gritty . . ."

9 "Just got to lay down the law. In my opinion, all women are alike. Give 'em an inch and they take a mile. Now *my* wife, when I say *jump* . . ."

10 "MOTHER WANTS YOU!"

11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIDING CLOTHES BY MILLER'S, NEW YORK

Pronounced America's most distinctive fine car

THE BOLD DISCERNING PEOPLE who launch all great changes in taste have chosen Imperial — decisively. In this magnificent car, they have found a crisp and wonderful distinction. A stirring sales record, ever mounting, underscores Imperial's ever-growing popularity.

The car itself is a styling masterpiece so fresh and so new that it even features gracefully curved sideglass, something you've never seen on any motorcar before.

And its performance? Incomparable. Take the wheel to see what the industry's finest engineering can do for you. See how your car, for all its impressive size and power, handles like silk. All driving strains are removed. At tight corners, sudden stops, your car floats perfectly level, supremely comfortable.

Claim — as the fine car that's right for you — the nation's acknowledged new style leader. See this beautiful new favorite, now at your Imperial Dealer's, in a wide choice of models and most attractive range of prices.

IMPERIAL . . . FINEST PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The triumphant

IMPERIAL

Finest expression of The Forward Look

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEATH STALKS THE BRIDE

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

She walked into a trap, with a choice of three ways to die.

Maxann held the gun steadily in one hand—the other she kept close to the knife.

"You must not come to Jessamine's house again, Papa Raoul," Eric Barthelmieu warned his father. "It's too dangerous. If the police find you again, they might follow you to me." Jessamine, newly wed to Eric, wondered, with increasing fear, about her husband's sinister other-life. She suspected that his unexplained absences since their honeymoon were somehow due to the strange disappearance of Daphne LeMay, his former dancing partner. In her desperate search for Eric, Jessamine made a fruitless visit to the mysterious Maxann York, who first revealed her link with Eric's past by appearing uninvited at the wedding. Jessamine felt sure that she, too, must share Eric's terrible secret.

Then, when Jessamine narrowly missed death beneath a falling building cornice, she determined at all costs to learn the truth about her husband's identity. Now using an assumed name, Jessamine decided to find out just how much the police knew. "We found Daphne LeMay all right," the Homicide Squad Lieutenant told her. "Very dead and buried. With a knife in her throat."

CONCLUSION

Jessamine found she could not speak.

"So you see, Mrs. Smith, how important this is. That you tell us everything you know. The name of your friend in California, her address, everything. If this Eric LeMay killed her, a dangerous man is at large and we must find him. . . . Aren't you feeling well?"

"I'm afraid that I'm going to be sick."

Lieutenant Hilary moved briskly; he spoke into the phone; a matron appeared and escorted Jessamine to a nearby washroom. She was very sick indeed, while the woman waited patiently outside. Waited to take her back to Lieutenant Hilary, who was waiting patiently for names, addresses that would lead him to Eric.

I can't. I must. But I can't.

Finally Jessamine washed her face with cold water. She put her head out the door and spoke to the matron. "I left my purse and compact on Lieutenant Hilary's desk. I wonder if you would mind getting it for me?"

The woman went willingly. Jessamine ran down the hall and down the stairs. At the next floor she took the elevator down. The elevator seemed to her to be suspended in midair, so slowly did it move. At any minute she expected to feel the sergeant's hand on her arm, to hear ugly Lieutenant Hilary's soft voice saying, "And now the details, Mrs.—Smith."

But the elevator finally stopped at the street floor. Jessamine moved across the lobby without being stopped. Out to the sidewalk. Around the corner. She took a cab home.

Of all the stupid things to do, she thought wearily. *If my head didn't ache so. To go to the police and give a fictitious name and story—but I was only trying to get information about a missing person. I couldn't know they had found—that Daphne had been murdered. But I knew somebody tried to murder me yesterday. I can't do this. I'm an Abbot. I can't lie and run away and refuse to answer police questions. It isn't right. As soon as my head clears a little and my stomach settles, I must go back. Go back and tell them about Eric.*

Lieutenant Hilary had said, if Eric was guilty. There was still the if. No longer the doubt about the fact of the murder, but certainly about who did it. If Eric didn't ——

I must see Eric first. Before I see the police again. After all this time, a little more can't matter that much. I love Eric. I will know if he is telling me the truth when I tell him Daphne is dead. There might be some explanation. I certainly owe him that chance. I owe it to myself. To our marriage. A man is innocent until found guilty. And I am his wife. I know Eric. He couldn't kill anyone. Not possibly. Or is it just that I want to see him again so much? That I don't want to be the one to tell the police, whatever happens?

At home, Jessamine lay on her bed for a few minutes, utterly exhausted. Then she rose wearily, to take some pain-killing pills for her headache. Her hand shook so much that she spilled them, and for the first time in her orderly life she did not stoop to pick them up. She looked without interest at her white face in the mirror. She put her coat on and went downstairs.

The front bell was ringing. But she turned away from the door, stepping into the dining room to avoid Aine's seeing her in the hall, asking well-intentioned questions. At the side door Jessamine paused only long enough to hear Aine say, "Miss Jessamine? I'll see if she's in, sir," before she went out the side door softly. She did not want to see any strangers. Only Eric.

The door closed behind her without her hearing the man's voice. The soft voice saying, "I know she is here. I'm from the police. Lieutenant Hilary."

Aine's gasp was horrified. "The police!"

"The police. My identification."

Aine gulped. "Whatever would the police be wanting with Miss Jessamine?"

"Is Miss Jessamine the one who came in a few minutes ago in a tweed suit and brown fur coat, brown hair braided around her head?"

"Y-yes."

"Miss Jessamine," said Lieutenant Hilary a trifle grimly,

(Continued on Page 100)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unconquerable (Continued from Page 30)

"O.K., fellows," he said. "O.K."

"He's thinking about that good-looking squaw he's been dating," Bill Hannegan put in his nickel's worth. "You know something, Chief? All of us fellows have voted that sweet-Sue squaw of yours the dame we'd like most to be introduced to. How about it?"

"Aw, lay off, will you?" Charley clipped the words short this time.

He was aware then that Sid Benson was eying him closely. Sid's next words startled him.

"Hey, Chief, you're not worrying about the Army moving the big boy out of the cemetery out there, are you? That stuff about never moving him, that's Injun talk, kid. Just old Injun talk."

"I'm not a chief." Charley got up angrily. "If you know so much about Injun talk, then you know who the Last Chief was. Don't get me into trouble with the rest of the Comanches, giving them the idea I'm calling myself a chief."

Aggravation was violent in him, though he restrained it some, knowing it was what the fellows wanted. He was nineteen and he had been in the Army less than a year now. He expected a certain amount of riding from the others, but when it reached a certain point he always left the group.

He whirled and moved toward the outside door and caught his image in the pane of glass. It startled him. The Comanche always rode high in his cheekbones and flamed in his black eyes when he was angry, and the arrogance of the tribe revealed itself in the handsome, almost brooding lines of his face. The Comanches were The People. Other tribes were people. Only the Comanches were The People.

But when he had accepted the khaki uniform with the red-and-white emblem on the sleeve, he had slipped almost entirely away from the old ways. His family had for two generations now carried the name Shield, shortening the name the Old One still bore: Warrior Who Carries the Shield. That was a mouthful, all right, and surely the Old One couldn't expect a man to carry a name like that, especially in the Army. The fellows would really razz him if they knew about that name.

He opened the door and moved outside and stood for a little, looking at the long rows of barracks, then to the north, where the Wichita Mountains lay, blackred in the heat of the August afternoon. He knew the Wichitas well, having grown up in the mountains of Comancheria. It startled him suddenly, realizing how much he did his thinking in Comanche. That was still the hand of the Old One upon him, the great-grandfather who rarely moved now from the big white Shield house or the tepee of the twenty-two poles back of it. Strange, but when he was at the post his language was the same as the other fellows', but the second he got with the Old One his words were the oddly majestic Comanche phrasings. He had not been with the Old One much, lately. The khaki uniform had thrown an angry wall between them. The khaki represented the fort, and to the old man, the fort was still hated territory, an ominous blight upon Comancheria.

The break was painful to Charley, though one never knew much of what the Old One was thinking. His face rarely displayed his emotions. It was ancient and wrinkled, and the dark, wide-set eyes were sunken into their sockets. His eloquent silence made it evident he did not like this business of Charley's being at hated Fort Sill.

Charley, standing now with the hot August sun beating down on him outside the post cafeteria, was suddenly aware of the terrible width of the breach. It would be wider when he would have to tell the Old One he was not going to dance the traditional Shield Dance at the Indian Exposition at Anadarko this year. He had danced it every year almost as long as he could remember, carrying the old warrior's treasured shield.

The door behind him opened, and Benson and Harris came out. Benson slapped him casually on the shoulder and Charley stiffened.

"When are you going to bring the old man out to the post?" he asked Charley. "I'd like to watch him when he sees the kind of arrows we've got here. Honest John ought to convince him the white man can make heap big arrows too."

"He'll never come here," Charley said, sullen and aggravated. "Maybe you're forgetting how old he is. He's ninety-eight, close as anyone can figure. That's pretty old to be changing your ways of thinking about something."

"Yeah," Harris admitted. "Army life being what it is, I doubt if I'll make fifty." He apparently did some quick mental calculation. "The old boy was already around back when the Comanches were really whooping it up, wasn't he?"

"Yep," Charley nodded. "He remembers Adobe Walls. Not long afterward the Comanches surrendered here."

He did not add that many of the warriors at the time had placed their shields in the boughs of the cedar trees in token of surrender. The Old One, being a young buck just initiated into the art of warfare, had refused to surrender his shield into the cedar boughs. It was still concealed in the tepee of the twenty-two poles. He was still at war with Fort Sill.

"Remembers Adobe Walls!" Harris was muttering, awed beyond joke-making for a time. He whistled, then added, "I want to be around when he sees Honest John!"

Charley had a pass that night and went into Lawton to keep his date with Sue Walking Bird. She was home for the summer from her studies at the University at Norman, where she was majoring in home economics. She met him at the door, looking as pretty as a peach blossom in a pink blouse and full skirt, unrumpled in the August heat. Last year she had been named Comanche princess for the Indian Exposition over at Anadarko, but probably this year she would not take part in the exposition, Charley imagined, being a college girl and maybe sensitive, too, about the old ways.

"Has the Old One heard about the Army's moving the chief to the post?" Sue asked, as they were driving to Charley's home near Indiahoma.

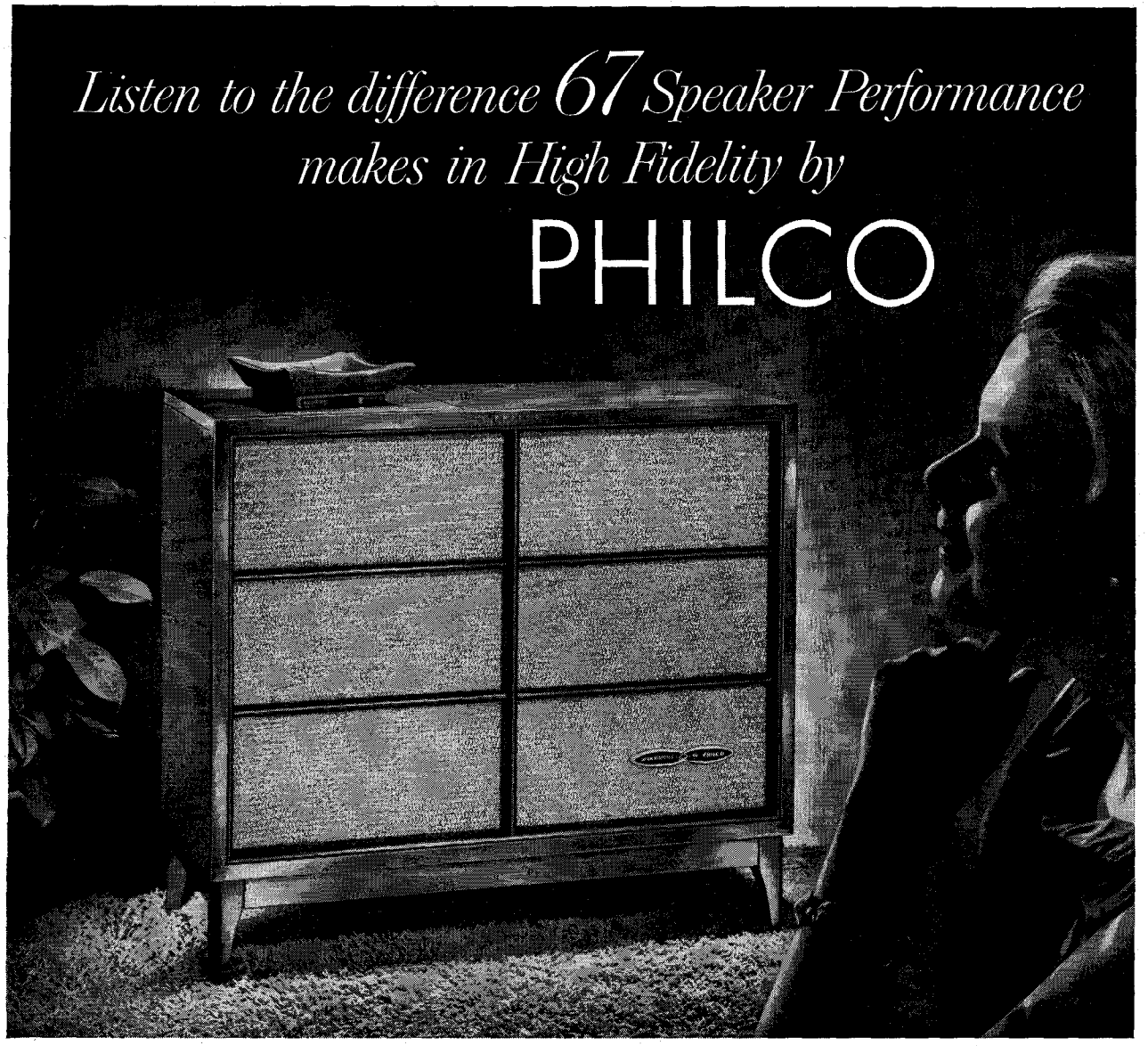
... ...

The Door That Won't Close

I often close a mental door
On thoughts I vow I'll
think no more;
Most doors can boast a
dependable latch,
But the one marked "you"
has a broken catch.

Margaret Evelyn Singleton

... ...



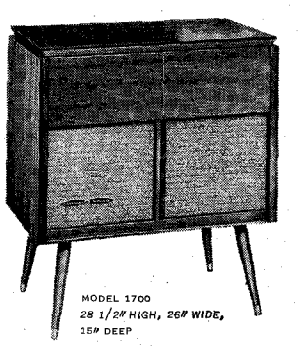
. . . outperforms custom installations . . . saves 2/3 the cost!

Only Philco high fidelity offers the electrostatic Cathedral speaker—a colonnade of 66 speakers in one. Operating in crossover with a hand-crafted 15-inch woofer, it delivers 67-speaker performance. You enjoy maximum-fidelity sound the entire audio range. And only Philco brings you these other electronic advances: New sound-broadening Acoustical Filter. Tone arm-steadying Micro Stabilizer. Complete Function Control Center. Self-shut-off, 4-speed automatic changer. Built-in AM-FM tuner. Compare Philco with any high fidelity costing up to 2/3 more, you'll agree Philco high fidelity sounds better!

MODEL 1902, PHONORAMA IV, 32" HIGH, 41" LONG, 16 1/2" DEEP

BEAUTIFUL CABINETRY, SUPERB TONE QUALITY!

This acoustically engineered and master-crafted console is a superior instrument. Electrostatic speaker plus 10-inch woofer. Push-pull, 10-watt maximum audio system. Micro-Mix, 4-speed changer. Separate base and treble control. Genuine mahogany, fruitwood and blond mahogany veneers.



MODEL 1700
28 1/2" HIGH, 26" WIDE, 15" DEEP

LOOK AHEAD . . . and you'll choose PHILCO®

Specifications subject to change without notice.

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't think so," Charley said. "We decided there wasn't any use in his finding out. It wouldn't do any good. There's been enough fuss about it."

"How can he keep from finding out?" Sue demanded. "You've got television. You've got a radio. They've been mentioning it all the time in the news."

"He won't watch TV," Charley said. "He says it's ghosts—spirits. He listens once in a while to radio. It's just voices. But I don't think he catches half of what the newscaster is saying."

"It isn't right to treat him like a child," Sue protested. "Just because he doesn't understand all the words is no sign he couldn't understand the meaning. I don't think it's right, Charley."

"Well, it isn't right to tell him he's been whipped either. And that's what he'd think if he ever found out they've moved the chief. He'd think the fort had whipped him, after all these years." He thought about it a little and glanced at Sue. She looked awfully pretty, he thought, with her hair blowing in the open wind. She was letting it grow long again, after wearing it in a short cut all year at O.U. He believed he liked her better with it longer, the way it was now. "What're you thinking, Sue?"

"I'm thinking you're feeling a little bit guilty," she said, not looking at him.

"Why should I feel a little bit guilty, I'd like to know?"

"Because you're in the Army, and the Army moved the chief, and he was never supposed to be moved." Sue's voice was so quiet it was almost eerie, or maybe it was just the words.

"Well, for Pete's sakes," Charley exploded. "Everybody's howling about the atom bomb and needing better guided missiles and everything, and you go to talking about superstitious stuff like not moving the chief."

He tried not to dwell on her words and remained stubbornly silent during the remainder of the ride to the Shield home, but strangely the words that were engraved upon Quanah Parker's stone seemed to etch themselves across his mind, worrying him some: "Resting here until day breaks and shadows fall and darkness disappears is Quanah Parker, Last Chief of the Comanches."

He parked the car in front of the house. Great elms shadowed most of the yard, but in the moonlight he could see the outline of the tepee of twenty-two poles, constructed of tanned buffalo hides stretched over the framework. Hidden inside the tepee was the shield with its painting denoting the Old One's warrior status. It was to be his someday, Charley knew, for was not he the only one to whom the Old One had offered it for the dancing at Anadarko? He had used it every year until this one.

They went inside, and Sue went out into the kitchen, where Charley's mother was clearing up the dishes. The Old One was in the living room in a rocking chair. He looked at Charley sharply and began his speech immediately, as though he had been thinking on it some time. He spoke very little English, preferring always to use the majestic, guttural language of the Comanches, and when Charley spoke the Comanche tongue with him, the words were not the slang used on the base, but the regal words used by the old tribe members.

"This afternoon your mother had the box of voices speaking," the Old One said in Comanche, "and I heard something about the chief. Something about moving him. There was talk about the fort. Now what is all this talk about the Last Chief, Charley? They have been silent about him for years. Now suddenly there is all this talk."

Charley looked past him, but he was nervous and kept squeezing the crease of his trousers into a sharp fold. Then he noticed the Old One was quietly waiting for a reply.

"It is nothing, Old One," he said. "Talk; just white man's talk."

"What kind of talk?" the Old One demanded. "What kind of talk is this about moving the Last Chief to Fort Sill?"

"Oh, they have the great arrows at the fort now, Old One. Guided missiles." Charley tried to sound casual. "The men of the fort insist they need more room for firing these guided missiles." He halted. There was no way he could describe the missiles, no manner in which he could relay the terrible power to this one whose past was etched in the fury of the steel-tipped arrows with their uncanny accuracy.

He thought of the Old One as he must have been when he was truly a warrior, riding his horse with the plastic ease that marked the Comanches, sinuous and whiplike, blending his body to the movement of the animal and the wind and the entire world about him. Now his form was bent, and the hair that had once been his dark pride was almost white and was braided into two plaits which hung over his shoulders. His face carried a line for almost every one of his years. Yet his eyes were still black and compelling, and the boy, in the uncertainty of his nineteen years, could not face the shrewd inspection of the gaze that had seen so much for so long a time.

"So they talk about moving the Last Chief?" the Old One said fiercely. "They want to move (*Continued on Page 56*)

KENTILE VINYL

ON TODAY'S SMARTEST FLOORS

Friendly atmosphere of this charming Early American décor was inspired by the rich, nutty tones of the floor. Kentile Corktone® Vinyl Asbestos Tile is available in light, medium, and dark shades.

So wonderfully warm looking! So delightfully informal! KENTILE® Corktone Vinyl Asbestos Tile with the rich, nutty tones customers love. And how you'll love its economy. You see, its easier care and longer wear make it pay for itself in lower maintenance costs. It's greaseproof . . . stain resistant . . . won't pit either.

Interested? Your Kentile Floor Contractor is listed under FLOORS in your classified phone book. Kentile Floors are available in Vinyl Asbestos (Kenflex®), Solid Vinyl, Cushion-back Vinyl, Cork, Rubber and Asphalt Tile . . . over 175 decorator colors! © 1958, Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, New York.

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today's USS steels lighten your work . . .

Those light, lasting metals of modern living—steels from U. S. Steel—come into your kitchen to help with the work. Cabinets of steel, now in a host of 1958 decorator colors, key the decor of today's smartest kitchens . . . have all kinds of storage space . . . wipe clean in seconds.

brighten your leisure . . .

Steel joins in the fun when you go outdoors, too. A child can climb to his heart's fancy on body-building play equipment of steel while you rest easy on your comfortable steel chair. Outdoor furniture made of USS steels is light, colorful, handsome . . . stands up to the elements.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

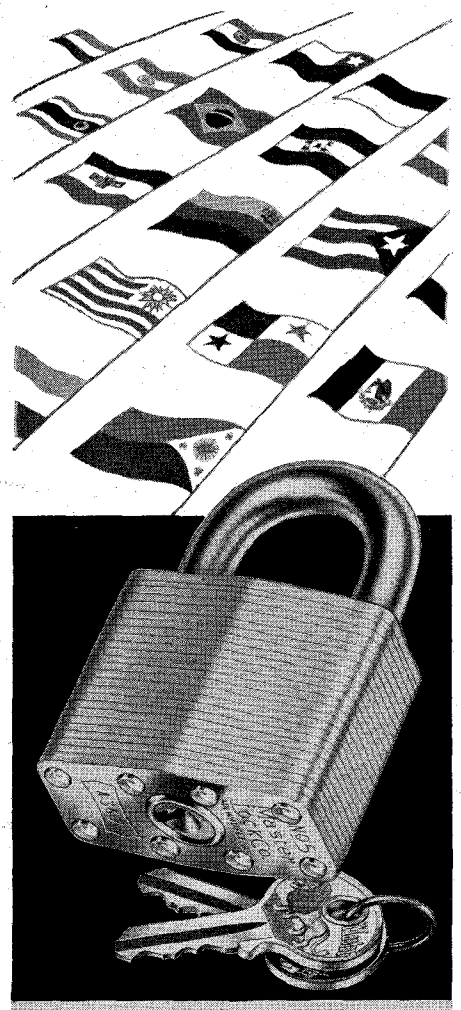
widen your world . . .

Steel is the bridge between dreams and realities in this fabulous land we live in. Such a reality is the new five-mile-long Mackinac Bridge, shown above under construction. This soaring structure built by U. S. Steel is the world's longest suspension bridge . . . cuts hours from travel time to northern Michigan's beautiful vacationland. And wherever you go, you will find USS steels making your trip faster, safer, easier . . . and a whole lot more enjoyable when you get where you're going!

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In the United States and 103 foreign countries, the familiar laminated steel cases of MASTER PADLOCKS mean *powerful modern protection* for valued possessions. Put this world-wide standard of security on guard over your property and valuables—today!

$1.25 to $4.00, in a variety of sizes, at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere.

MISTER MASTER
Master Padlocks
ALWAYS ON GUARD DAY AND NIGHT
MASTER LOCK CO., Milwaukee 45, Wis.
World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

(*Continued from Page 53*) the chief on account of the cannons from the fort." There was contempt in his words. To him all guns and weapons were cannons from the fort. "Well, they can't move the chief. You know that, Charley." He was silent, contemplating for a little while, then he spoke with finality, as though ending the entire matter for both the Comanches and the Army. "It is about time, I believe, for me to go to the burying ground and be lonely for a while. Someday soon your mother will make me some fry bread and beef balls, and I will go the long road to be lonely."

A swift terror shot through Charley, leaving him cold and panic-stricken. When he had been a small boy, once a year when the wild grapes hung purple along the winding road that led to the Post Oak Mission Cemetery and the sumac was only hinting of color along the lane, the Old One had made his pilgrimage to the grave of his Last Chief. In the tradition of the old Comanches, he went away "to be lonely," which was the Comanche manner of grieving for the warriors who had gone the long journey ahead.

When Charley had been only six he had first noticed this going away. "Where are you going, Old One?" he had screamed.

His mother had shaken her head and said, "Let him be. He is only going away to be lonely for a while."

Charley had run wildly after him, crying out, "Wait for me, Old One, and I will go away and be lonely with you!"

After that they had been closer than ever to each other, which was as everyone had expected, for was not Charley the Old One's only great-grandson still bearing the name Shield? On the day of Charley's birth, had not the Old One come out of his tepee of the twenty-two poles to knock on the back door, sensing that the child had been born, and asked, "What is it?"

The midwife had smiled and replied, "A close friend of yours has come, Old One." The old warrior had nodded and gone back to his tepee then, knowing that it was a man-child.

It was Charley to whom the Old One had talked long, handing down to him the wondrous tales of Comanche valor upon the southern plains. As the boy grew, the tie became stronger and the talks longer. "Today, Charley," the Old One would say sometimes out of nothing, "I believe I would like to talk!"

And Charley, knowing the warrior had recalled something he wanted remembered for the Comanches, would reply soberly, "Today, Old One, I believe I would like to listen!" So it was that Charley thought always in Comanche, though he had to watch this when he went into the Army.

But they had not talked for a long time now, more than they were speaking tonight. There was something about the khaki uniform that separated them. And this year, of all years, they could not go to the old Post Oak Mission Cemetery to be lonely for the warriors long gone, for already the chief and his mother had been moved and the Army was working with bulldozers. It would not be too long until the gate would be placed as a barrier to hold outsiders away from the missile range.

"I'm afraid we can't go to the chief's grave this year, Old One," Charley said, the panic still chilling him. "I can't get away from the Army any time I want." Then as the Old One's eyes kept boring through him, he went on desperately, "You can't walk that far alone, Old One. I believe the time has come when you ought to be lonely for the chief out in the tepee."

"Well, now, that's a foolish thing to say, Charley," the old warrior said quietly. "You have to be near the place. You know that. I've told you that in our talks. How could I be lonely for the chief out there in the tepee of the twenty-two poles, with him ten miles away in the cemetery?"

Again the fear lashed Charley. "I can't get away from the post," Charley said, suddenly stubborn. He could hear the laughter of Benson and Harris, and it had to be stilled. "It'll have to be the tepee or nothing. I can't get away."

Sue came back from the kitchen then with Charley's mother, and they said good-by and drove back to Lawton. "Has he heard about moving the chief?" she asked him on the way back to town, "I thought I heard you two talking about it."

"Oh, what do you know about Comanche talk?" Charley laughed evasively, trying to throw off his own heavy mood. "You just happened to be born one. You're not Comanche unless you talk it."

"I can say a few words now, Charley," Sue insisted. "Old Jenny Stumphorn is teaching me. I've got to learn it if I get the part-time job in the university's museum at O.U. next semester. Besides"—she laughed and laid her head against his shoulder—"if you think I'm going to think in English and marry a man who thinks in Comanche, you're crazy, Charley Shield! You'd outsmart me every time!"

They had reached her home by then, and Charley kissed her, and even in his fervor he noticed that the pet words he used in making love to her were the old Comanche terms and, womanlike, Sue understood them. He thought of her all the way back to the post, how like a spring peach blossom she was in her pink blouse and skirt, with her black hair softening about her ears.

When Charley got his next pass, it was Monday of the Exposition Week at Anadarko. He walked into the living room at Sue's home, and the first thing that caught his eye was the buckskin dress on the clothes hanger. It was not one of the new garish cloth garments some of the Comanche women wore, made of red material and trimmed with silver or gold braid. It was a muted lemon-yellow buckskin, of the color which white men had never been able to reproduce. The skirt was sewn with buckskin thongs, and the hem was finished with heavy fringe. Above the knee line was another fringe, and the high neckline of the blouse was trimmed with a band of beading. The sleeves were wide, and Charley's mind flashed an image of Sue, dancing the Indian two-step in it, bouncing along lightly in her moccasins, her body seeming to float, her arms sedately folded inside the wide sleeves. There was nothing prettier than to see a Comanche woman dancing, oblivious of eyes upon her, body swaying and bobbing almost as though detached from the earth. Sue danced all dances well, modern or old. She was loveliness in motion, whether she was in his arms, dancing in a hall, or beside him, stepping rhythmically in the tradition of Indian-woman fashion. No one knew that better than Charley.

But the significance of it struck him and he turned angrily to her, his tone disapproving. "You're not going to dance at the exposition this year, are you?" he demanded.

"Why not?" her dark eyes widened in surprise. "Why do you think I borrowed this dress? Why do you think I let my hair grow long again? I wore it short all year at O.U."

"Well, who're you going to dance with, then?" Charley asked. His words were surly and impatient.

"You, of course. I always have."

"I'm not going to dance at the exposition this year," Charley said stubbornly. "The sarge will be there Saturday night to take movies of the dancing. Some of the fellows are going to be there."

"What difference does that make, Charley?" Sue narrowed her eyes and seemed to be analyzing him critically.

"I'm just not going to strip practically everything and get out there and make a show, that's all," he muttered. "I'm not going to paint up and get out there and whoop it up, so a bunch of fellows from the post can have something else to razz me about besides the Old One still being at war (*Continued on Page 59*)

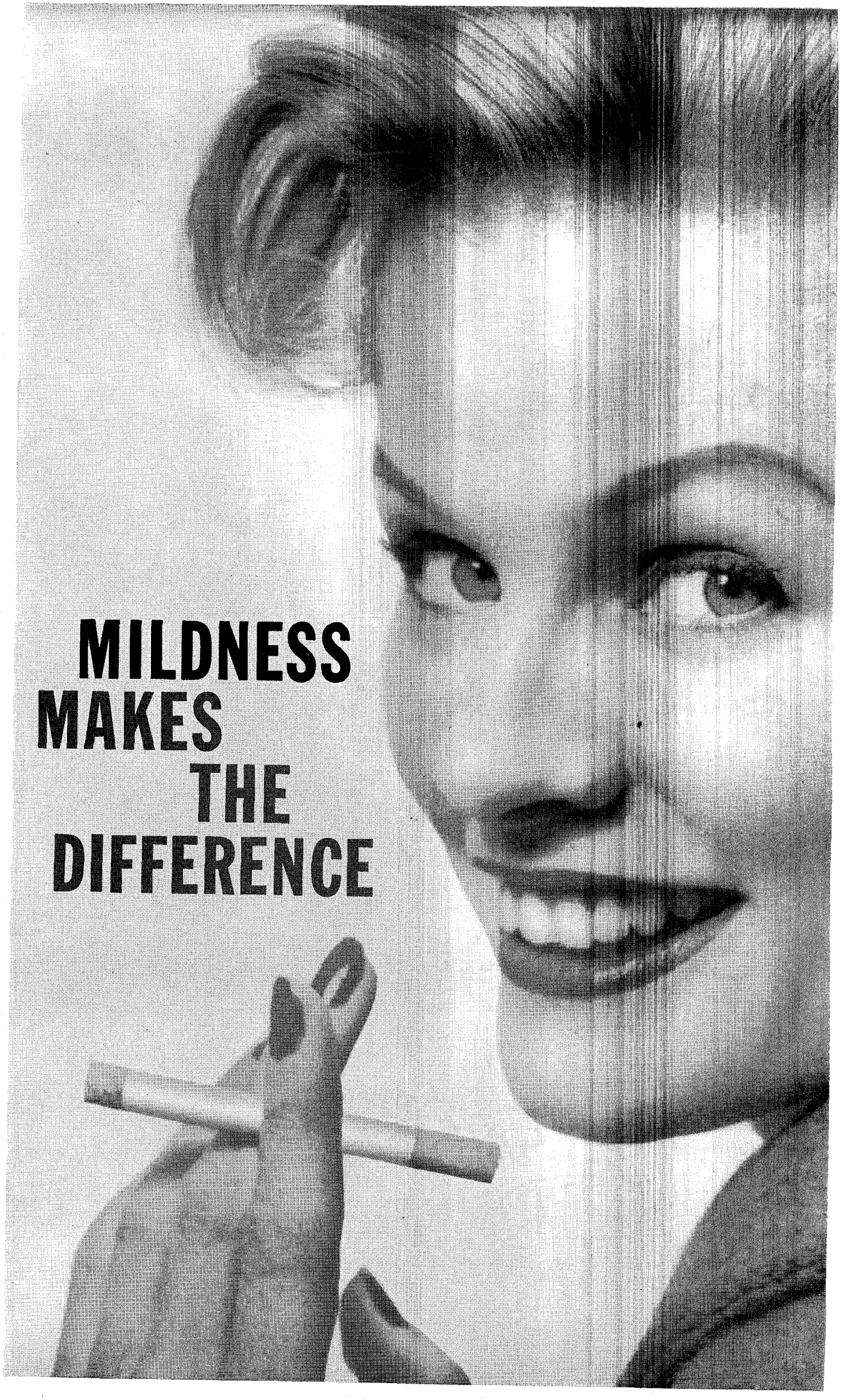
"Your husband asked me to drop by and cheer you up. I'm the new housekeeper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every Tareyton proves it again...

Pack after pack, day after day, Tareyton mildness makes a wonderful difference in your smoking. Your taste stays fresh, clean, wide-awake. You get the satisfaction you want. The filter really filters. You'll *enjoy* Tareytons more. Try them—you'll see.



filter tip TAREYTON

BY THE MAKERS OF HERBERT TAREYTON—FAMOUS FOR QUALITY, DELIGHTFULLY MILD, TIPPED, FULL KING SIZE.

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

(© A. T. Co.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WASH 'N' WEAR SLACKS

Just wash ...drip dry ...and wear

THEY DRY NEAT... STAY NEAT

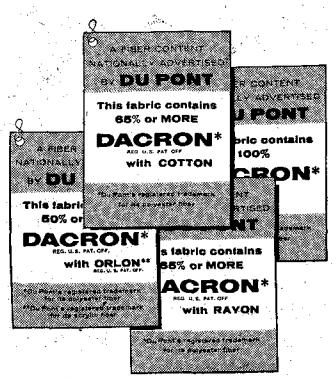
These wash and wear slacks made with "Dacron" keep a sharp crease wearing after wearing... need little, if any, ironing

When wash-and-wear slacks made with "Dacron"* need washing, here's all you do. First, drop them in the washer; second, drip them dry; third, put them on—they dry with a sharp crease, *without* wrinkles, with little, if any, ironing. And because they're made with "Dacron" polyester fiber, they will wash and wear like this for their full life. And they will stay neat—wearing after wearing. Look for these wash-and-wear slacks—and suits—made from many handsome fabrics containing a high content of "Dacron" in many shades and patterns. At leading clothing stores across the nation.

DACRON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



LOOK FOR THESE GUIDES TO EXTRA BENEFITS

Any of these tags featured on slacks and suits indicates that the fabric contains sufficient "Dacron" to provide the extra benefits that have made "Dacron" a national favorite.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber.

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or slacks shown here.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 56*) with the post. That's it! I've about had it. I'm not having any part of it."

Sue was quiet a little. She was standing by the buckskin dress and she kept twisting the fringe in her fingers. Charley could not tell whether she was hurt or angry. He knew when she spoke. She was angry.

"What will you tell the Old One when he offers you his shield for the Shield Dance, Charley?" she asked finally, her voice so low and faraway that she seemed a stranger to him. "How can you take him to the exposition Saturday night at Anadarko and yet not dance with his shield?"

The thought of the shield flecked Charley like the quick stab of a warrior's lance, and for a moment the vision of it flickered before him. The painting upon it denoted the Old One's warrior status with the Buffalo band of Comanches, and someday it was to be his. The Old One had never offered it to anyone else. It was concealed in his tepee of the twenty-two poles behind the big white house.

"I can't make it over to Anadarko this year," he maintained. "I'd have to get a weekend pass and I can't do it."

"You're afraid to have your new friends see you, that's all!" Sue taunted him. "I've noticed that about you an awful lot lately, Charley. You expect that khaki uniform to rub out the whole world you used to live in."

"Well, I made the mistake once of telling them that according to the Old One the Comanches still own Texas and Oklahoma. I'm not going to make another mistake Saturday night!" He thought of something, then glanced up. "Who'll you dance with then?"

"Jim Antelope, I suppose," she shrugged.

"That fat slob!" Charley exploded. "I thought he was working over at Indian City, guiding a pack of tourists around."

"He is. But he's going to get off nights to dance for a pack of tourists. And he may be a fat slob, but you'll have to admit he can dance awfully well. And isn't that a shame, Charley?" She waited; then, "Are you sure you couldn't get that pass?"

He thought of Jim Antelope, fat and heavy. But the fellow could dance, all right, and he could see them dancing together. He himself was tall for a Comanche, lean and wiry and bronzed, full-blooded, while Jim looked bleached in his war dress, his family having allowed a white to marry into it once.

Anger rose up violently in him, knowing that he could probably get the pass. It made him reckless and defiant. "Well, I'm not going to spend my whole pass sitting here in a hassle over Jim Antelope." He spread his hands as though to close the matter, but the buckskin dress seemed to wave between them, a violent lemon-yellow flag of war. "Go ahead. Dance with him Saturday night, then. But nobody's going to catch me out there, being picture fodder for the sarge's camera."

"But you're afraid to tell the Old One, Charley," Sue mocked him angrily. "Go ahead, tell him. Tell him you could get a weekend pass, but you're ashamed of his shield! Tell him that—if you're so white all of a sudden, just because you've put on a khaki uniform!"

She whirled and ran into the bedroom and slammed the door. Charley fumed for a little; then he left and headed the car for Indiahoma. He'd get it over with tonight.

It was dark when he drove up to the big white Shield house, though the moon was up, throwing a gleam upon the earth, and making the Wichita Mountains to the north take on an almost eerie sheen to their red-black hue. At the back of the house the tepee of the twenty-two poles outlined itself sternly in the shadows of the elm trees. Charley glanced at it and set his jaw firmly, then went in.

The Old One was not in the house. He knew it instantly, because the television set was on, and it would have been silent, with its spirits stilled, if the ancient warrior had been about.

"Where is he?" Charley asked his mother. "I've got to tell him something."

His mother hesitated, then blurted the words out nervously.

"He went out into his tepee," she said then. "He's been out there a couple of hours. I think he knows, this time, Charley."

"About moving the chief to the fort?"

"Yes. I believe he heard it again on the radio. They made it so clear this time and I couldn't get to it in time."

"He wouldn't understand it." Charley scowled, yet an odd coldness grabbed at his heart. "You know he never catches half of what's said on the radio."

"I think he put it all together this time, Charley. He asked me to make him some fry bread and some dried-beef balls with pecans, and I did that this morning. I had to baby him a little, even if he can't make his pilgrimage any more. I put them in a sack, and he went with them to the tepee. To be lonely for the Chief, I suppose."

"Have you looked in on him?" The odd feeling, half guilt and half fright, was still clawing at Charley's conscience. "He ought not to be out there alone at night. Did you look in?"

His mother drew back, a shocked and almost accusing look on her face. "Oh, Charley, you know how he's always been about a woman's going near his shield! He's never let anyone but you even touch it." She looked away, silent; then she added, "I know it's probably superstition, but I couldn't go near his shield when he's mourning for the chief. You know that, Charley."

"I'd better look in on him," Charley said slowly.

He left the house and approached the tepee of the twenty-two poles, but there was no sound, and he stood a moment outside, running one finger over the faded design that indicated the old warrior had been of the Buffalo band.

"Old One," he called softly, then listened. There was still no sound, so he thrust his head inside, feeling almost an alien. It had been a long time since the days when the Old One had felt like talking to him in the manner of Charley's boyhood.

"Old One!"

There was no one inside the tepee of the twenty-two poles. There was a terrible emptiness there.

Charley stood for only a moment. Then he turned and crossed the yard and got into his car. He raced out of the driveway and turned north on the road over which an old man and a small boy had made so many pilgrimages. But there was no sign of the warrior along the road, and after he had driven several miles and had reached that part of the journey where the road changed to a lane, half hidden by shadows, he stopped the car and got out. If the Old One had fallen along the way, he could be hidden, and not seen from the car. It would require Comanche scouting to find him in the dim light.

"Old One," Charley called softly. There was no reply.

An owl hooted weirdly in the distance and a night bird called from an elm, but there were no other sounds. Along the way the wild grapes were hanging, small purple clusters dangling from the intertwined cottonwood and hackberry trees. Chinaberries glistened in the faint light, and the blackjack trees stood stiff and waxen. It was as though the lane were grieving for the warrior who had passed this way, mourning a requiem for the passage of a ceremony which would soon be only a bittersweet memory for the Comanches. Tomorrow the Army would place the gate. Tomorrow the guided missiles would rule Comancheria.

The lane wound much, with many turns, and Charley flicked his eyes from side to side, in the manner of the old scouts. (*Continued on Page 62*)

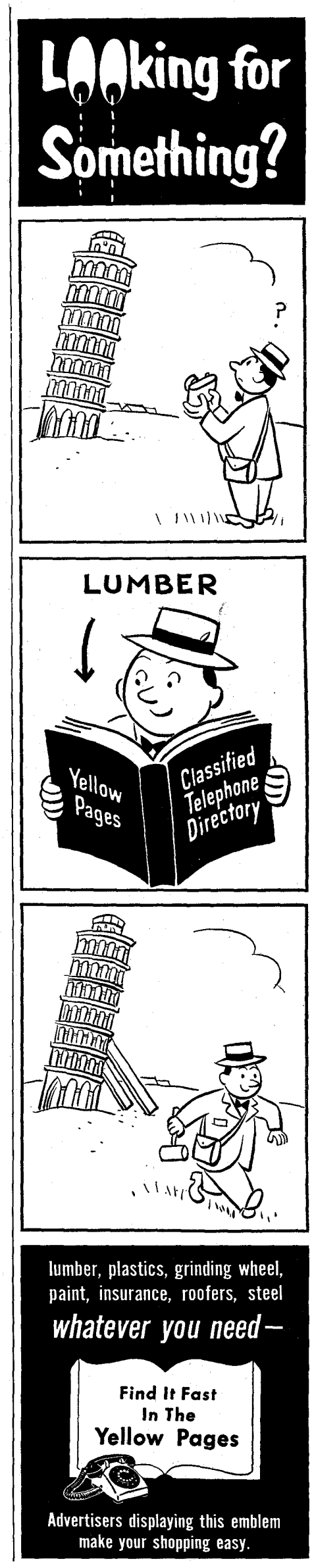
The Perfect Squelch

Young Navy lieutenant Benson admired reticence in others, but never indulged in it himself. So when he captured an audience at a Washington cocktail party, he talked loudly and lengthily about everything from Sputnik to the latest Navy scuttlebutt.

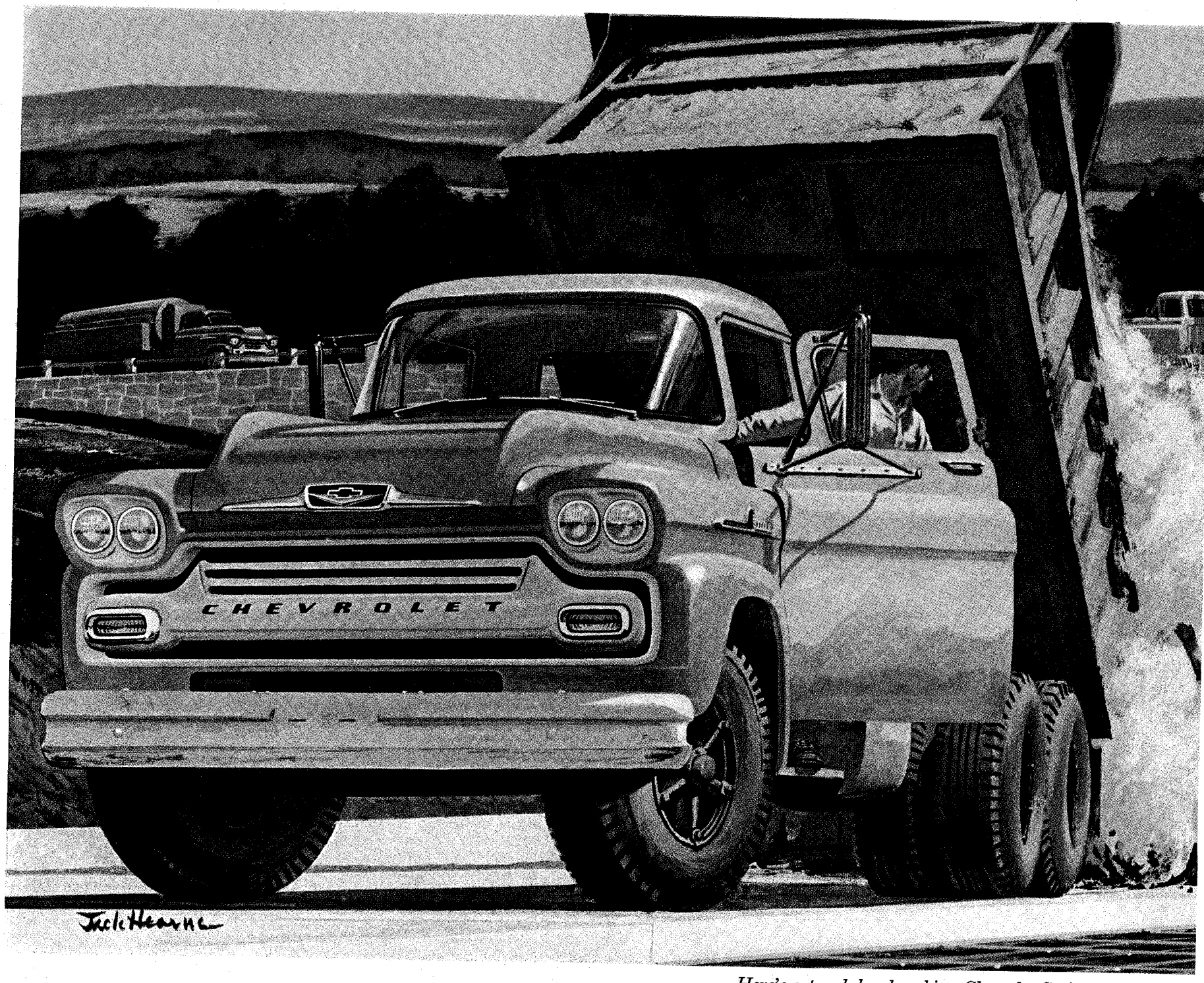
Lacking knowledge, the lieutenant avoided questions by raising his voice and increasing his flow of misinformation. Finally, however, having described in detail a new and bewildering military program, he paused. Finding an elderly Navy captain at his elbow, he turned to him. "Of course, these are only my views," he said. "There are several schools of thought on this matter, aren't there, captain?"

"Yes, young man," the captain said quietly, "and I'm afraid you've been playing hooky from all of them."

Peter E. Brampton


Looking for Something?
?
LUMBER
Yellow Pages
Classified Telephone Directory
lumber, plastics, grinding wheel, paint, insurance, roofers, steel
whatever you need—
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Advertisers displaying this emblem make your shopping easy.
Better buy by BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



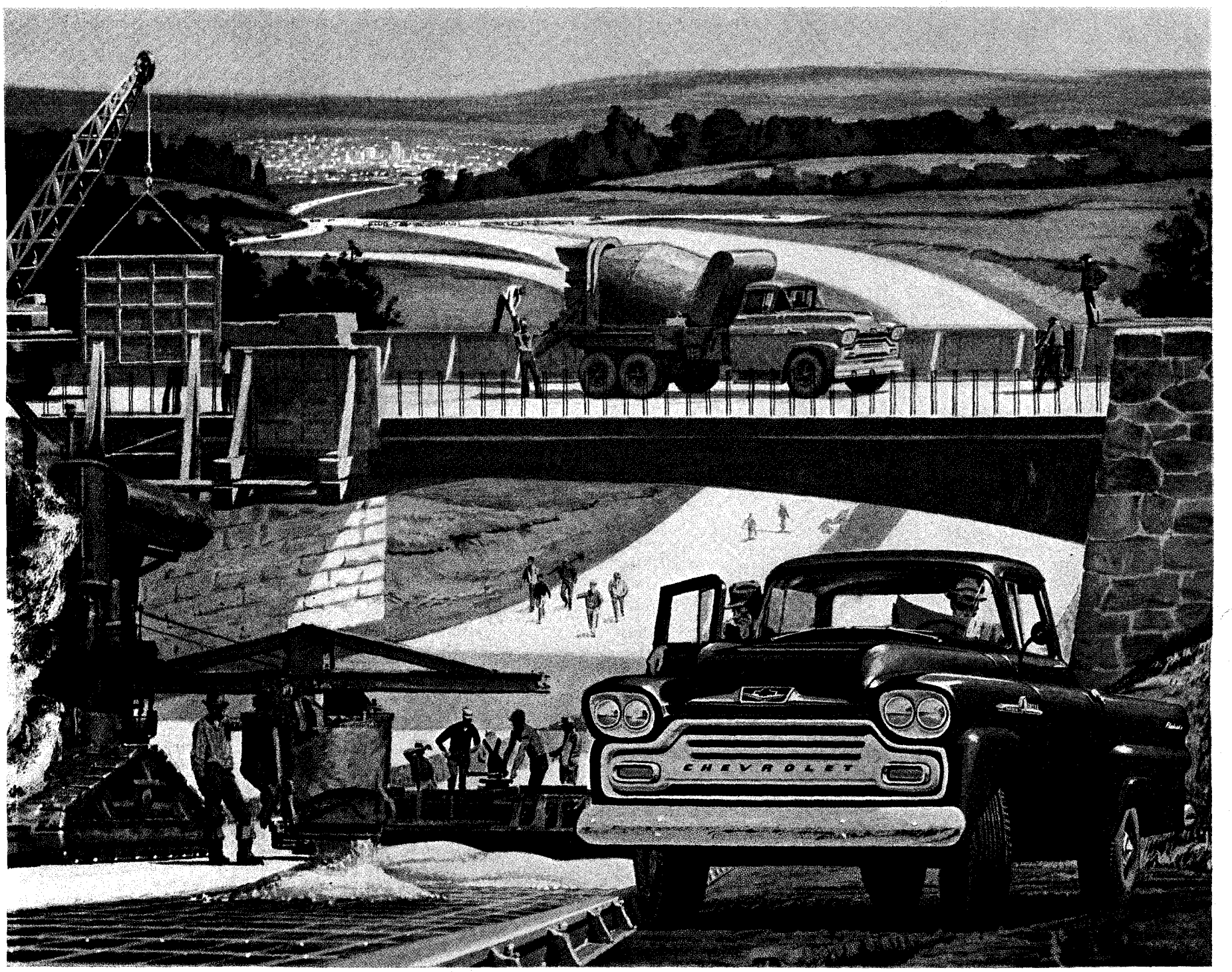
Here's a tough hardworking Chevrolet Series 100 tandem.

They take the teeth out of truck-killing jobs!

These new Chevrolet trucks mean business. The tougher the job the better they seem to like it. They give you more to work with than ever before. Rugged, economical new engines (both V8's and 6's) for every Series. New, stronger-than-

CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



That stylish pickup is Chevrolet's spacious new Fleetside model.

ever components for every chassis. You get more of all the things that enable a truck to *stay* on the job and *save* on the job. New hustle and muscle to send high costs packing and increase hauling profits. And when have you ever seen handsomer trucks than these broad-shouldered beauties? As sure as it takes trucks and *more* trucks to build our new highway system—the right truck for any job is a Chevy! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

TASK·FORCE TRUCKS CHEVROLET

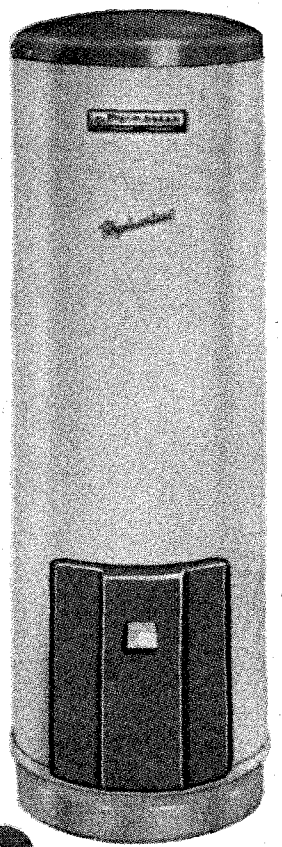
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free full-color reprints, suitable for framing and without advertising, of Penny and Permie Permaglas are available through your Permaglas Dealer. See him today.

50% Longer Guarantee
PROTECTION FOR 15 YEARS

IT TAKES TANKS AND TANKS AND TANKS OF

CLEAN, RUST-FREE HOT WATER!



TO LIVE IN OUR BRIGHT, NEW, SCRUBBED-UP WORLD!

where the laundry is deep-down clean . . . dishes sparkle spotlessly . . . and faces are Sunday-school bright

And *you* can have all the hot water you'll ever need, with *Permaglas!* The *Permaglas* automatic Water Heater has a new glass lining *so* long-lasting that it permits a guarantee 50 *per cent longer than ever before . . . for* 15 *years!* What's more, this new glass discovery can *only* be applied to *Hydrasteel*, A. O. Smith's exclusive research discovery. So now, more than ever, it's extra-important to *you* to specify *Permaglas, by name!*

you'll get . . .

- Exclusive *HYDRASTEEL*
- Longer-lasting glass lining
- 50% longer, 15-Year guarantee
- Higher input, faster recovery
- Exclusive HEETWALL construction
- ALL THE HOT WATER YOU'LL EVER NEED

Permaglas® GLASS-LINED Hydrasteel* WATER HEATERS

*Patents Pending

Through research A.O. Smith . . . a better way

A.O.Smith CORPORATION

A. O. Smith Corporation, Permaglas Division, Kankakee, Illinois
A. O. Smith International S.A., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U.S.A.
Licensee in Canada: John Inglis Co., Ltd.

(*Continued from Page 59*) Something like panic seized him after he had gone several miles, and he changed from walking to trotting, his eyes never stopping in their search for a sign. The years turned back and he was a small boy, afraid of being left behind, running after the great one and crying out in desperation. "*Wait for me, Old One. Wait for me, and I will go away and be lonely with you!*"

In the soft earth turned over by one of the Army bulldozers earlier in the day, he found the print of a moccasin, and he knew the Old One had been here. It was the mark of a Comanche moccasin, with heel fringe long and heavy enough to drag a line in the newly turned earth. Only the Old One still wore the moccasins of ancient days. Charley could almost hear the sound of it, slipping and shuffling, stamping its path indelibly as Comancheria. Even in the slight moonlight, the shape of the moccasin was clearly defined. It was the footprint of an angry warrior.

Charley ran up the slope that led to the side lane which turned into the old Post Oak Mission Cemetery, and he caught sight of the solitary figure. The Old One was standing, his shield under his arm, beside the chain-enclosed plot from which the body of his chief had been removed. The granite marker was gone now, the tall memorial bearing its inscription: RESTING HERE UNTIL DAY BREAKS AND SHADOWS FALL AND DARKNESS DISAPPEARS IS QUANAH PARKER, LAST CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES.

There was a terrible silence about the spot, and the mountains in the distance seemed to accuse those who were not of The People. They had disturbed the slumber of Quanah Parker. They had moved the Last Chief of the Comanches.

Charley froze at attention a few feet from the old warrior, who had made his final pilgrimage to the resting place alone. Unconsciously he straightened his body to ramrod stiffness. He tried to speak, but there was something in the bearing of the Old One that silenced him, and he stood, sentrylike, at his post.

The Old One stared for a few moments at the area from which his chief had been removed. Then he turned and placed his shield in the boughs of the overhanging cedar tree that shadowed the spot where Quanah Parker had once lain. The fort had finally won. The last warrior had surrendered.

He raised his face then to the sky and a high, terrible wail came from the depths of his being. It was the mourning cry of the Comanches, grieving for the warriors who had gone ahead on the long journey. It was the death cry of Comancheria.

A second wail followed it, just as high and terrible. Charley thought for a little that the Old One had given it, so closely had it followed the first. He realized then that it had come from his own throat. His face was turned skyward at the exact angle as the old warrior's.

The moon was high now. It was a Comanche Moon, a raiding moon, full and golden and angry. Yet it mellowed as its rays caught the images of the man and the boy who had come together to be lonely, the two who were mourning for their Last Chief.

The double echo faded into the red-black Wichita Mountains. Charley moved forward. He did not touch the other one, but reached into the cedar tree and removed the shield, slipping it into place under his arm.

"I will need the shield for the dancing at Anadarko Saturday night," he said firmly in the Comanche tongue. "My sergeant will have his movie camera. I will take you to Anadarko." He took a deep breath. "Tomorrow they will put a gate at the road here, and after that when we want to be lonely, we will have to go to the fort. The Last Chief sleeps well there. I saw this. The grass is already green on his grave, as though he was never disturbed at all. This is how it must be, Old One. Will you go to the fort with me tomorrow?"

The Old One was silent, staring straight ahead. He drew himself erect, and in the moonlight his form seemed to take on the bearing of a young brave, lithe and unconquerable even in defeat. There was a majesty about him such as few men have. He was a Spartan of the prairie, lord of the south plains, holder of all Comancheria. One thing Charley knew: The fellows at the fort would be silent before this one.

"I will go to the fort," the Old One said in his compelling Comanche. It was almost as though the fort had surrendered to him.

They turned away from the plot where the Last Chief had once lain, the chain-enclosed plot with its shadowing native cedar trees, and moved into the lane where the wild grapes hung purple on the cottonwood and hackberry trees, and the blackjacks glistened.

"Tonight, Charley," the Old One said suddenly out of nothing, "I think I would like to talk."

"Tonight, Old One," Charley nodded, "I think I would like to listen."

THE END

"Perhaps I worded that a little too strongly."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sixth Grade Takes to the Woods

(Continued from Page 39)

required items for each child: blankets, sheets, pillow; underwear, socks, jeans, shirts; sweater, jacket, raincoat, boots; pajamas, robe, slippers; tooth brush, handkerchiefs, flashlight, towels. This gear accumulates in a great pile back of the school building. Presently, men begin loading it onto a truck.

In the classrooms (two sixth-grade classes are going) the pupils wait with a vast expectancy. Looking over the rooms, you pick out faces. The pudgy, oversize boy with freckles, you think, may have the makings of a bully. There is a pale, blond lad, too thin, patently unsure of himself. Faces, faces—thin, fat, round, long—all of them, on this morning, shining with anticipation.

Outside, mothers and fathers are waiting in a little cluster. At last it is time. The children burst upon the outdoors with a cheer, there are smiles and waves of the hand, and more than one misty eye. The children board the two yellow school buses and the little motorcade moves onto the road—the board-of-education station wagon in the lead, then the yellow buses, then the truck, then two passenger cars of teachers.

On the bus, the children carry out a geography project. It is a fine morning, bright, but made mysterious, once we're out in the country, by mist patches on the hillsides and fog on the meadows. The text, the teacher says, is the out-of-doors. Do you see two methods of transportation between Indianapolis and Mooresville? Three? Four? Not long ago we turned off Route 40, also called the National Road. It goes from coast to coast, and once had stagecoaches on it. What caused the gullies on the right? Now we are crossing the White River, West Fork. Where does the East Fork go?

Miles away at camp, a small staff has been busy all weekend. Bob Tully, in charge for Indiana University, which holds the land as a trust, has seen that the five winterized buildings—four cabins, each big enough for eighteen youngsters and two counselors, and a dining hall that can seat 120—have been made snug. Cooks from the Indianapolis school-cafeteria system have made things ready in the kitchen for the sixty-nine youngsters and seven teachers now en route. Maud Hamilton, the P.S. 39 nurse, has opened the infirmary and arranged for a doctor in nearby Martinsville to be on call.

Anticipation mounts as the buses draw closer. Campers have heard stories from prior explorers—tales of captured skunks and pet snakes and gold in the streams, and of the weird nocturnal doings of the newts and owls. What if we should catch a raccoon, and tame him? The buses leave the highway, bounce along a gravel road that skirts a meadow for a quarter mile, then turns sharply up a wooded hill and terminates in a circle at a cluster of frame buildings. The campers arrive, big-eyed.

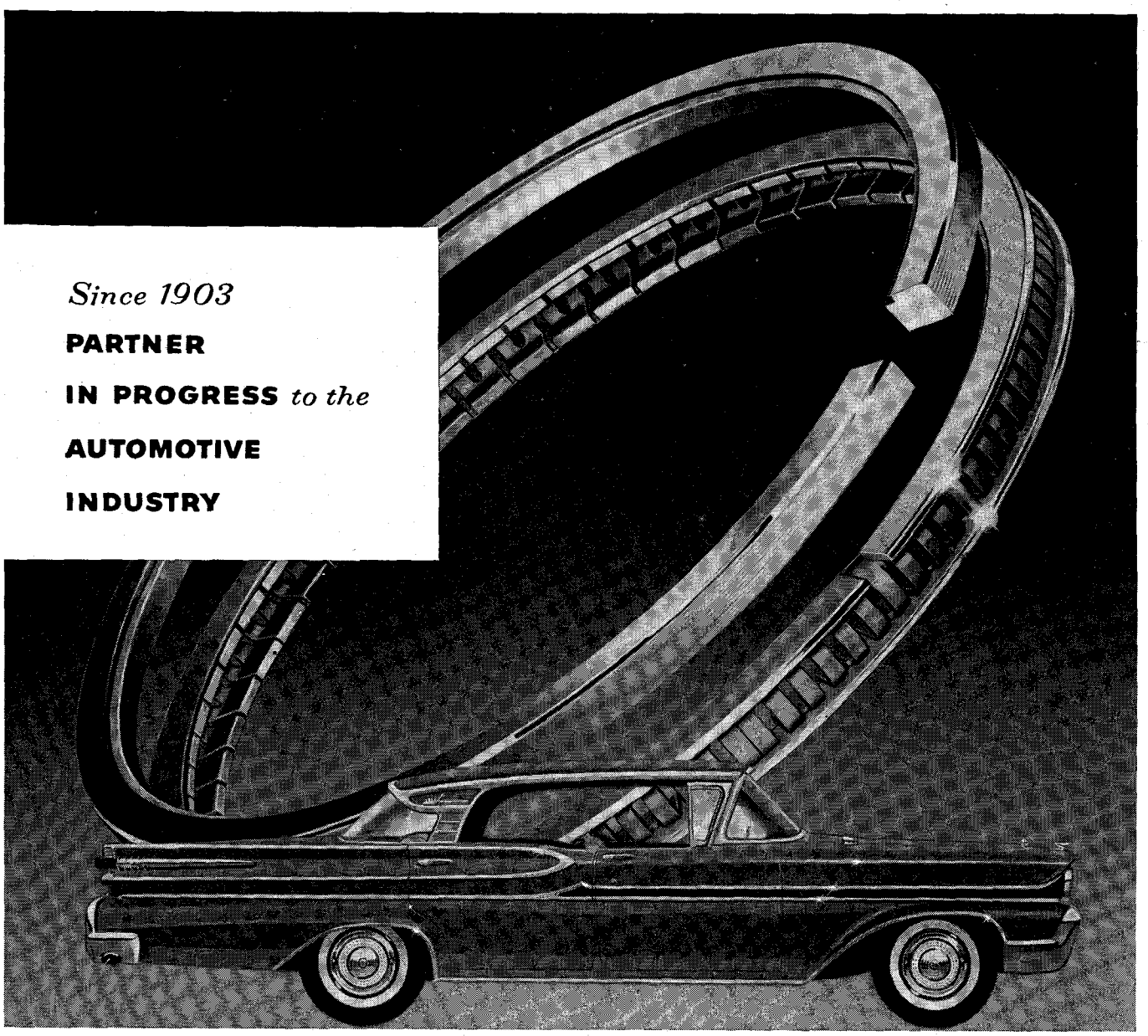
Men and boys unload the gear, teachers assign cabins and cots. The first day is mostly setting up housekeeping—unpack, make beds, schedule chores, find out where things are, try out one or two of the shorter trails. One group discovers the kiln in the basement of the dining hall where the fine pottery clay from the creek banks may be fired. Another takes the trail to the woodland chapel. A work unit gathers logs and tinder for a great campfire. That night, not long after dusk, they will gather round to see it lighted, and this will be a time to remember.

Next day camping begins in earnest. Rise and shine at 6:45. A color guard raises the flag at 7:15 while campers pledge allegiance to it, and to the country for which it stands. Breakfast is at 7:30, clean-up at 8, inspection at 8:30. At a quarter of nine, campers gather at the dining hall for morning assignments.

Study and exploration jaunts were conducted on schedule. The sixty-nine from No. 39 were divided into four groups which took turns working through a standard list of assignments. While Group I was doing the sand-pit trail, Group II was hiking to the fungus bog, then the next day they'd switch, so at the end of the week everybody had done everything.

One trip was to gather supplies for handcrafts: reeds, grasses and bark for baskets and mats, clay for pots and vases, gay stones for necklaces and bracelets. Another was panning for gold. It's real gold, but Bob Tully says to hold off the rush to Indiana. A strong man panning from sunup to sundown might clear five dollars a week. Mineral-minded boys, though, find a rare thrill in isolating a flake or two.

One standard hike is a geology trip with the science consultant, Dr. Newton Sprague—which of these rocks came with the glacier, which have always been here? There's a trip to learn cruising by compass, and how to make a map. Trees, birds, animals, reptiles and insects are identified on a nature hike. State conservation officers arrive one day to demonstrate firearms safety and forest-fire control. As part of the latter exercise, the



MERCURY—One of the outstanding cars using Perfect Circle piston rings for both original equipment and replacement service

Behind the overwhelming preference for Perfect Circle products is a heritage of leadership in research, engineering and manufacturing...factors that work constantly for the benefit of both the automotive industry and the motoring public.

Because they are specifically engineered to meet the exacting demands of modern high-compression engines, Perfect Circle piston rings are preferred by more engine manufacturers for original equipment and for replacement service than any other brand.

When your car needs overhauling, do as the manufacturers do. Specify Perfect Circles! PC 2-in-1 Chrome piston rings more than *double* the life of cylinders, pistons and rings, assure thousands of extra miles of sustained power with lasting oil economy. Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Ind.; The Perfect Circle Co., Ltd., Don Mills, Ontario, Canada.

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

Better buy by Brand Names — BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boy campers cut, sweep and rake a fire block through two hundred feet of woods.

There is a natural tendency for things to happen when children and nature confront each other. There was, on one campout, the business of the canteens. These accessories are considered romantic by campers but a nuisance by camp directors. One day there was only one canteen on a long, hot hike, and its owner did not share its contents. When he left it unguarded, another boy seized it and drank ravenously. He quickly put it down and cried, "I felt a lump go down my throat!"

The owner of the canteen rushed to the scene, took a quick look, and angrily exclaimed, "You swallowed my salamander!"

School authorities do not advocate campouts just because they're fun. Wilbur Young, Indiana's state school superintendent, points out that educators have long known that classrooms, though handy for dealing with large numbers, are a "somewhat artificial" teaching device. When skills can be applied to actual situations, as in camp, attending school becomes not only "preparation for life" but experience in living.

And so, all through the week, McKinley School pupils were mindful that, though this was camp, it was also school. George Sprague, the principal—not related to the science consultant, Newton Sprague—who smiled a benevolent farewell at the bus door on Monday, came out on Wednesday to see how things were going. Paul Johnson, assistant superintendent of Indianapolis schools, was present with a word of encouragement at lunch one day. George Farkas, physical-education supervisor for the central school system, in over-all charge of camping, was on hand every day, as were Bob Tully and nurse Hamilton. Steve Geisler, physical-education consultant, was in administrative charge and Ted Van Voorhees, arts-and-crafts consultant, contributed advice in his specialty. The classroom teachers—Mrs. Louise Schaekel, Mrs. Rena Powell, Mr. Ray Atto and Mr. Tom Cross—were present twenty-four hours a day.

Even with plenty of staff, watching that many youngsters calls for vigilance, and the teachers had firm safety rules. Noses were counted at the beginning of each hike, at each discussion stop en route, and on return to camp. Teachers always brought up the rear, rounding up stragglers. No running was allowed. Explorers were warned to keep the streams in sight; all of them, if followed downstream, intersected main highways after a moderate hike. No flowers, fruits, nuts or foliage were to be plucked, tasted or eaten—not even salamanders—except on instructions given at the start of the trip. One time, in another state, a young teacher had decorated a camp dining hall with "beautiful autumn foliage"—poison sumac. She lost three weeks of school, but the incident has become a legend, and a warning.

After morning assignments, which occupy campers until eleven, there's free time until 12:30 lunch. Meals were agreeable occasions. I recall one with particular pleasure; it consisted of a meat-sauce preparation called "barbecue," baked beans, jelly, cookies, bread, butter and milk. It was courteously passed by my table's twelve-year-old hostess, Julie, after grace had been sung. She put me at my ease and entertained me with small talk—you're supposed to brush up on your table manners while at camp. Service is taken care of by technicians known as "hoppers" and "scrapers," who are chosen by lot. The hopper brings seconds, and clears. The scraper scrapes and stacks the dishes and delivers them to the kitchen staff for washing. Our hopper and scraper that day were two energetic boys named Warren and Howard.

There's a postprandial rest until 2:15, when afternoon assignments begin. The theme of applying textbook information to camp situations continues. For example, in social studies, the question "How would you make a living in a wilderness like this?" prepares the way for a discussion of how the first settlers made out, and points up the current problems of the farmer. Observing a growing gully on land they've come to love is a lesson in soil conservation that sticks. A brush dam is thrown up with quick indignation, and perhaps some pine seedlings are planted.

Botany really comes alive with the marvelous sassafras, whose bark provides raw materials for mats and baskets and whose roots yield a wonderful tea. Even arithmetic is less formidable when you use it to set a compass course over uncharted ground, or figure how many oak trees went into the floor of the dining hall.

A further arithmetic lesson will be derived from winding up the campers' financing on their return. The P.T.A. advanced $408 to pupils who couldn't get up their twelve dollars right away—about half the total. It was all paid back, one dollar a week, from allowances or earnings from baby sitting and lawn chores. Problem: How much would have to be paid back if—which it didn't—the P.T.A. charged 6 per cent interest?

Chemistry and geology have a new interest when connected with the strange fossils and bright stones picked up on a hike. Personal hygiene is more easily taught when pupils can see, by looking at each other, the importance of a shower after a hard day in the woods. Group living inexorably teaches the rudiments of law and civil government. When Rude Rudolf's gear encroaches on the cabin space of his neighbor, and his poor inspection mark pulls the cabin's average down to third place, he hears from his fellow citizens.

Learning about the industry, agriculture and history of the part of the state where the camp was located became a social-studies project. Here, in the old days, the Miami Indians hunted and fished. Black walnut, for paneling and army gunstocks, has long come from this part of the country, along with oak flooring and hickory handles. The Bradford family settled here in 1858, and the three bachelor sons, John, Perry and Albert, discovered the molding sand, later widely used in foundries, which made them wealthy. In 1937 John, the last of the brothers, bequeathed the property, 2300 acres, to Indiana University and the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Hospital for crippled children.

The camp's box trap, wire mesh on a tooth-scarred wooden frame, is more famous for its escapers than for its catches. But it teaches valuable lessons in zoology. Once it caught a raccoon which, when released, wouldn't go home, but became a pet and begged for food every day until the campers departed. When it catches a chipmunk or squirrel there's not much to show for it but the hole where he chewed his way out. The campers always catch something with hats, nets or bare hands. During our week a green snake, a small unidentified reptile and some tree frogs were captured, sheltered and admired.

Afternoon assignments take until 4:30, when everybody takes a shower. At 5:25, with all present, the color guard respectfully lowers the flag. Dinner is at 5:30. There's an hour to write home, listen to records or finish assignments, and an hour around the roaring campfire. Back to cabins at 8:30, then a bedtime snack, then, at 9, lights out. The long, brassy notes of taps echo over the hills at 9:05, and the campers' day is ended.

Toward the end of the week, pupils are asked to write their "evaluations" of the whole business. A special piquancy is imparted to these observations by the sixth-grader's characteristic capriciousness of spelling and phrasing. "If ofered the chance, he or she would be a nut to turn it down," one expert advised. "I strongly erge you to come. You learn instering things to do."

Some singled out items for special appreciation: "I like the little chaple where you can sit and listen to the wood sounds"; "Our nurse does a swell job repairing." There is an unmistakable note of approval in the essays: "Myself I would like you to know that I love this camp"; "The most wonderful thing of all is the camp fire."

Teachers' judgments confirm the children's, though for other reasons. "Remember the thin little fellow who seemed kind of out of things?" Ray Atto said to me when I returned to school for a post-camp checkup. "At camp he really came into his own, and has been going great guns ever since."

The lad was a farm boy, new to the city and its ways. In town, the class, with the unkindness children sometimes show, had sensed his uncertainty and kept him off balance. In camp he was the one who knew, they the unsure ones, and he won a new respect. He was the one who picked up the green snake and fed it when the others all ran, squealing. Now he is accepted.

The pudgy, freckled boy with bullying tendencies had an opposite but equally beneficial experience. When he proved to be short of (*Continued on Page 68*)

..for better
FOLLOW-THRU

Dynamically designed Louisville Grand Slam Irons put the weight where it will do the most good—*right behind the ball!* This Louisville Grand Slam feature helps you to hit thru the ball, which gives the distance and accuracy you're looking for. Swing them for yourself—feel how the club head wants to go thru the shot. Then swing the beautiful Grand Slam woods and your mind's made up!
See them at your Sporting Goods Dealer's.

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
436 FINZER ST., DEPT. SAT-8, LOUISVILLE 2, KY.
Also Makers of Louisville Slugger Bats

Louisville

FREE 1958 Full Color Catalog. Address Dept. SAT-8.

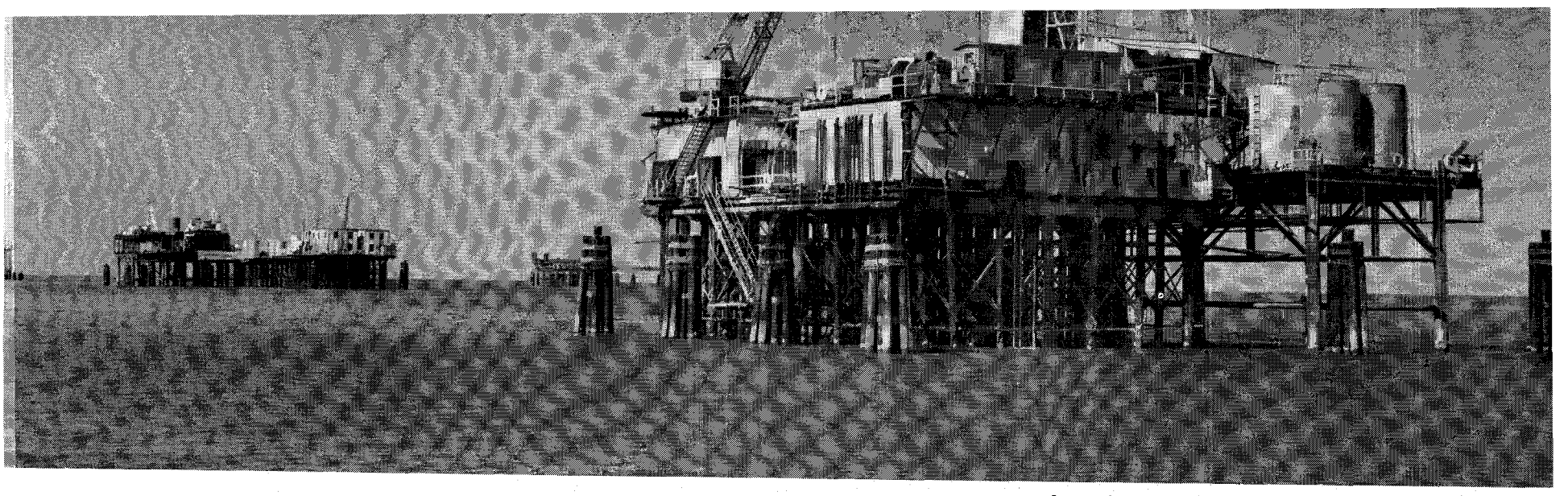
GRAND SLAM
Golf Clubs

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

"He's still at the mischievous age."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Some of PURE's island wells in the Gulf of Mexico

Pure Oil builds islands in the sea to keep you cooking with gas

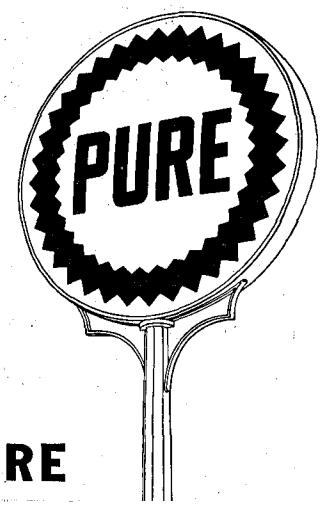
PURE's 252nd natural gas well ups our production to 300,000,000 cubic feet a day

Our newest gas well was drilled from a man-made island nine miles out in the Gulf of Mexico. Twenty-two gas wells have been brought in from drilling platforms like this in the Eugene Island and Rollover Fields, off the Louisiana coast.

Constantly pioneering new production techniques, like off-shore drilling, has brought us a long, long way since 1914. Back then, PURE began as a producer and seller of natural gas (even before we got into the oil business). By 1944 we were producing 17 billion cubic feet a year. It seemed like a lot in those days, but today we are producing six times as much: at an annual rate of more than 100 billion cubic feet, enough to supply the yearly needs of well over a million homes.

Even so, natural gas is only a part of PURE's operation. Oil production and refining of petroleum products represent the major portion of our business. And we handle every phase of it, from exploration under the sea to marketing through service stations. This completely integrated operation is, we feel, one more reason why you can be *sure* with PURE.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.



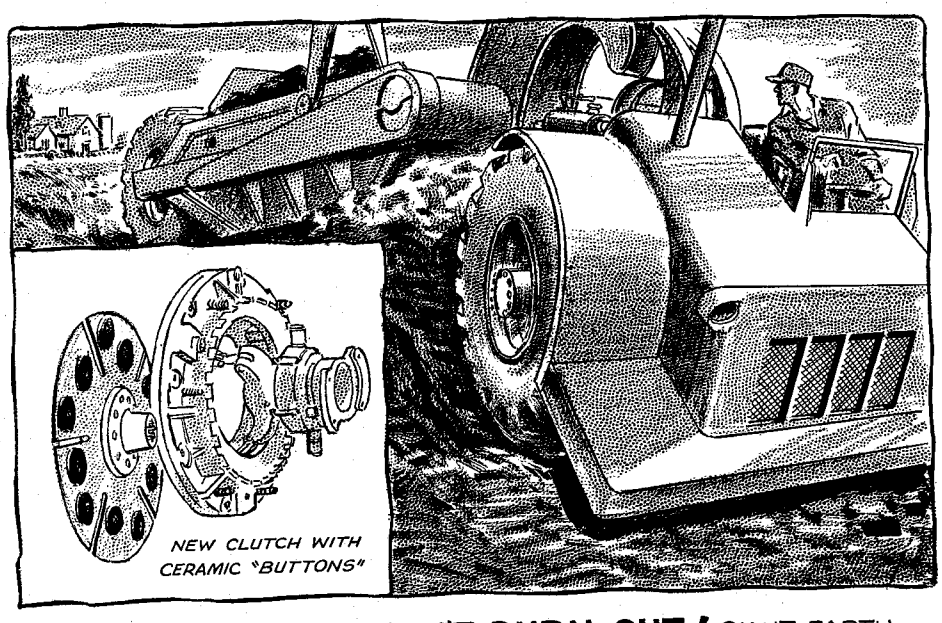
BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

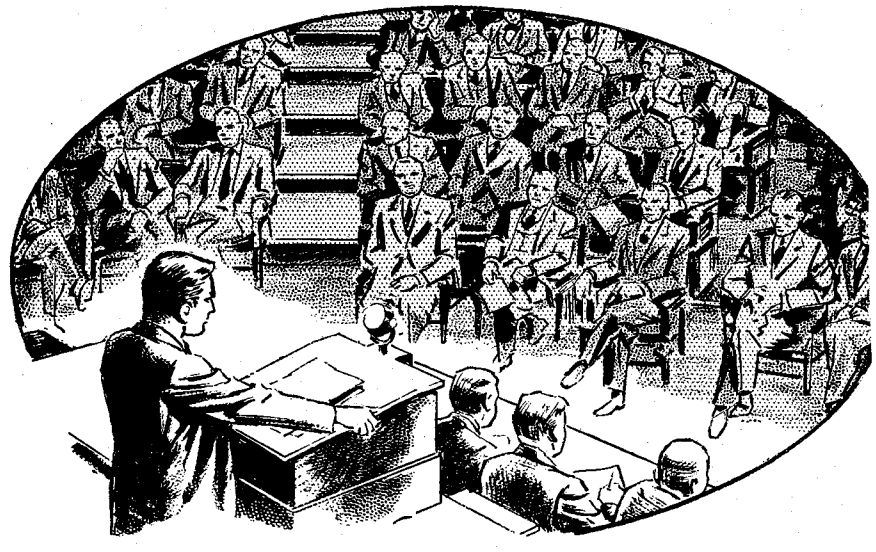
NEW HELICOPTER TOWS 3000-TON SHIP!

RIPLEY'S—

PULLING 429 TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT, THIS WORKHORSE HELICOPTER TOWS A LUMBERING LST AT A 5-KNOT SPEED. IT CAN DRAG A DISABLED TANK, AIR LIFT TONS OF BULKY EQUIPMENT OR CARRY PASSENGERS. TO WHIRL ITS TWIN ROTORS THAT CREATE THIS TREMENDOUS PULLING POWER, THE ENGINE MUST WORK AT PEAK EFFICIENCY. SPECIAL FUEL PUMPS BUILT BY **B-W'S PESCO** ARE USED TO INSURE PROPER, UNVARYING FUEL PRESSURE EVEN WHEN THE HELICOPTER FLIES "STANDING ON ITS NOSE." THEY EVEN ADJUST THEMSELVES FOR WEAR!



NEW CLUTCH THAT CAN'T BURN OUT! GIANT EARTH-MOVERS, WORKING NIGHT AND DAY TO BUILD OUR INTERSTATE SYSTEM HIGHWAYS, ARE TOUGH ON CLUTCHES. CONSTANT STARTING AND STOPPING UNDER LOAD BUILDS UP FRICTION HEAT THAT CAN BURN UP ORDINARY CLUTCH FACINGS. SOLVING THIS PROBLEM IS THE NEW MORLIFE* CLUTCH FROM **B-W'S ROCKFORD CLUTCH**. CERAMIC BUTTONS FORM A GRIPPING SURFACE THAT IS UNAFFECTED EVEN BY EXTREME HEAT. THE CLUTCH NEVER SLIPS--LASTS 400% LONGER.



WASHINGTON NOW GIVES TAXPAYERS COOLER THINKING ON HOT ISSUES! TO HELP OUR LAWMAKERS WORK COMFORTABLY IN HOT WEATHER THE U.S. CAPITOL AND SEVEN SURROUNDING GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS ARE NOW COOLED BY A SINGLE AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEM--THE LARGEST EVER BUILT. AT THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM ARE FOUR 2200-TON REFRIGERATION COMPRESSORS FROM **B-W'S YORK**. THEY PROVIDE CHILLED WATER WHICH IS USED FOR AIR COOLING AT THE RATE OF 39,600 GALLONS PER MINUTE.

DESIGN IT BETTER
...MAKE IT BETTER

Borg-Warner®

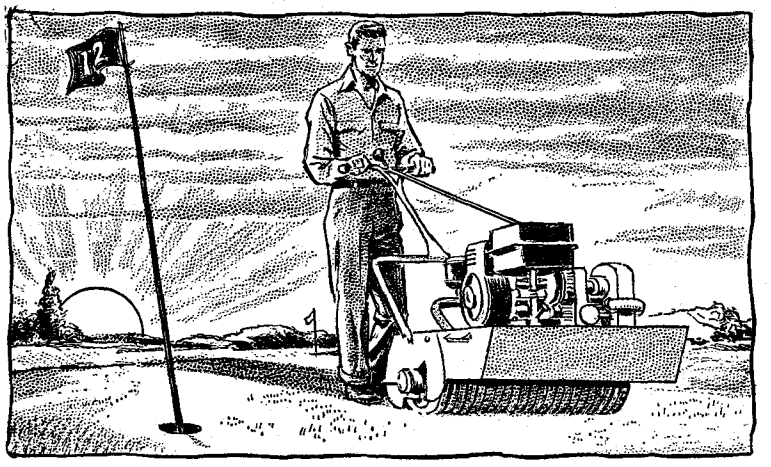
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING **B-W** PRODUCTION TM.

"MOWING" THE MOISTURE OFF GOLF GREENS!

NOW GOLFERS NEEDN'T PUTT ON SLOW, SOGGY GREENS. THIS MACHINE, OPERATED LIKE A POWER MOWER, QUICKLY DRIES THE GRASS. REVOLVING SPONGES SOAK UP MOISTURE, "WRING IT OUT" INTO A TANK. FOR MAXIMUM EFFECTIVENESS, THE SPONGES ARE LINKED TO THE ENGINE BY A PRECISION ROLLER CHAIN DRIVE FROM **B-W'S MORSE CHAIN**. IT GIVES SURE, SLIP-FREE POWER REQUIRED FOR PROPER WATER PICK-UP AND FAST OPERATION.



OVER 200,000 MENTALLY ILL RESTORED TO HEALTH LAST YEAR!

ONCE THOUGHT TO BE HOPELESS, MENTAL ILLNESS IS NOW BEING CONQUERED IN AN EVER LARGER PERCENTAGE OF CASES. AUTHORITIES REPORT 7 OUT OF 10 CASES CAN BE RESTORED TO HAPPY, USEFUL LIVING. NEW DRUGS, THERAPY AND BETTER UNDERSTANDING HAVE MADE THIS POSSIBLE. BUT PREVENTING MENTAL ILLNESS IS BETTER THAN CURES. NEW FREE BOOKLET GIVES HELPFUL INFORMATION. WRITE FOR **"HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR TENSIONS,"** BOX 2500, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

For 30 years Borg-Warner has been serving the automotive industry with vital operating parts. These include:

- Fuel injection
- Automatic and standard transmissions
- Overdrive
- Clutches
- Universal joints
- Differentials
- Timing chains
- Carburetors

Borg-Warner skill and ingenuity also benefit almost every American every day through many other fields, including:

Aviation. Every type of military and commercial aircraft contains essential B-W parts.

Nucleonics. B-W designed parts are at work in almost every U.S. reactor.

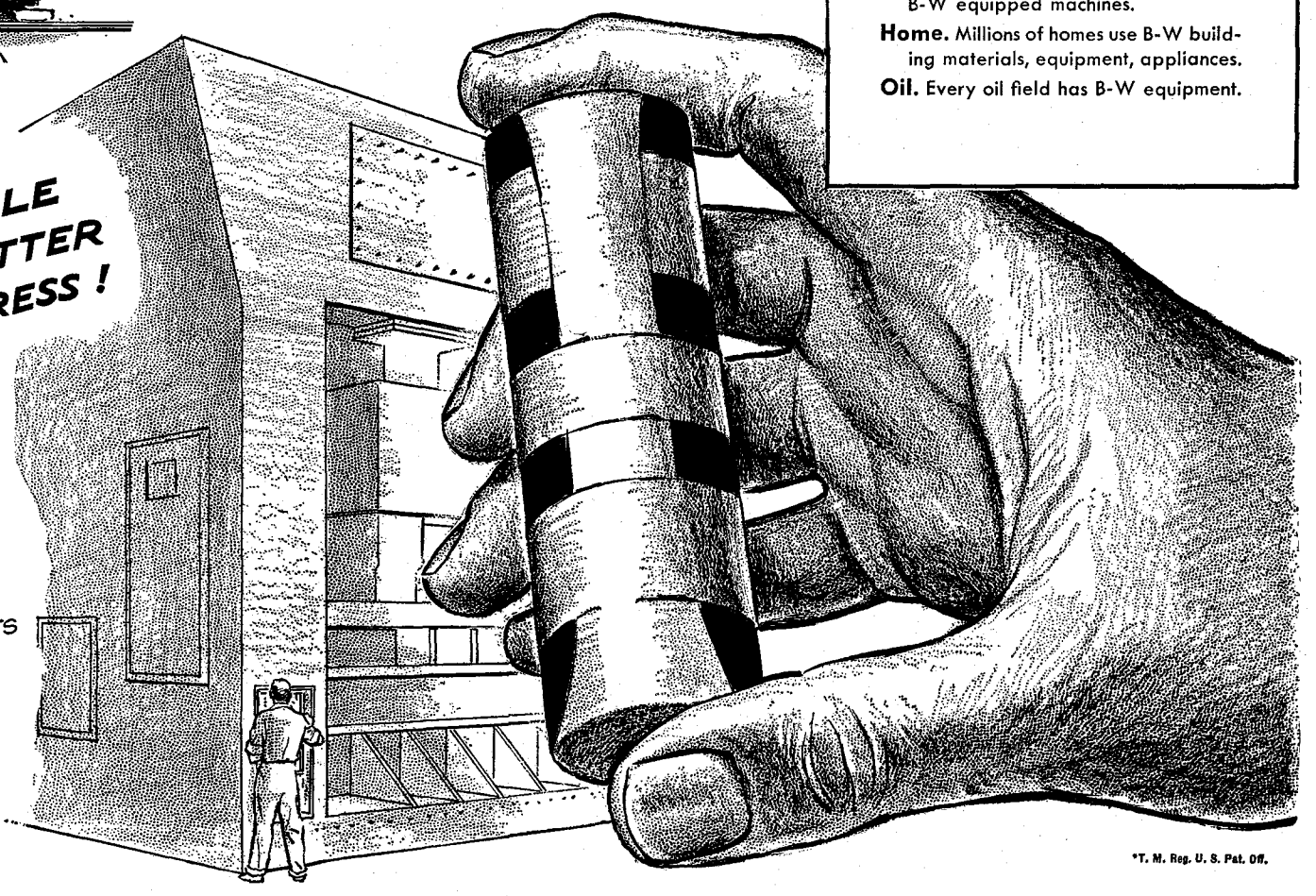
Farm. 9 out of 10 modern farms use B-W equipped machines.

Home. Millions of homes use B-W building materials, equipment, appliances.

Oil. Every oil field has B-W equipment.

XPLOSIVE CAPSULE 'HAPES STEEL BETTER 'HAN 2500-TON PRESS!

CALLED "CONCUSSION FORMING," IT'S A NEW METAL-WORKING TECHNIQUE ED BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL-ALAMAZOO** FOR MISSILE PARTS, MONG OTHER THINGS. THE HARGE USED WILL FIT IN YOUR AND, YET ITS EXPLOSIVE FORCE AN FORM ½" THICK STEEL SHEETS TO INTRICATE SHAPES. SHOCK AVES DO THE WORK OF A HUGE RESS...SQUEEZE THE METAL INTO HE DIE TO PRODUCE SHAPES IPOSSIBLE WITH OTHER FORMING ETHODS. EVEN NEEDED CUT-OUTS ND HOLES CAN BE PUNCHED IN HE SAME OPERATION.



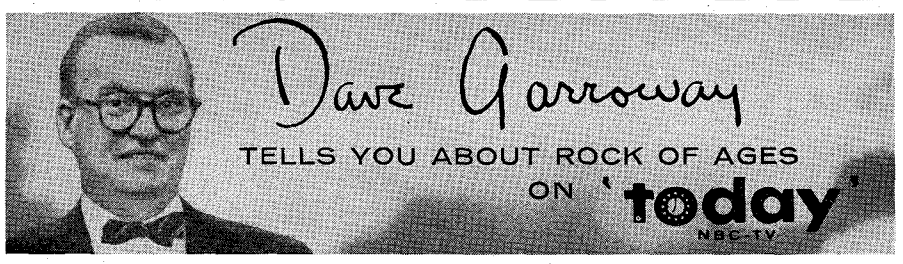
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

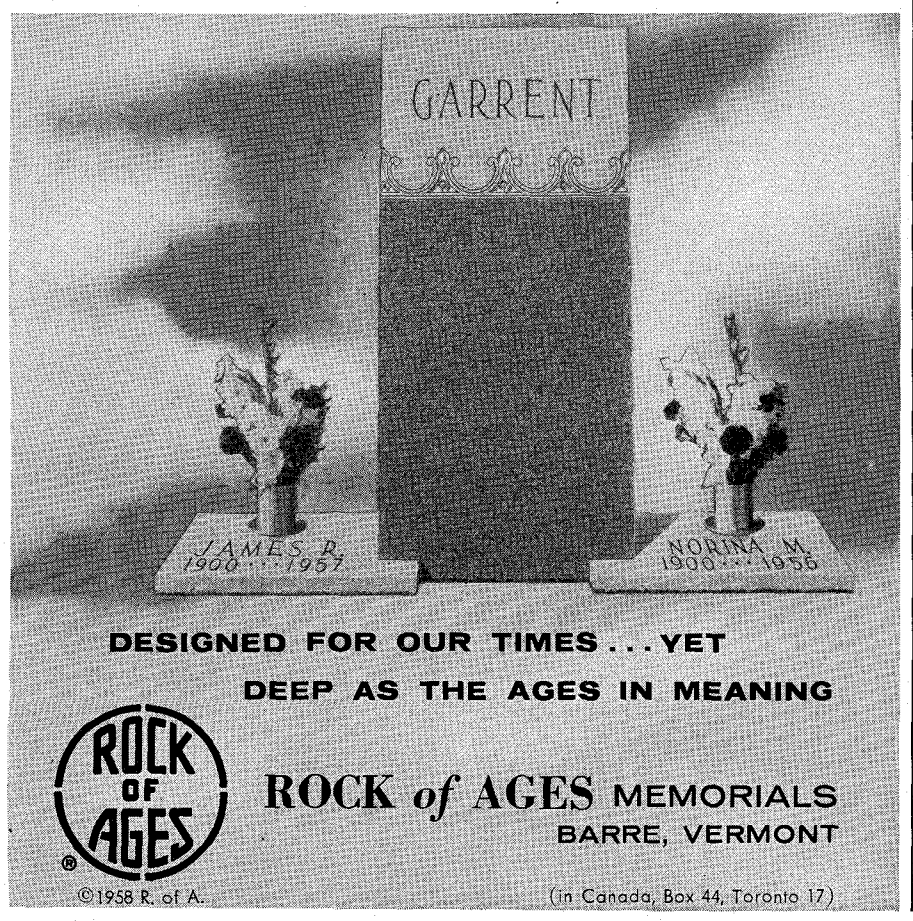
These units form **BORG-WARNER,** *Executive Offices, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago* • RESEARCH CENTER, DES PLAINES, ILL. **DIVISIONS:** ATKINS SAW • BORG & BECK • BYRON JACKSON • CALUMET STEEL • FRANKLIN STEEL • INGERSOLL CONDITIONED AIR • INGERSOLL HUMPHRYES • INGERSOLL KALAMAZOO • INGERSOLL PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON CHEMICAL • MARVEL-SCHEBLER PRODUCTS • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • NORGE • PESCO PRODUCTS • PRIMOR PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE • WARNER GEAR • WOOSTER DIVISION • YORK. **SUBSIDIARIES:** B-W ACCEPTANCE CORP. • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER, LTD. • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • BYRON JACKSON OF CANADA, LTD. • BYRON JACKSON CO., S. A. • BJ SERVICE, INC. • CELLO PRODUCTS, LTD. LONG MFG., LTD. • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN OF CANADA, LTD. • REFLECTAL • WARNER GEAR, LTD. • WESTON HYDRAULICS, LTD. • YORK SHIPLEY, LTD.

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





(*Continued from Page 64*)

wind on the hills, lagging on the hikes and sloppy in the cabin, his once easy prestige waned. Now he had to work for recognition or go without it. To his credit, he tried.

This development of sounder character appraisal during campout is widely observed. One teacher reported, "We all felt that children in our group matured more in one week at camp than would be possible in a month in the classroom." By maturing, the teachers specifically mentioned progress in table manners, general courtesy and friendliness, and a greater willingness to pitch in and help for the sake of the group, as well as improvement in executing textbook assignments. In a camp where morale is high—as was the case with the P.S. 39 bunch at Camp Riley—there is actually a rivalry for the kitchen-police jobs, hopper and scraper. Cots are made and quarters tidied with a zest, spurred by competition with rival cabins.

Amazed parents have reported that camp attitudes endure—at least in some cases, and at least for a time—after the kids come home. One said, typically, "Why, he'd never pick up his clothes or wash a dish except on dire threat. Now he's really helpful, and almost neat!"

Some weeks after it was all over, I paid a follow-up call on McKinley School Principal Sprague. "We've had a wonderful school year," he said, "and I think the campout helped to make it so." When asked for a definition he said a wonderful school year was a year when teachers and pupils like one another and get along well, when the faculty is reasonably harmonious and enjoying its work, when the P.T.A. is clicking and the whole community is interested in the school and its doings.

"At camp, children get to know their teachers for the first time as people. From then on, they're more at ease with one another." Principal Sprague is so pleased about what camping has done for schooling that he wants it every spring and fall. Sprague's Thirty-niners can't soon go back to Camp Riley. "There are eighty-nine elementary schools in Indianapolis," he explains ruefully; "it'll be a long time before it's our turn again."

Sprague doesn't intend to wait. There are sixteen state parks in Indiana, he points out. Six have group camping facilities, one camp is winterized. The state has eleven private camps, fifty-five church camps, ninety youth-organization camps. "We'll get in somewhere."

Such reactions are common among school principals who have tried camping, and this goes a long way toward explaining the spread of the idea. Besides Indianapolis, Indiana now has school camping in Ashley, Bloomington, Boone County, Columbia City, Connersville, Crown Point, Dunkirk, Elkhart, Terre Haute and West Lafayette—to give you an idea of the trend of things in just one state.

Reading a selection of the reports which educators have rendered over the past twenty years, one does not receive the impression that they regard camping as the solution for all educational problems. There's evidence, however, that they consider it a better way to teach certain important lessons than any other in widespread use.

My own "evaluation"? I agree with the young lady who wrote, "The most wonderful thing of all is the campfire." Bob Tully has a way of conducting a first campfire session that one does not soon forget. When everybody is settled and the fire is high and the first songs are out of the way, he begins to tell about the Indians. He tells about their custom of silence around the campfire. This was one of the times, and one of the places—so the Indians believed—when, if you were very still, for a long time, you might begin to sense the presence of The Great Spirit. So they never talked around the campfire. We were still for a time, a long time, perfectly still, all of us.

Sitting around the fire with the kids that night, feeling the bigness and mystery of things, was one of the times in my life when I thought I was close to understanding what the prophet meant when he wrote, "Be still and know. . . ." It was, as the school people had assured me at the outset it would be, an experience.

THE END

We need your help!

PLEASE . . . Include your city postal zone number in your address when writing us about

- ✓ your present subscription
- ✓ renewing your subscription
- ✓ ordering new subscriptions
- ✓ questions concerning any of the Curtis magazines

This will help us to handle your order or answer your question more quickly. If you have a postal zone number, use it—*always!*

We have pledged to the Post Office Department that we will co-operate with them to help achieve the most economical and efficient means possible of delivering your magazines to you.

In order that we may co-operate with the Post Office Department in this endeavor we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in zoned cities.

So, help yourself to better service by always using your zone number!

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For today's new patterns in living...

New designs for financial security from New York Life!

Modern Whole Life Policy meets a lifetime's changing needs—gives $10,000 family protection now, retirement income later!

Remarkable new products . . . convenient new ways of shopping for them . . . have become a familiar pattern in living today. They point up a problem, too—how to enjoy the products of progress without sacrificing financial security now or in the years ahead.

New York Life's Whole Life insurance is designed for the needs of *today*—geared to the changes of *tomorrow*. Its $10,000 minimum face amount assures your family immediate and substantial cash, if you should die. If you live, Whole Life steadily builds cash and loan values available in an emergency. Then, when you reach retirement age, and no longer need insurance protection, Whole Life can pay you a regular monthly income *for the rest of your life!*

Most important, premiums for Whole Life leave room in your budget for other things you enjoy. Issued at age 25, for example, the monthly premium for a $10,000 policy is only $15.50. Issued at age 35, it's $20.80, at 45, $29.70, and at 55, $44.60. Under Check-O-Matic®, New York Life's *special* monthly premium payment plan, the premium is $15.00 at age 25, $20.10 at age 35, $28.60 at age 45, and $42.90 at age 55. And dividends you receive can reduce premium payments even further.

So for financial security that will cover your needs now—and as they change over the years—ask your New York Life agent about modern, low-cost Whole Life insurance. Or write direct to the address below.

The New York Life agent in your community is a good man to know

New York Life Insurance Company

nylic

Dept. EP-33, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. • (In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities • Accident & Sickness Insurance • Pension Plans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proved in COLORADO and coast to coast

*We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss**

"We started rebuilding immediately after our fire," says L. C. Seagler, Montrose, Colo., "thanks to American Hardware Mutual paying our claim within 8 hours after proof of loss."

Yes, we pay claims fast. Our insurance has always cost less, due to annual dividend payments. And our salesmen give *counsel* . . . not sales talks. Sound good? It is.

Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES

BRAND NAMES WEEK

The Mountain of Fear

(Continued from Page 37)

his voice, his smile and the careless turn of his head with its pale stubble of hair like a silver coronet.

"Of course, Hans," she answered, lowering her eyes demurely, almost folding her hands in front of her. "Good night. . . . Good night, Gunnar. Sleep well." And she fluttered her eyes upward, blushing very slightly as she looked at the dark, heavy man glowering at her across the table.

"Good night," Gunnar said through clenched teeth; and then to me, "Good night, Johann."

Hans echoed him lazily, touched his gathered finger tips to his lips and then spread them, throwing a good-night kiss to Helga. *The way he does it,* I thought, *he looks as if he's taking something instead of giving it.* And Gunnar didn't care for it either, from the way his face darkened, but he said nothing, and the two of them walked side by side to the far end of the long living room and into the guest room I'd given them to share, as if Helga had bound the two of them together by threads of witchcraft, dazed and tamed two wild bulls to submit to double harness.

I opened the door of the blue porcelain stove to build the fire up for the night, and Helga came and spread her narrow hands to the flames. I looked down and saw her eyes glistening with laughter in the firelight, the red tip of her tongue caught between white teeth. She looked as small and supple as a golden cat, kneeling there on the rug—and as mischievous and heartless, although five minutes before she had sat, as grave as a Valkyrie, at the table between the two men. But with me she never bothered to pretend, either because I wasn't worth the effort or because she knew it was no good.

"Oh, Little Bear," she said to me, "aren't they wonderful?"

"Are they?" I said, trying not to sound quite as disagreeable as I felt.

She tilted her head sideways and smiled into the fire. "Of course," she murmured, "one of them is more wonderful than the other. The trouble is, I don't know which it is." And she laughed like a golden bell ringing. "Which of them do you think, Little Bear?"

"Don't call me Little Bear," I said, "or I'll turn you out in the snow. Am I the only man you know who has no name?"

"But 'Johann' sounds so dull," she said. "If you were 'Siegfried,' now, or 'Gunther.' But 'Johann' sounds like a peasant."

I let it go. After all, wasn't I a peasant? Twenty acres of mountain valley, and summer and winter grazing rights. What was I but a peasant? And eight years older than Helga, and thin, and small, and swarthy like a pine root, which was why Helga called me Little Bear.

She had given me the name when she could barely walk, and I used to pull her to school in the winter on my sledge. But that was a long time ago. Gunnar and Hans had grown up since then, both of them two years older than Helga, and bigger than I before they were fourteen. Two boys like kings. The old men in the village would stop them just to feel their shoulders and their arms. And within another couple of years the old women were looking at them with eyes half shining with tears and pride, gossiping over whom they'd marry. This one? Or that one? Or Joachim Bauer's daughter? But the two boys only smiled at the gossip, and at each other, because they were friends then. They'd ski together, and drink together, and sing their way home together in the quiet darkness of the night. And if they ever noticed Helga, preening herself like a tawny kitten at their feet, they never showed it. As for me, I'd long ago resigned myself to being Little Bear, and no more.

Then they left school: Hans Muller, the innkeeper's son, and Gunnar Winterhalder, the son of old Friedrich, the biggest farmer in the valley. And we all noticed that gradually they weren't such friends. They'd still smile; still drink together and sing; but you can't fool a village. And I knew that they had realized that the valley was too small for both of them. One of them would have to be ahead almost from the beginning. And they eyed each other like two bulls in a small herd, measuring foreheads. We began to wait for the first clash. But before it came, Hans Muller disappeared.

It was a nine days' wonder, and a nine months' source of gossip. Why had he gone? Over a girl? But none of the girls in the village looked more worried than she ought to have been. Over a family quarrel? His father swore there had been none, and his mother took to her bed for a month. A quarrel with Gunnar? He swore there had been none either, but I noticed that it didn't break his heart that Hans was gone. He seemed to grow even bigger overnight, now that he was alone, without a rival.

It had stayed that way for five years, while Helga grew from sixteen to twenty-one and learned to pretend to be grave and serious and fit to be a matron, and Gunnar spread over the village like a tree. You'd see him walking down the path from his father's farmhouse, and he might have been a town mayor on his way to the *Rathaus*, rolling a little as he walked, with the great weight and thickness of his body. Not that he was fat. See him stripped and felling wood in summer, and the muscles were like ropes, like carved and polished oak. He was somber, the big jaw square and heavy. You could tell he'd hardly change between twenty and fifty. And now and then, as he passed Helga in the village, he'd turn his eyes a fraction to watch her, and her face would mold itself into gravity, and she'd almost fold her hands in her apron. She took to coiling her hair in a bun and visiting the sick.

The old matrons in the village were already setting the day for the wedding, when Hans came back. Between a Sunday night and Monday he came. Nobody saw him come, any more than they'd seen him go. He simply appeared, striding down the village street like a golden giant, his shoulders swaggering, his head crowned with the sunlight. Where had he been? Oh, away, he'd say, white teeth smiling, head thrown back. Peru. China. The States. And he'd let his hand fall on the inn table, so that the beer mugs danced and rattled, and call for another bock.

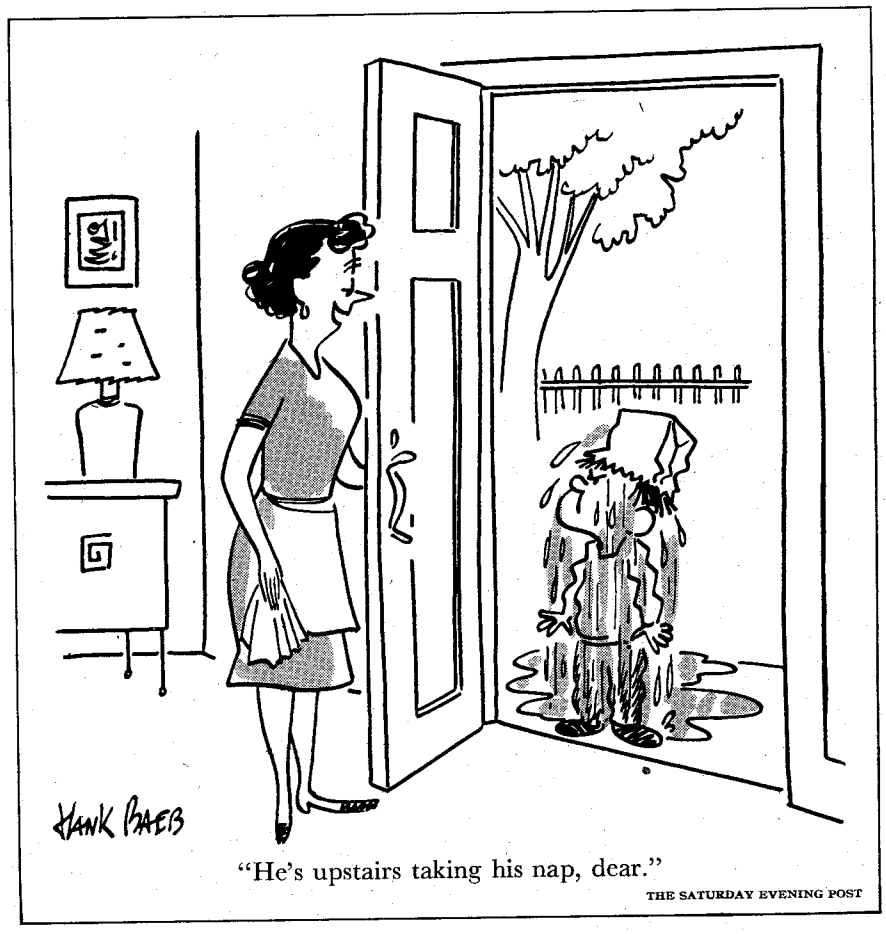
If it had been anyone but Hans, the village might have thought very poorly of a man who could leave his mother without a word for five years, and come back without a trace of shame or apology. But Hans was Hans. His mother laughed and wept by turns, and his father, who looked shrunken now beside his huge son, shook his head and served him with beer as if he were a customer. And Helga was like a kitten that has suddenly discovered two bowls of cream on the table and can't decide which one is the bigger. Hans looked at Helga purring round his feet, and his blue eyes narrowed like a hunter's. And Gunnar, who had been gravely waiting for Helga to prove herself, suddenly became ardent.

The three of them, Helga and her two giants, became a trio—climbing together, swimming and, when the snow came, skiing. Each of the two men trying to show her that he was the finer, the stronger, the swifter. Staying polite to each other for fear of offending Helga, but no more polite than was strictly necessary to their purpose.

It was skiing that had brought them to my farm. I'm at the highest, narrowest point of the valley, and skiers often rent a room from me, so that they can start out at dawn without having a long climb first.

I yawned and made to get up, but Helga clasped both hands over my knees to keep me sitting and rested her head on them, staring into the fire. "Which would you choose, Little Bear? Please try and help me." She

(*Continued on Page 72*)



"He's upstairs taking his nap, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESTHER WILLIAMS HAS THE HERTZ IDEA...

Esther Williams, beautiful movie and TV star, is president of one of the nation's leading swimming pool companies.

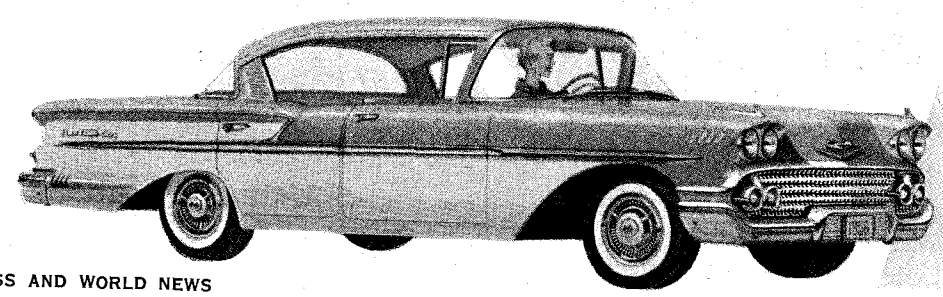
BECAUSE HERTZ RENTS CLEANER, MORE DEPENDABLE CARS!

Sure, this picture was posed. But, there's no doubt that Esther Williams makes good use of The Hertz Idea. For besides her movies and TV appearances, she's the busy president of the International Swimming Pool Corporation—exclusive manufacturers of Esther Williams Swimming Pools.

Mostly, that's why Miss Williams uses Hertz service. To check on pool installations and visit her distributors and dealers from coast to coast. She hurries from one state to another by fast train or plane, rents a new Hertz car *there*. She says, "I'm very particular about the car I drive. It has to be neat and clean. Hertz never lets me down."

As Esther Williams does, you too can save time and money with The Hertz Idea. For when time means money, there's no more economical way to travel. And—Hertz has more offices *by far* where you can rent, leave and make reservations for a car. A bright new Turboglide Chevrolet Bel Air with power steering or other fine car. Rates are low. National average is only $7.85 a day plus 9 cents a mile—including all gasoline, oil and proper insurance.

Call your local Hertz office to reserve a car *anywhere* (Canada, Mexico and overseas, too). We're listed under "Hertz" in alphabetical phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

LISTEN TO HERTZ BUSINESS AND WORLD NEWS
FEATURING WALTER CRONKITE—EVERY DAY ON CBS RADIO

ASK ABOUT "RENT IT HERE . . . LEAVE IT THERE" SERVICE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 70*) sighed contentedly, warm with food and firelight and contentment.

"You'd better be careful," I said, "or you'll get hurt. They'll pull you in two between them."

"That's why I must choose," she said, leaning her head back and laughing at me. I wanted to touch her throat where the flames danced in crimson shadows and curves of gold, but I kept my hands still, and she said again, "Which would you choose, Little Bear?"

It was no good telling her that I'd drown them both. It wasn't jealousy she wanted; it was advice. I shut my eyes, trying to be honest. One man golden as a hero. One man dark and solid as a tree. Why did I hate them both so much? You can't really be jealous about a kitten, however gravely and seriously she miaows. I tried to see their faces; tried to think, *Which one would I trust the sooner if I needed to trust a man?*, but I couldn't see anything except their strength and their size and the fact that I hated them both.

"I don't know," I said at last. "Hans went off once. He might do it again. If he could leave his mother and father like that, he could leave his wife."

"But he's the handsomest," Helga murmured. "I want to touch him whenever I see him."

"That's not much of a reason ——" I began.

"But Gunnar has depths in him," she interrupted me. "Dark and secret, like a crevasse hidden by the snow." She shivered softly and luxuriously, draping herself closer on my knee. "When he looks at Hans, sometimes I feel that he could murder for me." She sighed as if she were being stroked, and laughed up at me. "Could you murder for anyone, Little Bear?"

A family discussion is calm, cool and logical only if it's a monologue. G. NORMAN COLLIE

I put my hands over her eyes so that she shouldn't see.

"I could murder you at times," I said. She bit my thumb softly and uncoiled to her feet.

"Come with us tomorrow," she whispered, "and watch them. No one knows a skier like you do. You've often said you could tell what a man was by the way he skied. Tell me what they are. Tell me which I should choose." The devil was in her eyes.

"The cows ——" I said halfheartedly.

"I'll help you with them before dawn," she said. "Good night, Little Bear." Then she was gone, and I was alone with the fireplace. But it was a long time before I went to bed.

Helga kept at least part of her word. I was only settling beside the first cow when she came into the byre behind the living room, her ski boots still unlaced, and clacking on the earth floor like sabots. She yawned a good morning and stood like a sleepwalker in the middle of the byre, the lamplight wrapping warm gold round her head and her thick red sweater and the dark blue of her skiing trousers. But if she didn't give any practical help, it was good to have her there, and the half hour that's usually the longest of the day went by like a moment.

An hour later we started out. Hans and Gunnar hadn't cared for my coming, but they hadn't dared tell Helga so, and on the surface they were pleasant enough. Nobody can be expected to overflow with friendship before dawn in the snow, eight thousand feet above sea level. It was still dark, and what wind there was came off the snow like a razor being honed. We were going through the mountains into the next big valley, and back into our own valley across the ice river, the big glacier that fills the head of the third, narrow valley between the two big ones. It was a long run, but I'd left a note for my cleaning woman that she must milk the cows before she left in the evening, in case I didn't get back in time, and I suddenly found myself looking forward to the day. It was weeks since I'd taken a day off. And for a little while I managed to forget Hans and Gunnar climbing side by side behind us, and almost believed that Helga and I were alone in the mountains in the growing light of the dawn.

The Weissturm far to the south turned into a pillar of rose, and the great wall of the Alderberg ran with streams of blood and fire. The colors rang in the sky; gold and blue and crimson, like painted parchment, and the mountains surged beneath them, the valleys still deep in night-blue shadow, the peaks burning, turning to gold and dazzling silver as the sun rose to greet us.

It was good skiing snow. Powder on top, from the night's fall, and hard-packed underneath, and we made good time. By midday we were over the shoulder of the Alderberg, looking down into the far valley; a great, glistening sheet of snow that from the top seemed to fall in one unbroken slope for more than seven miles.

We stood for a moment looking down, Helga and I picking our routes, because the smoothness of the slope is an illusion. Then Helga was away like a swallow, sticks swung back and out, scarlet sweater and woolen hat leaning so far forward she seemed to be flying, a word she'd shouted torn on the razor's edge of the wind behind her.

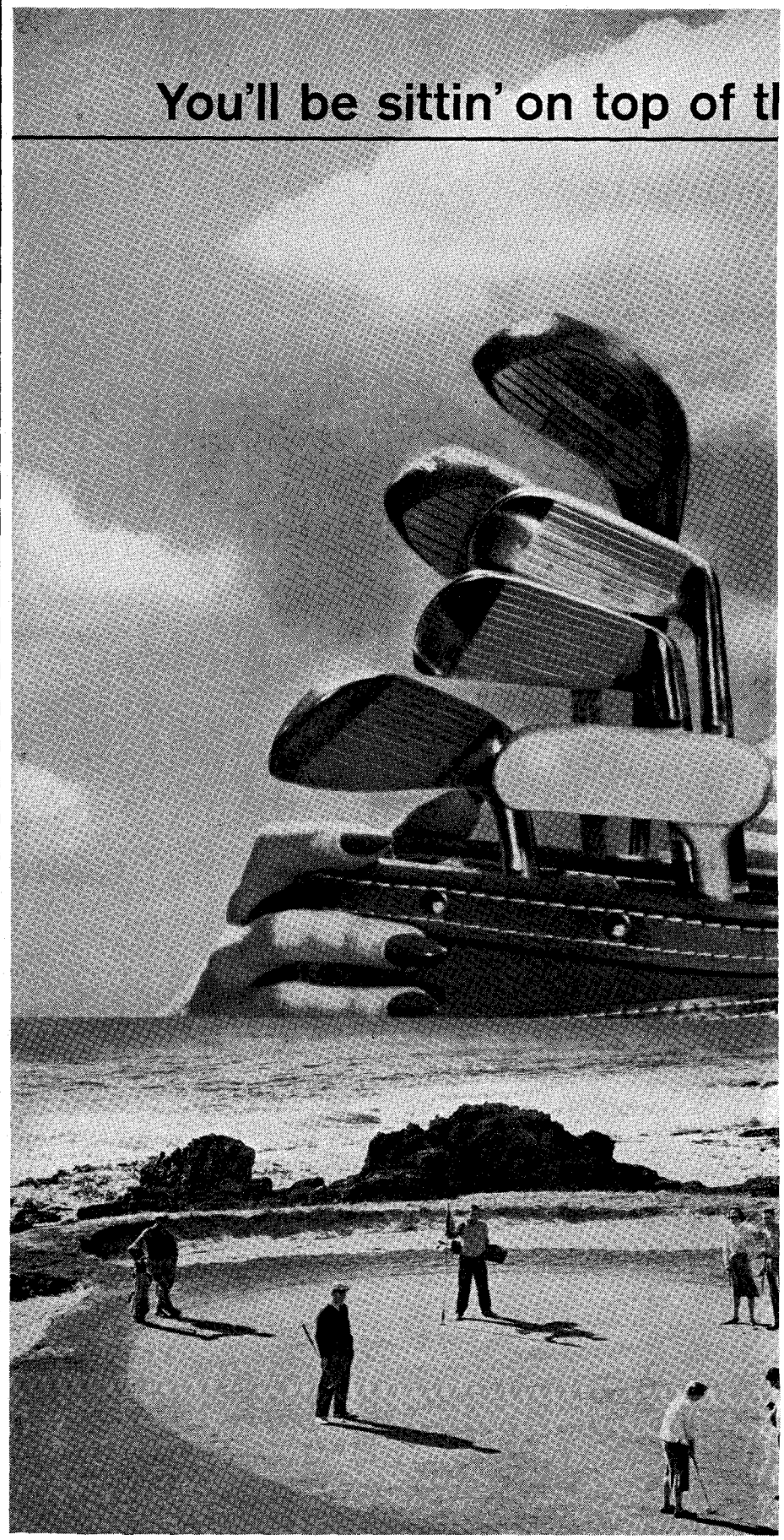
I slid forward to the brink, and then stopped myself. This was why I had come—to watch. So I waited while Hans and Gunnar rammed their sticks in the snow of the crest and peeled away. They had given Helga a thirty-second start, and that's the best part of half a mile on that run. But they had the weight, and where Helga took the slope in long, sweeping curves, they slammed straight down like two shells fired from a gun. Halfway down they'd caught up with her and were past in a white flurry and skid of powder. One of them—I couldn't tell which any more—hit one of the bumps you can't see from the top, and took off, a speck like a tiny black cross on the white dazzle of the snow.

I tilted forward and let my weight take me, cutting a path halfway between Helga's curving track and their straight ones. I wondered whether one or both of them might not break their necks before they reached the bottom, but there wasn't really much hope of it. There is nothing in the whole seven miles that a good skier couldn't beat with his eyes shut, even if he'd forgotten it was there till he hit it. I wondered if Hans and Gunnar were hoping that Helga didn't know that.

We drank coffee out of our flasks and ate our sandwiches at the bottom, no one talking much except Helga. I looked at the ridge we had to climb before we reached the glacier, and at the position of the sun. "We should start soon," I said. But Gunnar was already climbing in the opposite direction, toward the old ski jump.

"Plenty of time," he shouted. . . . "Are you coming to jump, Helga?"

"No, I'll watch," she called. And to me she whispered, "Now, watch them both." Then louder (*Continued on Page 74*)



Light int

Best tastin' smoke you'll ever find!

L&M gives you the full rich flavor of the Southland's finest cigarette tobaccos. You live more when you Live Modern!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hat Live Modern flavor

The patent number on every pack guarantees a more effective filter on today's L&M.... The patented Miracle Tip is pure white inside, pure white outside. L&M draws easier, smokes cleaner, tastes best!

©LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Maid-to-order"

for the best in cleaning!

Better than a bevy of maids at your beck and call is Universal home cleaning and polishing equipment. Choose the cleaner exactly suited to your needs, with its complete set of attachments for all through the house cleaning. And to keep every hard floor surface gleaming, there's a Universal dual-brush polisher to fit your purpose. See America's Finest Quality Line at your Universal dealer's today!

America's Most Complete Line of Home Cleaning and Polishing Equipment

UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

(*Continued from Page 72*) again, "Are you going to jump as well, Hans?"

And so for an hour I had to watch them. The slow herringbone climb up to the top of the wooden jump. The pause. The swift rush down the slope and the sudden upcurve at the end, arms wide like the narrow wings of a bird, sticks balancing, skis tilted upward, body reaching forward, slanting above the ground that's thirty, forty feet below. Then the white spume and hiss of the snow as they struck, slid forward, and side-skidded to a halt. Against my will I found myself doing what Helga wanted, judging them as skiers, and from that judgment judging them as men, as if I'd never seen them before, knew nothing about them except their skiing. I watched as if I were picking men for a team; and slowly, almost to my surprise, I found myself deciding that no team I ever picked would have either of these men on it.

"Well?" whispered Helga at last. "Which would you say?"

"Neither," I said. They were coming toward us, laughing together almost like old times, as if their joint performance had kindled a fellow feeling in them again.

"Neither?" said Helga. "Don't be a spiteful beast, Little Bear."

"What's he being spiteful about?" Hans said. "Shall I kill him for you?" He laughed, and put one hand on the nape of my neck, tightening his fingers until it began to hurt.

"He's being spiteful about you," said Helga, her eyes dancing. Was it fun—was it malice? "He says that neither of you can ski." The hard fingers on my neck tightened still further and then let go, and Hans threw back his head and laughed. Gunnar smiled, but without any humor at all, and I knew that, whatever about Hans, I had an enemy for life in Gunnar Winterhalder. Not for the first time I thought that a well-seasoned hickory stick might teach Helga a great deal.

"Let's go," I said. "We're late already." I went on ahead, leaving Helga to follow with her two heroes. Sometimes, as the wind flurried forward, from them to me, I could hear them shouting to one another and laughing. But after an hour's climb, that stopped, and once or twice I had to halt and wait for them to catch up. And as I watched them coming, Helga between, the two men dragging their weight upward on either side of her, I wondered why I was so sure that neither of them was any good. Jealousy? That's what anyone would say; what Helga would say if she knew that I cared enough about her to be jealous. And yet I could swear that it wasn't that.

What was it then? The bravado? A good skier doesn't take risks just for show. But they hadn't really been taking risks on that slope. And afterward, on the ski jump, I'd had the feeling that they were underjumping, if anything—not going for the last yard of distance, either of them. That was it. That was the heart of it. A hero's swagger on the outside, as if danger were their breath—and all the time something inside them calculating the risks like an adding machine. It wasn't a combination I'd care for in a skier—or in a husband, if I were a woman. But would Helga ever admit that they were like that until she'd chosen one of them and it was too late?

Then they were up with me, and I had to leave it, because if you're pathfinding in virgin snow it needs all your mind. And already too much of my mind was occupied with the fact that we were later than we should have been. The sun was within a hand's breadth of the peak of the Feldberg, and that didn't give us much time to cross the glacier by daylight.

I came over the lip of it, and chose a path with my eyes. There were already pools of blue shadow among the hollows, and with the strength out of the sun, the wind up there strikes to your bones. We started across, the narrowing, upper end of the glacier tapering above us, far, far up to where we'd crossed its topmost spring that morning, no more than a tongue of ice hidden deep under the snow. Below us, it fanned wider and wider in falls and fissures and crevices of ice a thousand feet thick, moving with infinite slowness down the mountainside, foot by grinding foot, over the centuries. And here and there a great apron of clear snow spread itself on the glacier's huge lap.

We were almost across when we came to one of them. The sun was half pierced by the knife-point of the Feldberg, and the snow was pale rose, curving below us like the long tongue of a cat, down into a hollow and up again for a few feet like a giant ski jump. Beyond it lay nothing. It was the last edge of the glacier. Where we were, five hundred feet higher, glacier and mountainside were on a level. But just below us the mountain fell in sheer cliffs, leaving the edge of the glacier

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mind you, Harry, you wouldn't know the old place now. There's a football field in place of the exercise yard, and our old cell block has been made into a cinema and library. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naked, to crumble and spill itself in a steep, murderous tangle of broken ice and boulders, like a poised avalanche above one side of our valley. And it was there, on that Suicide's Leap, that Helga suddenly decided to have fun.

"Who'll catch me?" she shouted and, before any of us could so much as see what she was doing, she'd swerved off our path and was flying like an arrow down the tongue of snow, straight for the bare, cliff edge of the glacier.

There wasn't anything to do except pray. All the space she had to stop in was that last treacherous upcurve of snow, no more than ten yards long. I wanted to shut my eyes, but I couldn't. Down, down she went, traveling like a falling stone; into the trough, and the snow pluming up from under her skis as she started to turn, driving her skis sideways into the bank of snow. She wasn't six feet from the glacier's edge when she stopped.

She looked up at us, waving her sticks, shouting something derisive, and I felt my heart turn over with relief. And then turn over again in sick fear as I saw the whole snowbank that she was on, moving, swaying outward. I saw her stiffen with terror, like a doll against the crimson sky; saw the black line of a crevasse opening like jagged lightning in the trough of snow at her feet. Then I heard the rifle shot of the ice cracking, and Helga's thin, childish scream.

She had fallen to her knees as the movement started under her, and she stayed like that, staring down at the crevasse while I held my breath, waiting for the lip of ice and snow that her weight had split from its parent glacier to fall, to slide down into destruction. But it didn't fall. Far down out of sight it was still rooted in the glacier, a long shaft of ice half torn away from the cliff by Helga's weight as she drove into its top. And now she crouched on its narrow pinnacle, that seemed to sway against the sky. How long before it swayed still farther out into space and fell?

"Helga," shouted Gunnar. "Helga."

"Be quiet," I whispered between my teeth. Even a shout might make it fall. And I thought of Helga falling through a thousand feet of space, screaming, and even the sound of her screaming lost on the wind.

I made a *slalom* down the long, narrow tongue of snow toward the edge of the crevasse, making short, tight curves, going as fast as I dared. Already half the sun was hidden by the peak of the Feldberg, and in a little while it would be dark. It was as if I were Helga, seeing even the light leave me. And I knew that when it did, when it was dark and she could no longer see us, only feel the depths of invisible space around her, she would lose her mind and fall.

Even now the sky was darkening behind her, and I could see her face under the dark ovals of her snow goggles, her mouth white and set with terror, one hand clutched to her heart as if she were trying to still its beating.

"It'll be all right," I said stupidly. "Don't be afraid." I heard Hans and Gunnar sliding to a careful stop behind me, and I stared down into the crevasse, trying to think what to do. It was six feet across, the edges as sheer as if they had been chopped with an ax; the ice walls green where the sunlight reached them, and then, a few feet down, black as midnight. A thin, white mist rose slowly out of the depths, as if the crevasse were sighing. And there was no way for Helga to get back to us except across it. No way at all.

"Can you jump?" said Gunnar, and I could have struck him for the loudness of his voice and for the question. How could she jump six feet in snow, and how could we catch her?

"Fool," I said.

"You know something better?" said Hans. And a tone, a hardness in his voice brought my eyes round to him with a jerk of astonishment. For a long second it was as if time had stopped and I had all the leisure in the world to study him, and behind his shoulder Gunnar, their two faces staring at me, impassive as the giant heads of insects behind the dark green glass of their goggles. In both of them the same hardness of the mouth, the handsomeness peeled away like a layer of skin, showing granite underneath instead of blood and flesh and feeling.

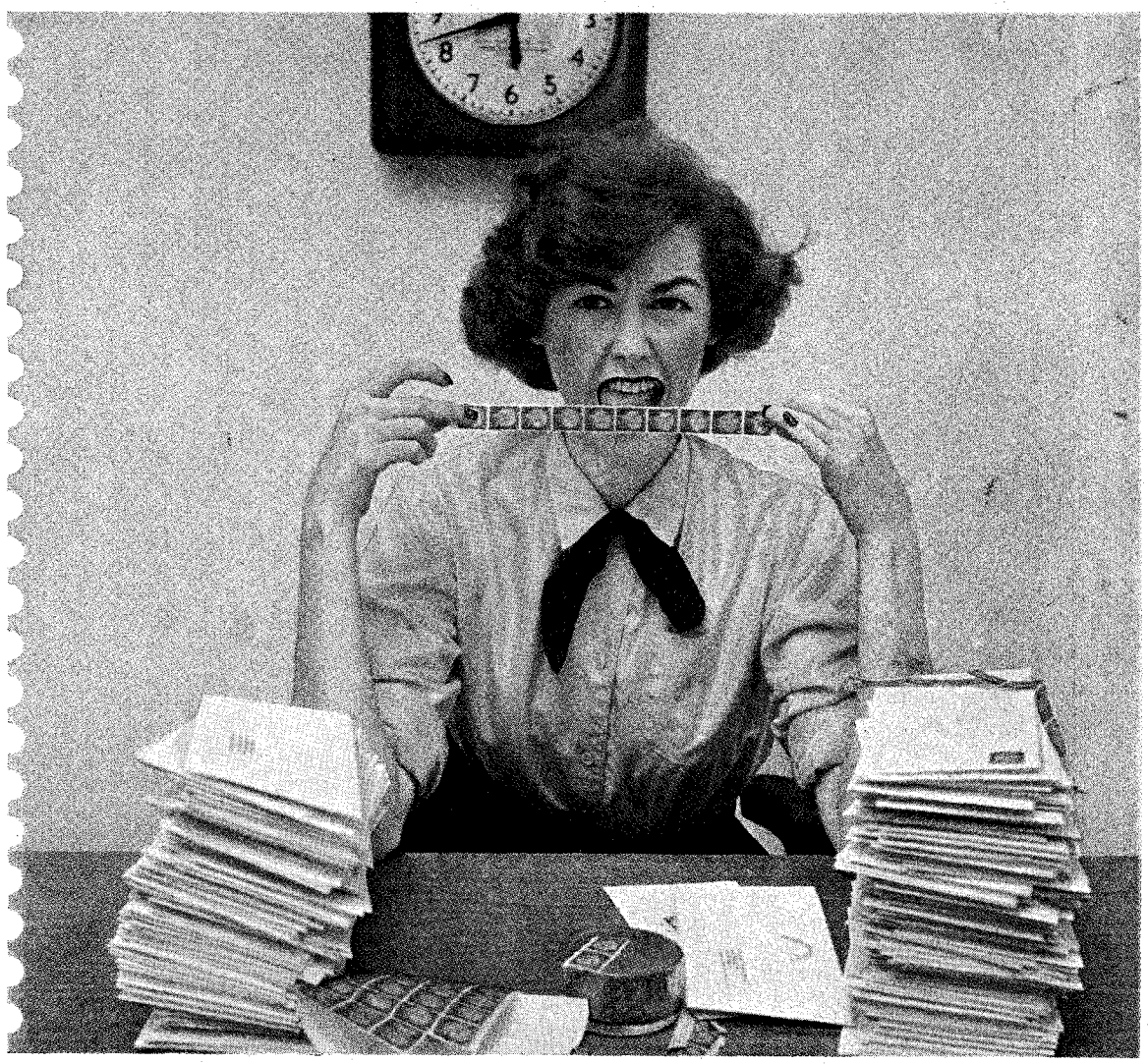
And one thing more. I saw it as if it were written on their pale lips: Determination to survive. Nothing, nothing; not Helga, not God, would break that resolution in them that whoever died, each of them must survive. And the strength of it gave them an appearance of unanimity, because they were both driven in the same direction by the same overwhelming urge, like two logs held together in a river by the sheer pressure of the flood.

"She must jump," said Hans. "Helga." He put his hands to his mouth as if he were going to shout.

"Be quiet," I said, "or I'll send you down the crevasse."

He stared at me, like a bull staring at a fox, unafraid, but totally hostile, totally alien.

"Give me your skis," I said. "The only thing is to make a bridge." A big man's skis are around eight feet long. They wouldn't make much of a bridge. But it was a chance—the only chance that there was. (*Continued on Page 78*)

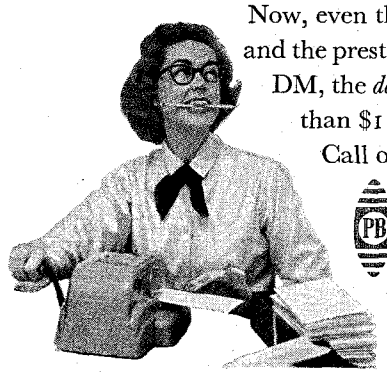


I've been framed!

"I shudda quit when I found they didn't have a postage meter. But they sweet-talked me into staying . . . made me think they'd get one. But look! Still the same old lick and stick. Slow. Messy. Bush league method. This time, I'm sure telling 'em: it's a postage meter . . . or goodbye!"

Get a postage meter—and you do away with licking and sticking stamps and envelope flaps. You print your postage as you need it, for any kind or class of mail, and always have the right stamp on hand. Save mailing time and postage. And your *metered* mail needs less handling time in the postoffice, can often catch earlier mail trains and planes.

Now, even the smallest office can have a postage meter and the prestige of metered mail—with the little, inexpensive DM, the *desk model* meter. A third of DM users spend less than $1 a day for postage. Electric models available. Call or write for free illustrated booklet.



PITNEY-BOWES

Postage Meter

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines . . . Offices in 107 cities. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 358, 1156 Bay St., Toronto

A postage meter . . .

seals as well as stamps envelopes; most models stamp and seal simultaneously.

- Protects postage from loss, damage, misuse. Does its own accounting. And saves trips to the postoffice.
- Provides *parcel* postage on special gummed tape, with a *dated* postmark.
- Prints your own postmark ad with the meter stamp, if you like.
- Requires no minimum mail volume; anyone can easily use a postage meter!

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of postal rates with parcel post map and zone finder.*

To: Pitney-Bowes
2858 Pacific St.
Stamford, Conn.

Send free ☐ *booklet,* ☐ *Postal Rate Chart to:*

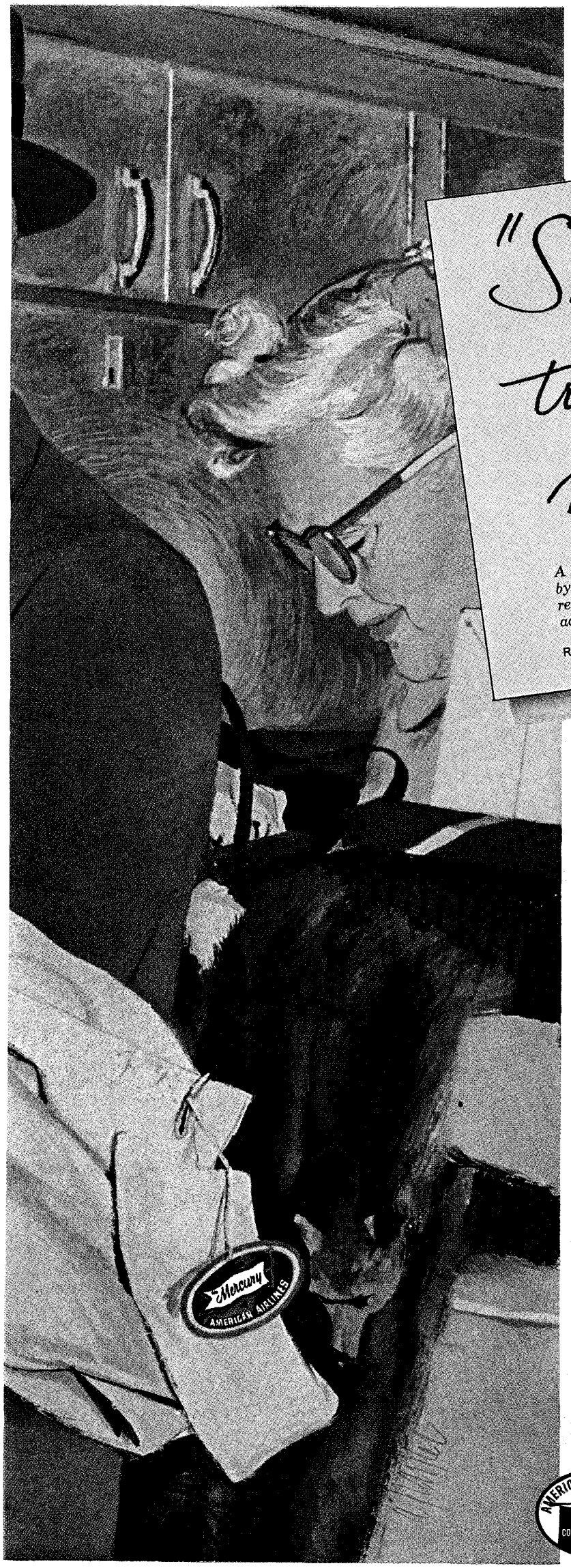
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY AMERICAN SERVES YOU BETTER WHEN YOU FLY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"She even took the trouble to remember my name!"

A word about the wonderful service rendered by your stewardess. She took the time and trouble to remember the name of each passenger and addressed us by name throughout the flight."

ROY E. MONACO, NEW YORK CITY

Thousands of passengers a year write letters like this in praise of American's stewardess corps. And to make certain that you continue to enjoy the same personal attention and gracious service, American operates the only college in the country entirely devoted to the training of airline stewardesses. This emphasis on passenger service extends to *every* American Airlines flight. Whether you travel first class on the famous Mercury or The Captain's Flagship or aircoach on The Royal Coachman, *American serves you better when you fly!*

AMERICAN AIRLINES

America's Leading Airline

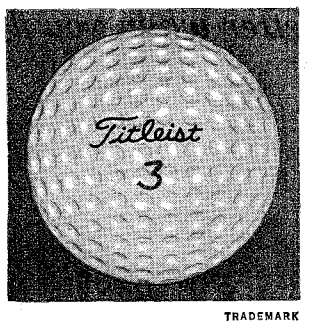
Better buy by Brand Names — BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"T-I-M-B-E-R!"

Two out of every three players (that's right, 2 out of 3) in the National Amateur of 1957 played the famous Titleist.

This great ball, like all Acushnet balls, is sold through golf course pro shops only.



TRADEMARK

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

(Continued from Page 75)

"You are mad," said Gunnar. "We must go for help. For ropes and a ladder."

"Give me your skis, you swine," I whispered.

They never answered me. Never even looked at me. "We are going for help," Hans called to Helga. "Do you hear? For help." They were already climbing sideways up the slope.

I started after them in useless fury, and quite coldly and scientifically, as if he were at saber practice, Gunnar drove the steel spike of his right ski stick at my face. I leaped back and almost fell, and he smiled coldly down at me. "You had better stay with her," he said, as if he had done nothing unusual, nothing that required words. "We will be back in about two hours. Three at the most."

I stared after them as they retreated up the slope, and then at Helga. "Are they coming back?" she whispered to me, like a child that is being left alone in the dark. "You are not going too?"

"No," I said. "I'm staying with you." I almost said, "until the end." The ice shaft swayed a fraction in the wind, and the dying sunlight leaped and glittered on its broken facets.

"Oh, God," said Helga, and hid her face in her hands. *Two hours. Maybe three.* Even if the shaft held, she would freeze to death like that, balanced on a pinnacle of ice six feet by twelve, afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe. I went down onto my hands and knees, unlatching the bindings of my skis. Then, infinitely slowly, I crawled forward until I was lying flat, my face over the crevasse. Depth on depth of cold and darkness, crowned by a ring of fire where the flat rays of the sun glittered on the ice. But already the fire was dying as the sun hid itself behind the far peaks. In a little while it would be night.

A wave of cold struck upward like a breath from the pit, and the ice shaft groaned far down, where it was still rooted in the glacier. Helga moaned softly between her teeth, and I began to slide my loosened skis forward, out over the darkness, their curved forepoints turned downward like grappling hooks. Forward and forward, until they touched the snowcap on the far side of the crevasse, bit into it and held, making a narrow, frail bridge. I slid my chest onto it, holding it firm with my weight.

"Come to me, Helga," I whispered. "Take off your skis and lie flat, then crawl toward me." Her skis looked too short to add to the bridge, and even the seconds it would take to try them might be precious. Seconds? Each second was like a night as I lay there, half over the crevasse, nothing holding me up but the two thin spars of wood, my hands reaching out ahead of me. Helga's fingers were so numbed that she could barely undo her bindings, and when at last she stretched out toward me she lay quite still for an endless minute, afraid to move.

"Come," I begged her; "crawl toward my hands." Slowly, infinitely slowly, she began to move. A foot between our reaching finger tips. . . . Inches. And then the tips of our mittens touching, passing, palm to palm, palm to wrist, until I could lock my fingers on her forearms and begin clawing myself backward with my toes dug into the snow behind me; drawing her slowly toward me onto the two springing, bending skis. And as she came, the last rays of the sun blazed on the wall of the crevasse beneath her as if the whole sheet of ice had burst into red and gold and blue and crimson tongues of fire, until I seemed to be dragging her body through a shifting curtain of flame.

And in that second, while she was still stretched over the crevasse, the ice shrieked far down, and a thick, stinging vapor of powdered ice bellied upward, blinding me. I threw myself backward as the glacier shuddered under me, and suddenly the whole weight of Helga's body was dragging the arms out of my shoulders, pulling me forward again, over the cliff's edge. I saw my two skis falling, twisting downward like narrow leaves, until they vanished into darkness. The toes of my ski boots, my knees, the bones of my body hooked and clawed at the snow. Clawed—and held. And for the length of a breath it was enough not to be slipping downward, to be still, even with pain like liquid fire in my arms and shoulders. Then the agony of inching backward, drawing her body up onto the glacier's edge, up from the thousand feet of darkness until she lay face downward in the snow beside me.

And all the while, all that endless moment, I could see the great shaft of ice on which she had been crouching sway slowly outward like a marble column, leaning, falling, infinitely slender against the dark blue of the sky; out and out, and then downward as its base crumbled, snow and ice spume boiling upward in white thunder clouds. And long, long afterward the crash of its falling.

We lay still for a long time after it had fallen, until our legs stopped trembling, and we could trust them to stand upright. Then, very slowly and clumsily, we stumbled up the slope of the glacier, our feet sinking into the snow crust, like crippled birds walking. We didn't talk. There was too much in our hearts for talking. Just a word now and then, encouraging each other, and our hands together, until at ten o'clock that night we came to the door of Joachim Bauer's farmhouse and pounded on it until we saw his lamp in an upstairs window, and heard his old, grumbling voice calling, "Who's there? Who's there?"

"It's Johann," I shouted. "Johann Falk and Helga." And Helga put her face against my shoulder as if she belonged there now.

"Oh, Johann," she whispered, and it was the only time she ever called me Johann in all our lives, "I've been such a fool. Can you ever understand?"

"Of course I understand," I said. I heard Joachim's slippered feet on the wooden staircase, saw the golden shadow of his lamp on the curtained window. "Never leave me," whispered Helga. "Promise you'll never leave me?"

"I promise," I said, and then Joachim was opening the door—in his red flannel nightgown and his nightcap, with his daughter as anxious as a stout white goose behind him. My knees were strangely weak, and I was trying to hold on to Helga's hands. But people were drawing us apart, drawing her away from me.

"Promise," she called to me, or maybe it was only an echo in my mind. "Promise. Promise me." And I tried to call after her, watching the golden helmet of her hair fading into the darkness.

I slept for eighteen hours, and woke up not much the worse for wear, except for a pain in my left shoulder, where I'd wrenched a muscle. But it was ten days before Helga was about again, what with the shock and the exposure, and in that ten days whatever excitement there had been had died away. Not that there had ever been much. We're used to accidents like that in the mountains. A girl had done a foolish thing and nearly died for it. And two men had gone for help while a third had saved her by a mixture of rashness and miracle.

"You must have set the ice falling again, putting that weight on it," old Joachim said. "It's a miracle you weren't both killed. You certainly deserve to have been. Why didn't you wait for Hans and Gunnar to come back?"

And that was the general opinion of the village. Why hadn't we waited? As it was, we had missed the rescue party in the darkness as we stumbled toward Joachim's farm, and they came back on another route. I heard that Hans and Gunnar were a good deal annoyed when they found out exactly what had happened—so much so that no one was surprised when they quietly dropped Helga and turned to courting girls with more sense of responsibility.

"What could she expect?" everyone said, and they shook their heads over the lighthearted way she turned to me, a man who had proved himself as rash and foolish as herself.

Indeed, it took both Helga and me a long time to live that night down, and I don't know whether we have lived it down yet. For what can you say against the royalty of a man like Hans, the oaktree worth of a man like Gunnar? Can you describe the set of their mouths during a few moments a long while ago? Can you be so wicked as to say that a farewell wave of a ski stick carried a threat of death? How could you say such things of men who are so obviously worth more than oneself?

Only the most spiteful and meanest jealousy could say it, and so I keep my mouth shut whenever the conversation down in the village concerns Gunnar or Hans. It concerns them quite, quite often, too, because Gunnar is a provincial councilor now, and an important man, and Hans is turning his father's tavern into a ski hotel for tourists and bringing riches to the valley, while I am still a peasant. But I think I would rather be as I am. And when I have climbed the path back to my house and closed its door behind me I am sure of it. Because Helga is there to welcome me, and I touch her golden hair and she calls me Little Bear.

Our son, who is three now, comes shouting from his corner, "No, no, no! I am Little Bear. Father is Big Bear." And we laugh at him, and the three of us sit before the fire. THE END

Yellow Rain

By Harvena Richter

There is a rain
in spring that falls
like light let through
cathedral walls.

It scatters down
in yellow strands
the pliant lengths
of willow wands,

and gathers golden
on the tips
and fronds of long
forsythia whips,

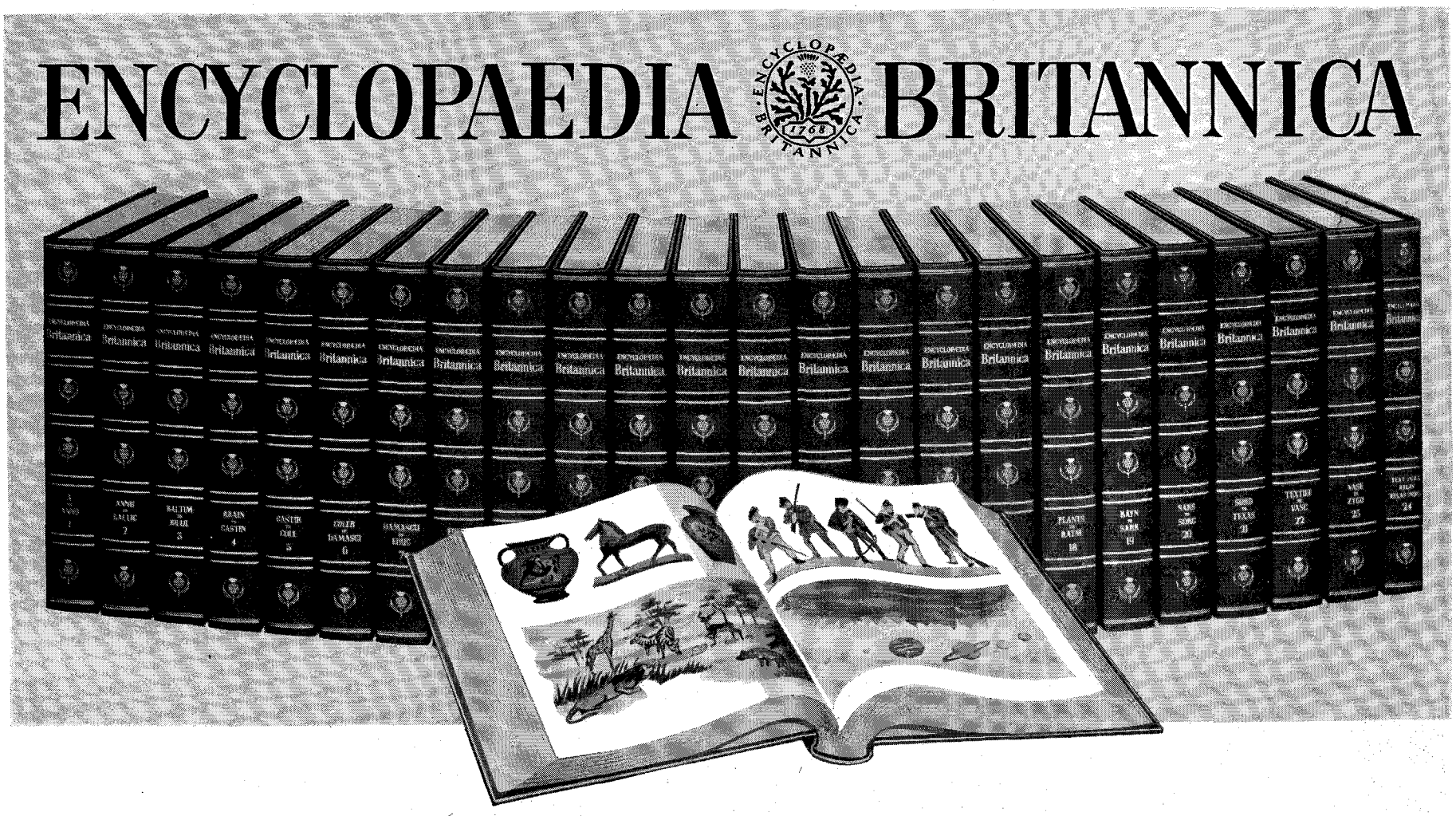
and drips through midnight to distil
a slender flask
of daffodil.

And all who through
this glory go,
stand gilded in
its overflow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now available . . . direct to you from the Publisher

BRAND NEW EDITION OF THE WORLD FAMOUS



You Get All 24 Volumes Now. . . Pay Later

On Easy. . . Book a Month Payment Plan

■ Yes, the latest edition of Britannica—the greatest treasure of knowledge ever published—is now being offered on a remarkable, direct-from-the-publisher plan that puts this world-renowned reference library within reach of *every* family. All 24 volumes will be placed in your home NOW . . . you pay for them *later* on convenient budget terms. It's as *easy as buying a book a month.*

You may wonder how we're able to make this truly amazing offer. First, because of the great demand for this magnificent set, we have ordered a tremendous printing. This enormous printing materially reduces our costs and, under a remarkable *direct-from-the-publisher plan*, we pass these savings on to you.

Thousands of Subjects of Practical Value

In the brand-new edition of Britannica, you will find thousands of subjects that you and your family will refer to in the course of your normal day-to-day affairs. For example, you'll find special articles on household budgets, interior decorating, medicine and health, home remodeling, child care, adolescent problems, rules and regulations for all sports, every kind of hobby . . . plus a treasure house of knowledge on all subjects. Useable information that can save you many dollars.

New Edition is Profusely Illustrated

The new Britannica almost "televises" the information to you by means of 23,494 magnificent illustrations. But it does not merely show "attractive" pictures—it is the work of 5,565 of the world's greatest authorities on all information significant to mankind. Our free Booklet will show you how Britannica presents the accumulated culture of the world in clear, easy-to-read language and superb illustrations. It is the largest and most complete reference set published in America—containing over 38,000,000 words. Its accuracy and authority are unquestioned—it is even offered as evidence in courts of law.

Knowledge Opens the Way to Financial and Social Success

The brand-new Britannica—the biggest and greatest edition in our almost 200-year publishing history—is expressly designed to help *you* enjoy a richer and fuller family life, aid you in achieving greater financial rewards and success in your business or trade, help your children in school, and enable you to speak factually and intelligently on the widest range of subjects.

Yes, Britannica will assure every member of your family the constant companionship of the world's greatest minds. It will enable parents to work more closely with their children at home—helping them build a more solid foundation in today's highly competitive society. Leading educators say: "Too many parents leave the entire educational job up to the school teachers."

Exciting Brochure Now Available

Simply fill in and mail the coupon today, and we will send you . . . *without cost or obligation* . . . a copy of our beautiful, new booklet which contains an exciting preview of the latest edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica. Send no money—not even for postage. It's yours, *absolutely free!*

Act Now to Get Your FREE Booklet in Full Color

In its pages, you will see the most magnificent scenery on the North American continent. You'll go on a cruise to France—to the mysterious Orient—to a Pacific island—or by rocket to the moon! In color so beautifully etched, it gives the illusion of a third dimension, you will see art treasures of famous museums, world landmarks . . . and scientific wonders. Yes, you'll find stimulating material in many fields of knowledge—presented in the most entertaining and informative manner possible.

Just as soon as we receive your coupon, we will send your illustrated, free booklet, so that you can read and enjoy it at your leisure, in the privacy of your home. There is no obligation, of course. However, since this offer is necessarily limited, please mail the coupon *today* before it slips your mind.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, DEPT. 213-G
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, *free and without obligation*, your colorful Preview Booklet which pictures and describes the latest edition of ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA. Also include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, *direct from the publisher*, on the Book a Month Payment Plan.

*Name*_____
(please print)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, write E. B. Ltd., Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

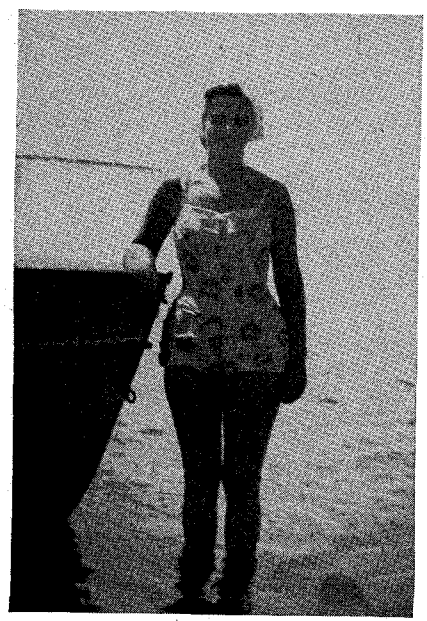
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before: "When I weighed 186 pounds, cars all but ran over me when I crossed the street," says 20-year-old Lada McCutchen of Burlingame, Calif. "It wasn't that they couldn't *see* me. I think they just didn't like what they saw!"

After: "Now they slam on their brakes," says Lada, down to 129. "I get the red carpet treatment everywhere, and I love it!" A dedicated crusader for Stauffer, Lada feels her new figure and new personality brought her the man she married!

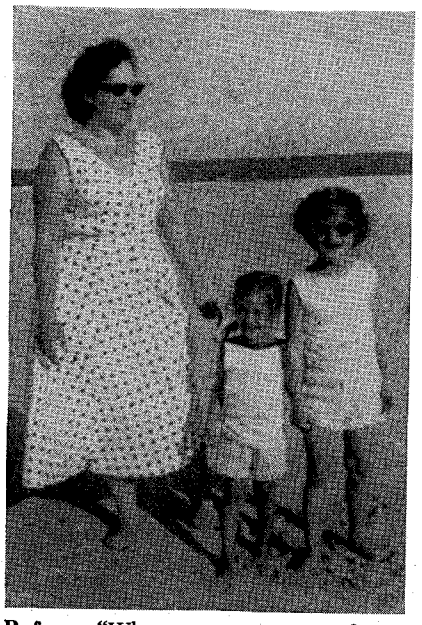
Before: "When you've been slim all your life, it's hard to admit you're putting on weight," says Sally Bachowski of Pittsburgh. "I went from 118 to 148 before I would admit I was getting fat! Then I tried to reduce but couldn't."

After: Stauffer worked from the start. "I'm back to 118," rejoices Sally, "and I have better proportions than I had as a girl! I used to hate full-length mirrors. Now I love them. And I'm as different on the inside as I am on the outside!"

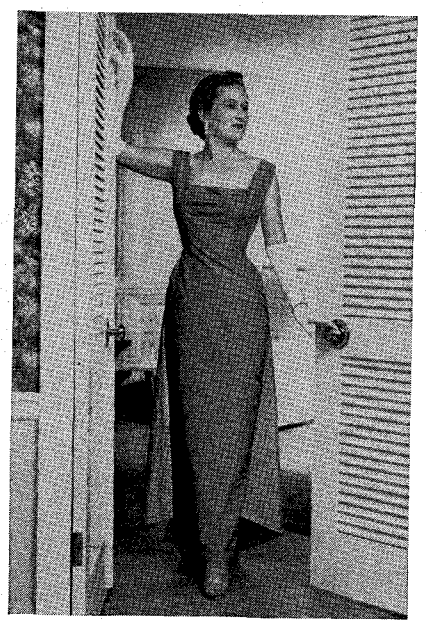


Before: 30-year old Barbara Harter of Rochester, N. Y. says of her 160-pound days, "I used to get into an afternoon slump that would last until bedtime! I envied people who were slimmer than I was, and that was nearly everybody!"

After: "I *like* myself now," says Barbara, who is down to 136. "And I like other people! Stauffer has given me the energy and ambition to have a career. It isn't just making money that's fun. I love meeting people and helping them become slender."



Before: "When you carry around 206 pounds, you may breathe the same air and ride the same streetcars as other folks, but you live in a different world. And believe me . . . it's a lonely world. All you can do to be happy is eat!"



After: Today Sybil Leon of Shreveport, La. is down to 143 pounds. "It's heavenly to be slim," says Sybil, "and a wonderful thrill to see my husband's admiring glances when we go out. He sings Stauffer's praises almost as much as I."

America's 10 Happiest Women

SOLVING a problem that has plagued you all your life is a thrill. Helping others solve the same problem is even more of a thrill!

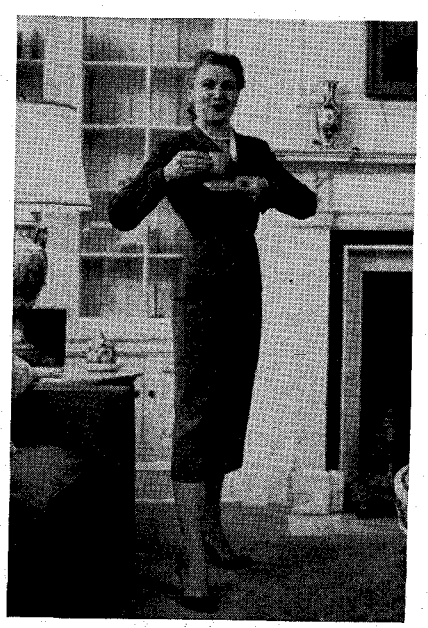
So say the ten happy women on these pages.

All ten have finally defeated the crushing problem of overweight (see how slim and attractive they are!). And now . . . all ten are devoted to helping other women do the same thing.

At one time these ten happy women were very *unhappy!* They tell of frustrating years with starvation diets and huffing and puffing exercise. Always the same result . . . hunger, exhaustion and, sooner or later, a return to the same old figure.

Then one by one, each tried the famous Stauffer Home Reducing Plan which combines effortless exercise on Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch" with the type of calorie control doctors advise. Exciting things began to happen! The pounds departed one after another. So did the inches. And in every case a beautiful, youthful-looking figure emerged.

Before: Early last year Eunice Maultsby of Lumberton, No. Carolina, went out to buy a dress with Christmas present money, found nothing she could squeeze her 201-pound figure into. She decided on Stauffer Home Reducing Plan instead.



After: Eunice weighs 139 pounds today, has firm, smooth skin. "Stauffer has put confidence and sunshine in my life," she says, "and it's a thrill to give these same gifts to others . . . by introducing them to the joys of Stauffer reducing!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before: "Even when I was one year old I was overweight," says Dora Glasgow, a Kansas City housewife. "For 28 years I was known as the smiling fat girl, but that was only on the outside. Inside I was weeping." Dora weighed 225 pounds.

After: With Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dora slimmed down to 120 pounds. "And I haven't gained one of them back in two years!" she says. Dora's husband uses the "Magic Couch" for relaxing away normal tensions after a busy day.

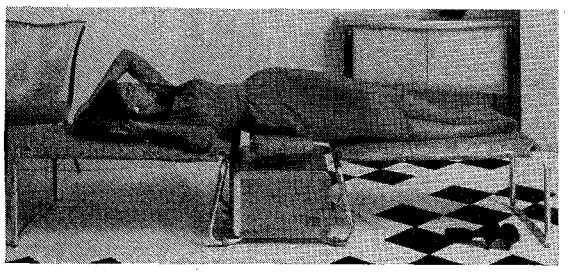
Before: "At 30, I was beginning to look middle-aged," says Baltimore's Clora Nelson. "I weighed 169 pounds and could hardly drag myself through a normal day's work. Heavy dieting only aggravated my nerves and left me more tired."

After: Clora lost 41 pounds, trimmed 11 inches from her abdomen with Stauffer Home Plan. Today she is vivacious, happy, loves telling her Stauffer story to others. Her proud husband Stanley says, "I introduce Clora as my new wife!"

Thrilled and grateful, these ten women wanted to tell the world about the reducing system that *really* gets results... the one that is downright enjoyable. So each began a personal crusade to help others get slim.

Today, busy from morning till night, these ten women say they wouldn't trade places with anyone in the world. Among them they have freed hundreds of their friends from thousands of pounds and yards of inches! And these ten women are typical of at least a thousand other dedicated Stauffer representatives about the country who find happiness twice... first, from their own slim figures and again from the joy they are bringing others.

If you would like more information about this reducing plan, write: Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dept. S-48, 1919 Vineburn Ave., Los Angeles 32, Calif., or Dept. S-48, 1500 N. Ogden Ave., Chicago 10, Ill., or Dept. S-48, 5929 Riverdale Ave., New York 71, N. Y. No obligation.



Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch," the Posture-Rest,® is the heart of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. It helps you trim away inches as you relax at home. It is portable and lightweight, folds for easy storage. You can rent it by the month, or buy it for pennies a day.

Before: Even as a 160-pounder Doris Colgan of San Fernando, Calif. led a busy life. Then one day she saw a snapshot taken of herself as a Community Chest chairman. "That did it!" says Doris. "I saw how fat and hippy I really was."

After: Doris went from size 18 to 14, lost 30 pounds, 5 inches from her hips. "Many women are just a few inches away from a beautiful figure," she says, "but diet alone isn't the answer. Stauffer trims those inches and keeps them trimmed!"

Before: In her sitting-down secretarial job, Philadelphian Jeanne Forbes went from size 9 to size 14. It wasn't a problem of pounds but inches—40 inches around the hips! And diet only made her face grow thin... while hips stayed heavy.

After: The tape measure now says 35 at Jeanne's hipline, and she recently won a beauty contest. Says Jeanne of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, "It's simply great for spot reducing. You can lose inches wherever you need to lose!"

Before: As a young widowed mother, Alice de Baets of St. Louis found herself withdrawing from society and nibbling every time she passed the icebox. Her weight climbed to 160. Fad diets left her hungry. Strenuous exercise left her faint.

After: Stauffer pared Alice's weight to a svelte, chic 107 pounds; gave her a graceful, lifted posture. Says Alice, who has found a whole new life for herself, "No wonder I talk about Stauffer from morning till night. I'm so happy now!"

To find how you can get—and keep—a lovelier figure, write: **STAUFFER HOME REDUCING PLAN,** Dept. S-48, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, Calif. ©1958, Stauffer Laboratories

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Transite Pipe is reinforced with strong, durable asbestos fibre

Walter Reynolds, Mayor
Providence, Rhode Island, says—

"An efficient water system ranks high among the many advantages Providence offers industry."

"Since 1935, Transite Pipe has served in the continuing job of keeping our water system more than capable of meeting future needs. In this way our water system contributes to the health and convenience of our citizens, and also to the encouragement of industrial and economic growth in our city."

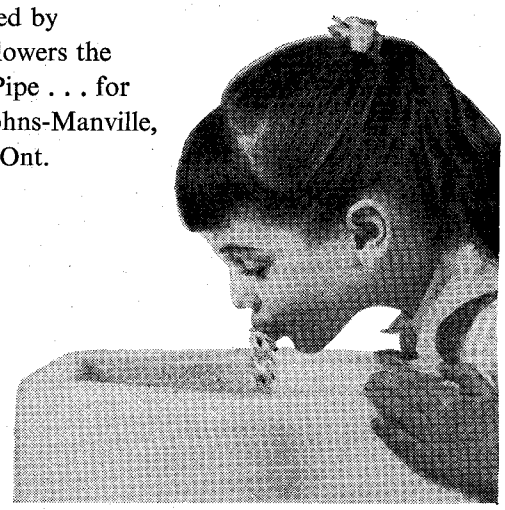
Johns-Manville Transite Pipe saves precious water ...protects its purity...helps keep water costs low

In many ways, an efficient water system is a community's most important investment. It adds to health, comfort and fire safety . . . saves tax dollars . . . attracts new industry to create more jobs and increase business activity.

To make water systems even better investments, engineers and waterworks officials across the nation use Johns-Manville Transite® Pressure Pipe.

Clean and rust-free, Transite Pipe safeguards water purity from the treatment plant to your home. Nonmetallic and corrosion resistant, Transite Pipe stays smooth inside to carry water at peak volume.

And to conserve precious water, there's the perfect seal provided by Transite's patented Ring-Tite® Coupling, which also speeds and lowers the cost of installation. Many communities also use Transite Sewer Pipe . . . for its long life and maintenance economy. For information, write Johns-Manville, Dept. P-2, Box 14, New York 16, N. Y. In Canada, Port Credit, Ont.



Co-operate with your Water Department Officials. Their work is vital to your community's health . . . economy . . . and growth

JOHNS-MANVILLE

100 YEARS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS, 1858-1958

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hornblower's Hurricane (Continued from Page 43)

No deserter stood a chance; his white face, to say nothing of his uniform, would call attention to him wherever he might be in the island, and the standing reward made it certain that he would be betrayed. Hudnutt was doomed to recapture. And he was doomed beyond that. There would be additional charges at his court-martial: Prison breaking. Desertion. Damage to government property. Damage to his uniform. He would probably be hanged. The only other chance was that he would be flogged round the fleet to die for certain under the lash. Hudnutt was a dead man, and this was the end of his talent for music.

It was a somber enough thought to occupy his mind all the way to the pier, and it kept him silent as he climbed into the governor's carriage to be driven to Government House—he had no commander in chief's carriage now. He was still silent as they drove away.

But they had hardly gone a mile when they met a lively cavalcade clattering down on horseback toward them. First Hornblower saw Barbara—he would have picked her out in any crowd, even if she had not been conspicuous on a white horse. His excellency rode on one side of her and Lady Hooper on the other, chattering eagerly. Behind them came a mixed party of aides-de-camp and civilians; at the rear rode the assistant provost marshal and two troopers of his guard.

Some girls just can't take a joke, but the others prefer one to no husband at all.

KEN KRAFT

"Ha, Hornblower!" called the governor, reining up. "Your ceremonial seems to have finished earlier than I expected."

"Good morning, sir," said Hornblower. . . . "Your servant, ma'am."

Then he smiled at Barbara. In her hunting veil, the smile she gave him in return was hardly apparent.

"You can join us in our hunt. One of my aides-de-camp will give you his horse," said Hooper, and then, peering into the carriage, "No, perhaps not, in those silk stockings. You can follow us in the carriage."

"What are you hunting, sir?" asked Hornblower, a little bewildered.

"That deserter of yours. He might show us some sport," answered Hooper.

They were hunting man, the biggest game of all—but Hudnutt, dreamy scatterbrained Hudnutt, would be poor game. Two colored servants rode in the party, each holding a leash of bloodhounds, tawny and black; grim, horrible creatures. He wanted to have nothing to do with this hunt, nothing whatever.

At the dockyard gate, at the high palisade, the cortege halted.

"That's the prison," said the assistant provost marshal, pointing. "You can see the hole in the roof, sir."

An area of thatch had been torn away. Probably that prison was not very strongly built; to escape from it meant that the fifteen-foot palisade had to be scaled next—and even then certain recapture somewhere in the island awaited the man to achieve that feat.

"Come on," said the assistant provost marshal, and he and his guard and the men with the bloodhounds trotted into the dockyard to the prison. Soon they came pelting across the dockyard again. The hounds threw themselves against the palisade, leaping up at it, slavering with excitement.

"Bring 'em round to this side!" shouted the governor.

The bloodhounds were brought round through the dockyard gate again and led to the corresponding point on the outside of the palisade. They caught the scent again in a flash, throwing themselves against their leashes and galloping down the road.

"Gone away!" yelled the governor, spurring his horse after them.

The coachman urged the carriage horses along as fast as dignity and the inequalities of the road would permit.

The horsemen ahead reined back into a trot, and the coachman followed their example, so that the progress of the carriage became more sedate.

"A hot enough scent, my lord," said Gerard, peering forward at the bloodhounds still straining at their leashes.

"And yet this road must have been well traveled since he went along it," said Spendlove.

"Ah!" said Gerard, still peering forward. "They're leaving the road."

As the carriage reached the corner, they saw that the horsemen had turned up a broad lane through fields of cane; the coachman, nothing daunted, swung up into the lane after them, but after two more miles of rapid progress he pulled his horses to a halt.

"A check here, Hornblower," said the governor. "This lane fords the Hope River here."

The halted cavalcade was breathing the horses; Barbara waved her gloved hand to him.

"No scent the other side," explained the governor, and then, calling to the men with the bloodhounds, "Cast upstream as well as down. And on both sides."

The assistant provost marshal acknowledged the order with a salute.

"Your man knew we'd have bloodhounds after him," said the governor. "He waded along the river. But he has to come out sooner or later, and we'll pick up the scent again there."

Barbara guided her horse to the side of the carriage and raised her veil to speak to him.

"Good morning, dear," she said.

"Good morning," said Hornblower.

It was hard to say more, when the events of the last hour or two, and all their implications, were allowed for. And Barbara was hardly flushed with the heat and the exercise. She looked drawn and tired; her smile was positively wan. It occurred to Hornblower that she was participating in this hunt as unwillingly as he was. And it seemed likely that she had allowed the move from Admiralty House to Government House this morning to trouble her; womanlike, she would not have been able to allow the navy to execute the task without her supervision, even though the navy had made similar moves by the hundred thousand. She had tried to order it all, and was weary in consequence.

"Come and sit in the carriage, dear," he said. "Gerard will take your horse."

"Mr. Gerard is wearing silk stockings the same as you are, dear," replied Barbara, smiling through her weariness, "and I have too much respect for his dignity to set him on a sidesaddle in any case."

"My groom will lead your horse, Lady Hornblower," interposed the governor. "This hunt looks as if it's going to turn out badly."

Hornblower scrambled down from the carriage to help Barbara from the side

The telephone...

link with loved ones far away

Family ties stay close, friendships warm and lasting, when the telephone is used often.

Quickly and easily it spreads good news, dries tears, renews courage, makes plans and helps carry them out.

Isn't there someone, somewhere, you'd like to talk to right now? Don't wonder, don't worry. Call today and be sure.

YOU SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CALL STATION-TO-STATION instead of Person-to-Person

For example:	First 3 Minutes Person-to-Person	First 3 Minutes Station-to-Station	Each Added Minute (applies to all calls)
Cleveland to Pittsburgh	70¢	45¢	15¢
Des Moines to Chicago	$1.15	75¢	20¢
Washington, D.C., to Boston	$1.30	85¢	25¢
Miami to St. Louis	$2.05	$1.35	35¢
San Francisco to New York	$3.00	$2.00	55¢

These rates apply nights after 6 o'clock and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast. **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saddle and up into the carriage. Gerard and Spendlove, who had followed him out, followed them back after a moment's hesitation and sat with their backs to the horses.

"We should have heard something from the bloodhounds by now," said the governor. The four bloodhounds had now cast up and down both banks for a considerable distance. "Can he have climbed a tree?"

A man could be more resourceful than any fox, Hornblower knew. But it was an unexpected aspect of Hudnutt's character.

"Not a trace of scent, your excellency," said the assistant provost marshal, trotting up. "Nothing at all."

"Oh, well, then, we'll go home again. A poor day's sport after all. . . . We'll precede you, Lady Hornblower, with your permission."

"We'll see you at the house, dear Lady Hornblower," echoed Lady Hooper.

The carriage turned again and followed the horsemen down the lane.

"You've had a busy morning, I fear, my dear," said Hornblower; with his staff sitting across the carriage from them, he had to retain a certain formality of tone.

"Not busy at all," answered Barbara, turning her head to meet his glance. "A very pleasant morning, thank you, dear. And you—your ceremonial went off without a hitch, I hope?"

"Well enough, thank you. Ransome ——" He changed what he was going to say, abruptly. What he would say about Ransome to Barbara's private ear was not the same as what he would say in the hearing of his staff.

The carriage trotted on, and conversation proceeded only fitfully in the heat. Butlers and maids awaited them at Government House, but Barbara had already dealt with the move, and in the vast, cavernous bedroom and dressing room allotted to principal guests, Hornblower's things were already disposed along with hers.

"At last alone," smiled Barbara. "Now we can look forward to Smallbridge."

Indeed that was so; this was the beginning of one of those periods of transition which Hornblower knew so well, as did every sailor, the strange days or weeks between one life and the next. He had ceased to be a commander in chief; now he had to endure existence until he would at least be master in his own house. The urgent need at the moment was for a bath; his shirt was sticking to his ribs under his heavy uniform coat. Perhaps never again, never in all his life, would he take a bath under a wash-deck pump somewhere out with the trade winds blowing upon him. On the other hand, he would not—at least while he was in Jamaica—have to wear a uniform again.

It was later in the day that Barbara made her request to him. "Dear, would you please give me some money?"

"Of course," said Hornblower.

He felt a delicacy about this which most men would laugh at. Barbara had brought a good deal of money to their marriage, which, of course, was now his property, and he felt an absurd guilt that she should have to ask him for money. That feeling of guilt was perfectly ridiculous, of course. Women were not supposed to dispose of money in any way, except small sums for housekeeping. They could not legally sign a check, they could enter into no business transaction at all, which was perfectly right and proper, seeing how incapable women were. Except perhaps Barbara. It was the husband's business to keep all moneys under his own hand and dole out under his own supervision what was needed.

"How much would you like, dear?" he asked.

"Two hundred pounds," said Barbara.

Two hundred pounds? Two hundred pounds! That was something entirely different. It was a fortune. What in the world would Barbara want two hundred pounds for here in Jamaica? There could not be one single gown or pair of gloves in the whole island that Barbara could possibly want to buy. A few souvenirs perhaps. The most elaborate tortoiseshell toilet set in Jamaica would not cost five pounds. Two hundred pounds? There would be a few maids to whom she would have to give vails on leaving, but five shillings each, half a guinea at most, would settle those.

"Two hundred pounds?" He said it aloud this time.

"Yes, dear, if you please."

"It will be my business to tip the butler and grooms, of course," he said, still trying to find reasons why she should think she needed this stupendous sum.

"Yes, no doubt, dear," said Barbara patiently. "But I need some money for other purposes."

"But it's a lot of money."

"I think we can afford it, though. Please, dear."

"Of course, of course," said Hornblower hastily. He could not bear it that Barbara should have to plead to him. All he had was hers. It was always a pleasure to him to anticipate her wants, to forestall any request, so that it never need be uttered. He felt shame that Barbara, exquisite Barbara, should ever have to abase herself so low as to ask a favor of him, unworthy as he was.

"I'll write an order on Summers," he said. "He's Coutts' correspondent in Kingston."

"Thank you, dear," said Barbara.

Yet, as he handed the order over, he could not refrain from further speech.

"You'll be careful, dear, won't you?" he said. "Two hundred pounds, whether in notes or gold ——"

His misgivings ceased to be voiced, died away in incoherent mumblings. He had no wish to pry. He had no wish to exert over Barbara the sort of parental authority that both law and custom gave a husband over his wife. And then he thought of a possible explanation. Lady Hooper was a keen and clever card player. Presumably Barbara had lost heavily to her. Well, in that case he need not worry. Barbara was a good player, too, and levelheaded and cool. She would win it back. In any case, she was no gambler. Perhaps on the voyage home they would have a few hands of piquet—if Barbara had any fault at all, it was a tendency to discard a little thoughtlessly when playing the younger hand, and he could give a little unobtrusive advice. And there was a smug pleasure, and a tender pleasure, in the thought of Barbara not caring to admit, to a husband who notoriously won, that she had lost at cards.

"You are the dearest man in the world," said Barbara, and he realized that her eyes had been fixed on his face for the last several seconds.

"It is my greatest happiness to hear you say so," he answered, with a sincerity that no one could doubt. And then a recollection of their position in this house as mere guests came to them both to modify the intensity of their feelings.

"And we shall be the most unpopular people in Jamaica if we keep their excellencies waiting for their dinner," said Hornblower.

They were only guests now, mere hangers-on, their presence only tolerated by people who had their official lives still to live; that was what Hornblower thought at dinnertime when the new commander in chief sat in the place of honor. He thought of the Byzantine general, blinded and disgraced, begging in the market place, and he nearly said, "Spare a penny for Belisarius," when the governor turned to include him in the conversation.

"Your marine hasn't been apprehended yet," said Hooper.

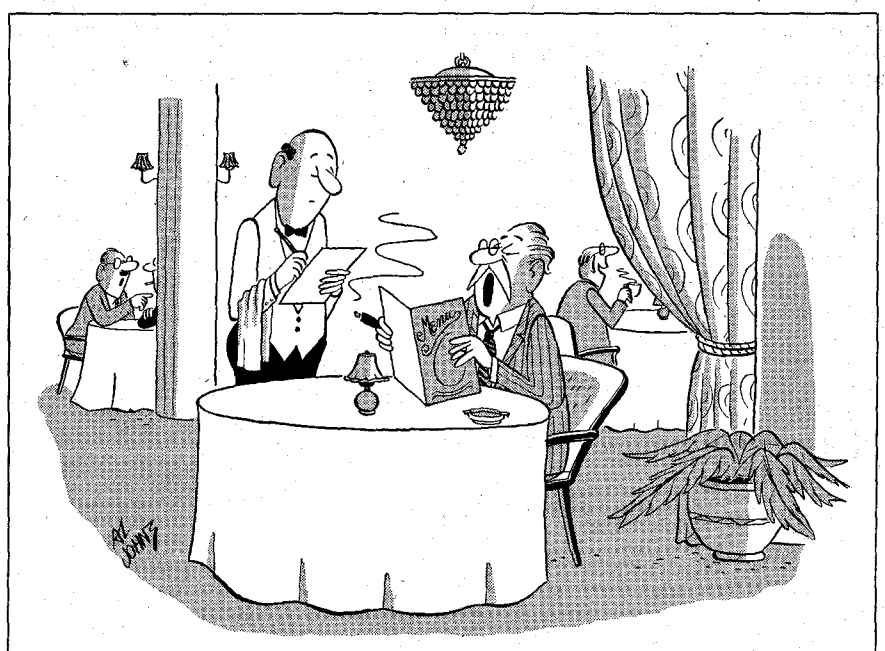
"Not my marine any longer, sir," laughed Hornblower. "Admiral Ransome's marine now."

"I understand there's no doubt that he will be apprehended," said Ransome.

"We've not lost a deserter yet during the time of my appointment here," said Hooper.

"That's very reassuring," was Ransome's comment.

Hornblower stole a glance at Barbara across the table. She was eating her dinner with apparent composure; he had feared lest this reminder should upset her, for he knew how strongly she felt about Hudnutt's fate. A woman was liable to think that the inevitable should not be inevitable in matters in which she was interested. Barbara's mastery of her feelings was something more to admire about her.



"I don't have time for the complete businessman's lunch today—just bring me a tycoon-burger."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lady Hooper changed the subject, and conversation became general and gay. Hornblower actually began to enjoy himself, with a lightheaded feeling of irresponsibility. There were no cares on his shoulders; soon—the moment the packet was ready to sail—he would be on his way to England, and he would be pleasantly settled in Smallbridge while these people here went on dealing with unrewarding problems in tropical heat. Nothing here mattered to him any more. If Barbara was happy he had not a care in the world, and Barbara was seemingly happy, chattering away to her neighbors on either hand.

It was pleasant, too, that there was not to be any heavy drinking, for after dinner there was to be a reception in honor of the new commander in chief to which all the island society not eligible for dinner had been invited. He found himself looking at life with fresh eyes and actually approving of it.

After dinner, when the men and the ladies met again in the drawing room and the first new guests were being announced, he was able to exchange a word or two with Barbara and to see that she was happy and not overtired. Her smile was bright and her eyes sparkling. He had to turn away from her in the end to shake hands with Mr. Hough, just arrived with his wife. Other guests were streaming in; a sudden influx of blue and gold and white marked the arrival of Coleman, Triton's captain, and a couple of his lieutenants. Ransome himself was presenting Coleman to Barbara, and Hornblower could not help but hear the conversation close behind him.

"Captain Coleman is an old friend of mine," said Barbara. . . . "You were Perfecto Coleman in those days, weren't you, captain?"

"And you were Lady Leighton, ma'am," said Coleman.

A harmless enough remark, but enough to shatter Hornblower's frail happiness, to darken the brightly lit room, to set the babble of conversation in the room roaring in Hornblower's ears like a torrent, through the din of which Barbara's words pierced shrill, like a whistle note.

"Captain Coleman was my first husband's flag lieutenant," said Barbara.

She had had a first husband; she had been Lady Leighton. Hornblower nearly always contrived to forget this. Rear Admiral Sir Percy Leighton had died for his country, of wounds received in the battle of Rosas Bay, thirteen full years ago. But Barbara had been Leighton's wife, Leighton's widow. She had been Leighton's wife before she had been Hornblower's. Hornblower hardly ever thought about it, but when he did he still experienced a jealousy which he knew to be insane. Any reminder not only reawoke that jealousy, but brought back to him with agonizing clarity the recollection of the despair, the envy, the black self-derision he had known in those days. He had been a desperately unhappy man then, and this made him the same desperately unhappy man now. He was no longer the successful sailor, terminating a brilliant period of command. He was the thwarted lover, despised even by his own despicable self. He knew again all the misery of limitless and yet unsatisfied desire, to blend with the jealousies of the moment.

Hough was awaiting a reply to some remark he had made. Hornblower forced himself to extemporize some casual sentence which may or may not have been relevant. Hough drifted away, and Hornblower found himself, against his will, looking over at Barbara. She had her ready smile for him, and he had to smile back, and he knew it to be a dreadful, lopsided, (*Continued on Page 86*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More to enjoy

Their new car radio—Motorola Model GV800, 8 transistors. Custom-fits most any 12-volt car. Volumatic®. Golden Voice® speaker sound. 24-karat gold-plated front and pushbuttons. Specifications subject to change without notice.

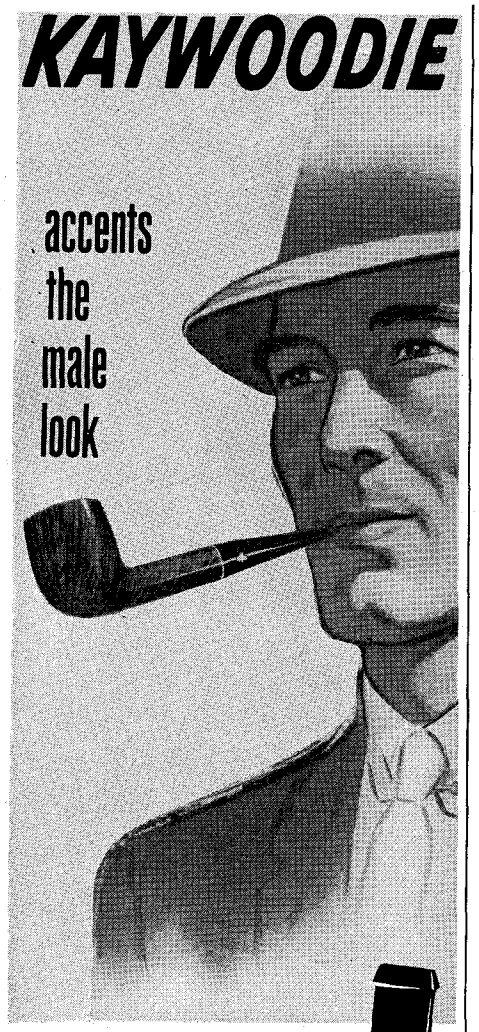
Car radio that's come a long way. Our Motorola Golden Voice car radio, being enjoyed here, is the first all-transistor set to custom-fit most cars. Thanks to its eight transistors, it takes less power than your dash lights. Needs no warm up, either. Just touch one of the gold-plated pushbuttons, and music comes on instantly. Motorola car radios have come a long way since we made our first one, 30 years ago. They've become one of America's best-known brand names. But we're still pioneering to give you *More to enjoy* on the road!

MOTOROLA

Sponsor of BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION INCORPORATED

Motorola® Radio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



As smart as a spring tweed

To pace the virile, male mood of spring—add this Relief Grain to your Kaywoodie wardrobe. You'll like its rugged male look. You'll savor the contrast of rough exterior and smooth, cool smoke. Sandblasting increases the outer surface; speeds cooling geometrically.

Sandblasting also makes the light weight, imported Kaywoodie briar even lighter; gives it an almost weightless heft in hand and mouth.

Inside is the exclusive Drinkless Fitment to screen irritants, condense tobacco tars, prevent clogging—as nothing else can.

Kaywoodie Relief Grain Pot **$7.50**

Gift Suggestions: Send 25¢ for illustrated color Catalog P5 showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.95 to $2,500.

KAYWOODIE BRIAR

KAYWOODIE PIPES, INC., NEW YORK 22
World's Finest Pipes Since 1851

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

(*Continued from Page 84*) mirthless smile, like a grin on the face of a dead man. He saw a worried look come on her face; he knew how instantly she was conscious of his moods, and that made it worse than ever. She was the heartless woman who had spoken of her first husband; that jealousy of his was a mood she knew nothing of, was not susceptible to. He was a man who had stepped suddenly from firm ground into a morass of uncertainty that would engulf him.

Captain Knyvett had entered the room, bluff and grizzled, dressed in blue broadcloth with unpretentious brass buttons. As he approached, Hornblower could only with an effort remember him as the captain of the Jamaica packet.

"We sail a week from today, my lord," he said. "The announcement for the mail will be made tomorrow."

"Excellent," said Hornblower.

"And I can see from all this," went on Knyvett, with a gesture indicating Admiral Ransome's presence, "that I shall have the pleasure of your lordship's company, and her ladyship's."

"Yes, yes; quite so," said Hornblower.

"You will be my only passengers," said Knyvett.

"Excellent," repeated Hornblower.

"I trust your lordship will find the Pretty Jane a well-found and comfortable ship."

"I trust so," said Hornblower.

"Her ladyship, of course, is familiar with the deckhouse that will be your accommodation. I shall ask her if she can suggest any addition that will add to your comfort, my lord."

"Very well."

Knyvett drifted away after this cold reception, and it was only after he had gone that Hornblower realized that Knyvett must have received an impression of a top-lofty peer with hardly bare politeness for a mere packet captain. He regretted it, and made a desperate effort to get himself under control again. A glance at Barbara revealed her chatting animatedly with young Bonner, the fishing-boat owner and general merchant with the shady reputation, against whom Hornblower had already warned her. That could have added to his misery if it were possible.

Again he made the effort to control himself. He knew the expression on his face to be frozen and blank, and he tried to make it more pleasing as he forced himself to stroll through the crowd.

"Can we tempt you, Lord Hornblower?" asked an old lady standing by the card table in an alcove. She was a good whist player, Hornblower remembered.

"Why, certainly, with pleasure," he made himself say.

He had something to think about now; for the first few hands it was hard to concentrate, especially as the noise of an orchestra was added to the din of the party, but old habits reasserted themselves with the necessity to remember the distribution of fifty-two cards. By sheer will power he achieved the transformation of himself into a thinking machine, playing coldly and correctly, and then, when the rubber appeared to be lost, he was carried away despite himself.

The next hand afforded an opportunity for brilliance, for that injection into his so-far-mechanical play of the human quality, the flexibility, the unpredictable cunning which marked the difference between a second-class player and a first-class one. By the fourth lead he had made a fair estimate of the hands. One particular lead might enable him to clear the board, to win every trick and the rubber; with orthodox play the hand would end with his making only twelve tricks, and the rubber still in doubt. It was worth trying, but it was now or never. Without hesitation, he led his queen of hearts to the ace that his partner was forced to play; he took the next trick and along with it control of the situation, cleared trumps, led out his established winners, saw with satisfaction his opponents discard first the knave and then the king of hearts, and he finally laid down the three of hearts to take the last trick, amid the dismay of his opponents.

"Why, that's grand slam," said the old lady who was his partner, quite astonished. "I don't understand —— I don't see how —— We've won the rubber, after all!"

It had been a neat piece of work; there was a perceptible glow of accomplishment within him. That was a hand that he would be able to play over in his mind in future while composing himself to sleep. When the card playing was finished and the guests beginning to leave, he was able to meet Barbara's eye with a more natural expression, and Barbara, with a relieved sigh, was able to tell herself that her husband was coming out of his unpredictable mood.

It was as well that he was, for the next few days were bound to be difficult. There was almost nothing for him to do as the Pretty Jane made ready for sea. As a helpless spectator he had to stand by and watch Ransome taking over the command he had held for three years. The Spanish question was likely to be difficult with the French invasion of Spain to restore Ferdinand VII; there was the Mexican question as well as the Venezuela question; he could not help fretting over the possibility of Ransome mishandling them.

One thing you can say for the typical television show: it sticks to its guns.

CY N. PEACE

On the other hand, there was the small comfort that Hudnutt had so far succeeded in evading capture; Hornblower honestly feared that if he should be apprehended and sentenced while they were still in the island, Barbara might take action herself with personal appeals to Ransome or even to the governor. Barbara actually seemed to have forgotten about the case, which was more than Hornblower had; he was still profoundly disturbed about it, and inclined to fret himself into a fever at his complete lack of power to exert any influence in the matter. It was hard to be philosophic about it, to tell himself that no individual, not even Hornblower, could hold back the working of the inexorable machine of the Articles for the Regulating and Better Government of His Majesty's Navies. And Hudnutt was a more capable person than he had ever imagined, seeing that he had been able to maintain himself free from capture for a week now—unless perhaps he was dead. That might be best for Hudnutt.

Captain Knyvett came in person with the news that the Pretty Jane was almost ready for sea.

"The last of the cargo's going on board now, my lord," he said. "The logwood's all in and the coir is on the quay. If your lordship and her ladyship will come on board this evening, we'll sail with the land breeze at dawn."

"Thank you, captain. I am greatly obliged to you," said Hornblower, trying not to be fulsome to make up for his coldness at the governor's party.

Pretty Jane was a flush-decked brig, save that amidships she carried a small but substantial deckhouse for her passengers. Barbara had inhabited it for five weeks on the outward voyage. Now they entered it together, with all the bustle of the ship's getting ready for sea going on round them.

"I used to look at that other bed, dear," she said to Hornblower as they stood in the deckhouse, "and I used to tell myself that soon my husband would be sleeping there. It seemed too good to be possible, dear."

A noise outside distracted them.

"This case, ma'am?" asked the Government House servant who was bringing their baggage on board under Gerard's supervision.

"That? Oh, I've asked the captain about that already. It's to go in the steerage."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Delicacies in tin boxes," explained Barbara to Hornblower. "I brought them all the way out for you to enjoy while going home, dear."

"You are too good to me," said Hornblower.

A case that size and weight would be a nuisance in the deckhouse. In the steerage its contents would be readily accessible.

"What is coir?" asked Barbara, looking out to see one of the final bales going down the hatchway.

"The hairy husks of coconuts," explained Hornblower.

"What in the world are we carrying those to England for?" asked Barbara.

"There are machines now which can weave it. They make coco matting by the mile in England now."

"And logwood?"

"They extract a dye from it. A bright red dye."

"You are my unfailing source of information, dear," said Barbara, "as well as everything else in life for me."

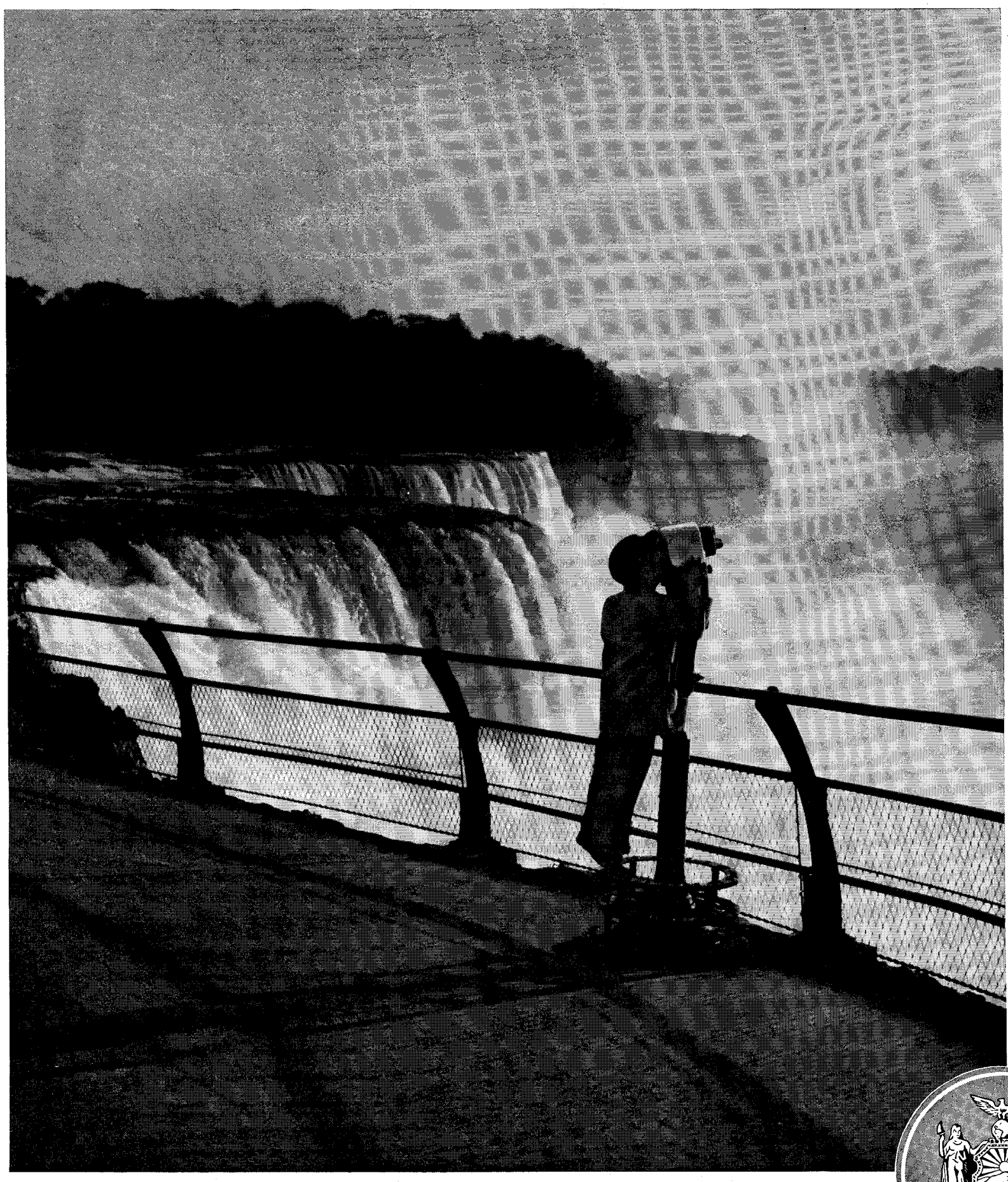
"Here's their excellencies coming, my lord," warned Gerard, arriving at the deckhouse door.

That meant the final good-bys, in the dying evening. A painful, sad moment; much shaking of hands; kisses on each cheek for Barbara from Lady Hooper; the word "good-by" repeated over and over again, overwhelming in its finality. Good-by to friends and to acquaintances, good-by to Jamaica and to the command in chief. Good-by to one life, with the next still to disclose itself. Good-by to the last shadowy figure disappearing in the darkness of the quay, and then to turn again to Barbara, standing beside him, permanent in these transitions.

In the first light of next morning, Hornblower could hardly be blamed for being on deck, feeling oddly awkward with the necessity for keeping out of the way, watching while Knyvett warped the Pretty Jane away from the quay, to catch the land breeze and head out of the harbor. Luckily, Knyvett was made of sturdy stuff, and was not in the least discomposed at having to handle his ship under the eye of an admiral. The land breeze filled the sails; Pretty Jane gathered way. They dipped the flag to Fort Augusta, and then, with the helm hard over, came round to leave Drunken Cay and South Cay on their port side before beginning the long reach to the eastward. And Hornblower could relax and contemplate the new prospect of breakfasting with his wife on shipboard.

He surprised himself at the ease with which he accustomed himself to being a passenger. At first he was so anxious to give no indication of interference that he did not even dare to look into the binnacle to note (*Continued on Page 88*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER OSBORNE

THE STAMP OF LEADERSHIP

STATE OF NEW YORK
AVERELL HARRIMAN
Governor

On the Tips of His Toes

Here's a young man adjusting himself to the long view. From where he stands it is overwhelming. Yet it's the same long view being taken by a notable number of Americans who want to make their lives enjoyable and profitable in the bargain.

They have discovered that New York State is an ideal place for both work and play. It is a mature state. It has spirit . . . vigor . . . friendliness.

Progressive and varied, New York State is one of the finest parts of the country in which to live, to conduct a business or to spend a vacation.

New York State has publications that enlarge on these points. Write Edward T. Dickinson, Commissioner of Commerce, Room 114, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York. Say whether your thought is a vacation, starting a business of your own or locating a new plant.

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 86*) their course. He was content to sit with Barbara in two hammock chairs in the shade of the deckhouse—there were beckets to which the chairs could be hooked to prevent them sliding down the deck to leeward as Pretty Jane heeled over—and think about nothing in particular, watching the flying fish furrowing the surface, and the patches of yellow sargasso weed drift by, gold against the blue, and an occasional turtle swimming manfully along far from land. He could watch Captain Knyvett and his mate take their noon sights and assure himself that he had no interest at all in the figures they were obtaining—and, in truth, he was really more interested in the punctuality of mealtimes. He could crack an idle joke with Barbara to the effect that Pretty Jane had made this run so often she could be trusted to find her way home without supervision, and his mind was lazy enough to think that funny.

It was actually his first holiday after three years of strenuous work. During much of that time he had frequently been under severe strain, and during all of it he had been busy. He sank into idleness as a man might sink into a warm bath, with the difference that he had not expected to find this relaxation and ease in idleness, and—more important, perhaps—in the cessation of responsibility. Nothing mattered during those golden days. He was the person least concerned in all the ship, as Pretty Jane thrashed her way northward, in the burning question as to whether the wind would hold steady to enable her to weather Point Maisi, without having to go about, and he did not care when they did not succeed. He endured philosophically the long beat to windward back toward Haiti, and he smiled patronizingly at the petty jubilation on board when they succeeded on the next tack and passed through the Windward Passage so that they might almost consider themselves out of the Caribbean. A persistent northward slant in the Trades kept them from attempting the Caicos Passage, and they had to hold away to the eastward for Silver Bank Passage. Caicos or Silver Bank—or, for that matter, Turks Island or Mouchoir—he did not care. He did not care whether he arrived home in August or September.

Yet his instincts were only dormant. That evening, when they were truly in the Atlantic, he felt restless and disturbed for the first time since leaving Jamaica. There was something heavy in the breathing of the air, and something unusual about the swell that was rolling the Pretty Jane so heavily. A gale before morning, he decided. A little unusual in these latitudes at this time of year, but nothing really to worry about. He did not trouble Barbara with his notions, but he woke several times in the night to find the ship still rolling heavily. When the watch was called he noted that all hands were kept on deck to shorten sail, and he was tempted to go out to see what was happening. A clatter outside awoke Barbara.

"What's that?" she asked sleepily.

"Only the deadlights, dear," he answered.

Someone had slammed the deadlights against the deckhouse windows and clamped them home—Knyvett must be expecting to ship some heavy seas. Barbara went back to sleep, and Hornblower actually followed her example, but in half an hour he was awake again. The gale was unceasing, and the ship was working considerably in the swell, so that everything was groaning and creaking. He lay in the darkness to feel the ship heaving and lying over under him, and he could both hear and actually feel the vibration of the taut standing rigging transmitted to his bunk via the deck. He would like to go out and have a look at the weather, but he did not wish to disturb Barbara.

"Awake, dear?" said a small voice the other side of the deckhouse.

"Yes," he answered.

"It seems to be getting rough."

"A little," he said. "There's nothing to worry about. Go to sleep again, dear."

Now he could not go out, because Barbara was awake and would know about it. He made himself lie still; it was pitch dark in the deckhouse with the deadlights in, and, perhaps because of the cessation of ventilation, it was now overpoweringly hot despite the gale. Pretty Jane was leaping about extravagantly, and every now and then lying over so far that he feared lest Barbara should be rolled out of her bunk. Then he was conscious of a change in the vessel's behavior, of a difference in the thunderous creaking that filled the darkness. Knyvett had hove the Pretty Jane to; she was not lying over, but she was pitching fantastically, indicating a really heavy sea outside. He wanted so much to go out and see for himself. He had no idea even of what the time was; it was far too dark to look at his watch. At the thought that it might be dawn he could restrain himself no longer.

"Awake, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," said Barbara. She did not add, "How could anyone sleep in this din?" for Barbara lived up to the principle that no person of breeding should ever complain about things he was unable or unwilling to do anything to remedy.

"I shall go out on deck, if you do not mind my leaving you, dear," he said.

"Please go if you wish to, of course, dear," answered Barbara, nor did she add that she wished she could go out too.

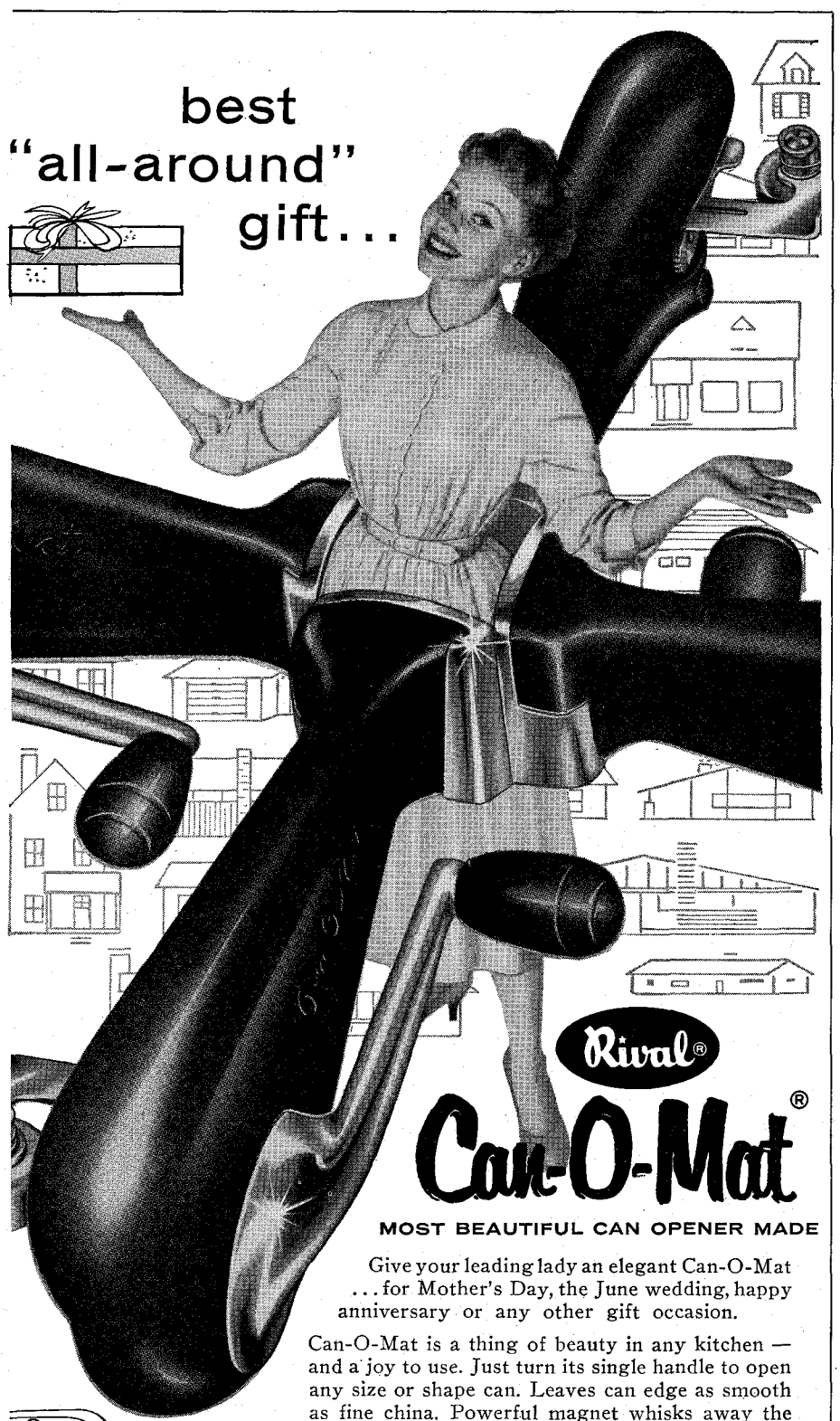
Hornblower groped for his clothes, and felt his way to the door. Long experience warned him to brace himself as he unfastened it, but even he was a little surprised at the raging wind that awaited him; it was wild even though, with Pretty Jane hove to, the door on the after side was in the lee of the deckhouse. He stepped over the coaming and managed to slam the door. The wind was tremendous, but what was more surprising still was its warmth; it seemed to be of brick-kiln heat as it screamed round him.

He balanced himself on the heaving deck in the hot, noisy darkness, and timed his rush to the wheel, and he was only just prepared for the extra violence of the wind when he emerged from the lee of the deckhouse. Out of that lee, too, the air was full of flying spray which drenched him and modified his impression of the heat of the air—he was aware of all this by the time he reached the wheel. There were shadowy figures there in the darkness; a hand waved to him to acknowledge his presence, indicating that Knyvett was there. Hornblower looked into the binnacle; it was really an effort to collect his faculties and make the correct deductions from what he could see of the swinging needle. The wind was blowing from well to the west of north. Looking up in the darkness, he could just make out that the brig was hove to under the main-topmast staysail, of which only a corner was showing.

Knyvett was shouting into his ear, "Hurricane!"

"Likely enough!" shouted Hornblower in reply. "Worse before it's better!"

TO BE CONCLUDED



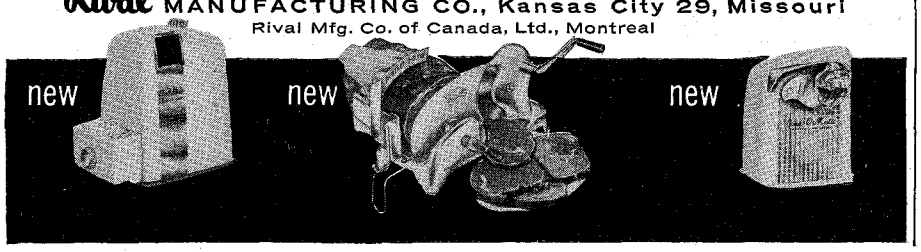
Rival®
Can-O-Mat®
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE

Give your leading lady an elegant Can-O-Mat ... for Mother's Day, the June wedding, happy anniversary or any other gift occasion.

Can-O-Mat is a thing of beauty in any kitchen — and a joy to use. Just turn its single handle to open any size or shape can. Leaves can edge as smooth as fine china. Powerful magnet whisks away the lid. Magnet and fine cutlery-steel cutting wheel are instantly removable for easy washing.

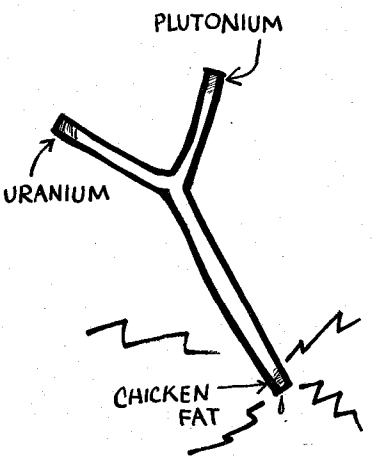
Can-O-Mats come in sparkling chrome with gay colors. Also in all-chrome and new "Copper Touch"®. Prices start at $3.98. At your favorite dealer or write for free catalog.

Rival MANUFACTURING CO., Kansas City 29, Missouri
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal



Better buy by Brand Names
BRAND NAMES WEEK

Hal Block's Inventions
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW



TEXAS DIVINING ROD
(Guaranteed to find land on your oil)

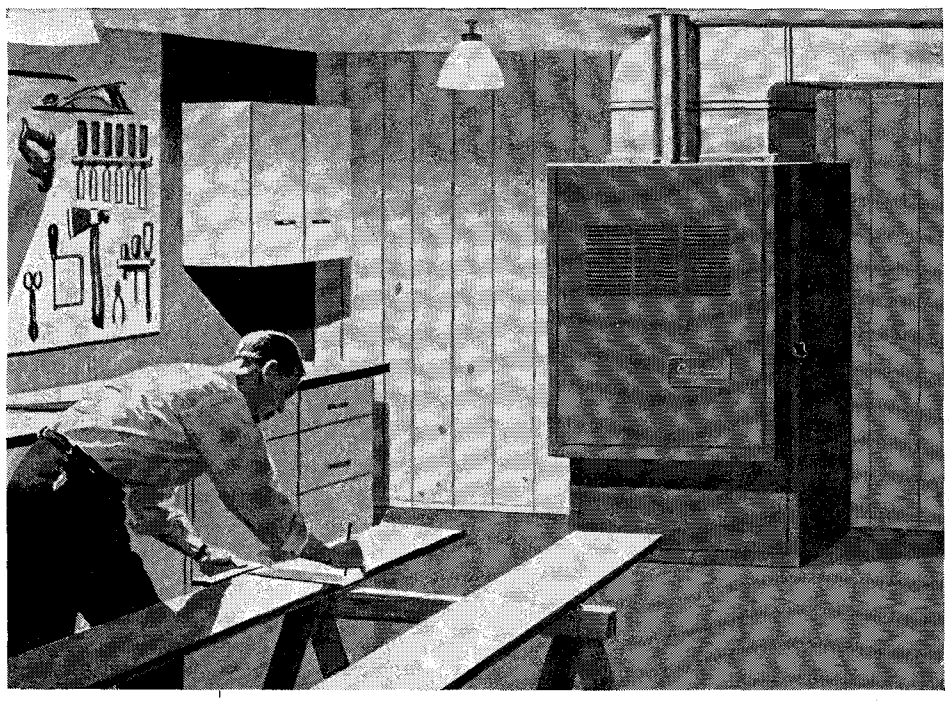
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

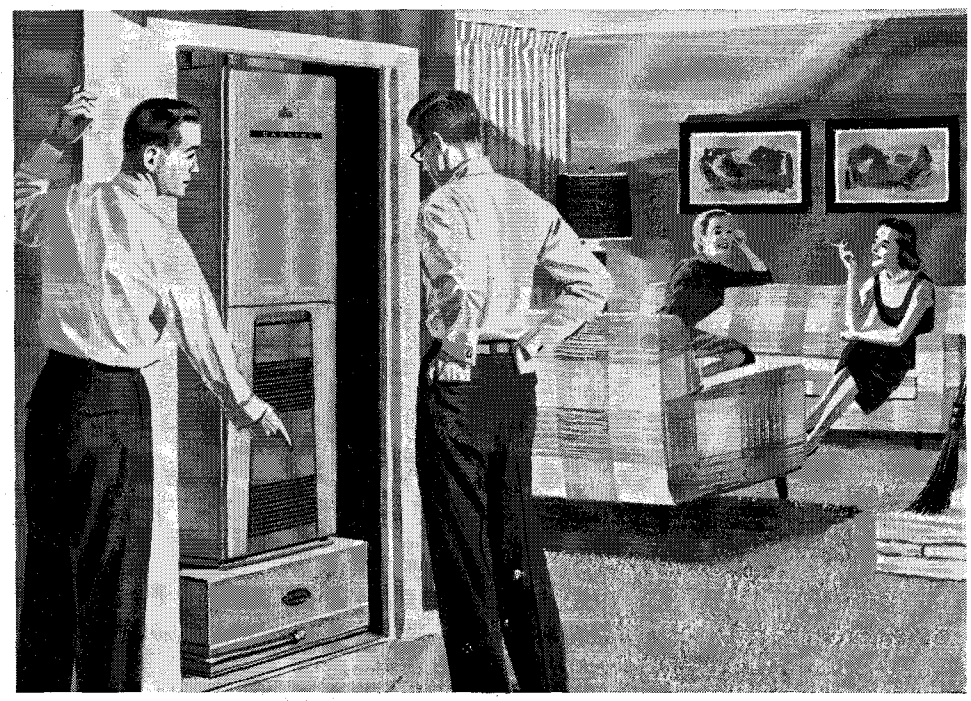
Carrier

Which is the best way to air condition a new house?

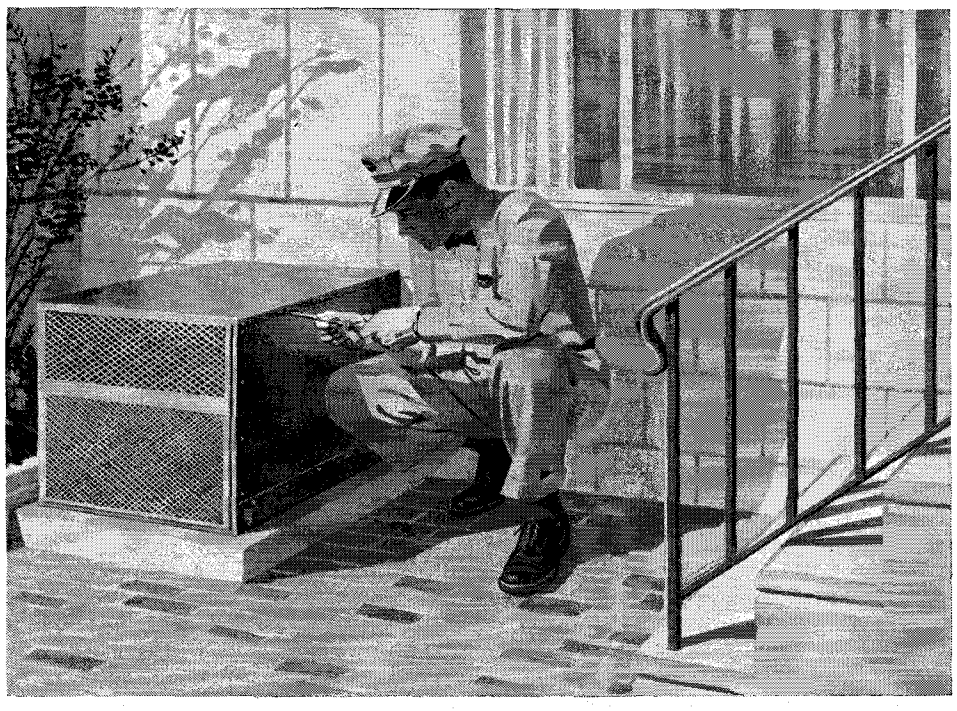
That depends on the house. The design, the location and the number of rooms can make a big difference. To make sure of the best way to air condition your home, talk with the Carrier dealer in your community. He handles every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many are described below.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call your Carrier dealer. You'll find him listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.



Will your house have a basement? A Carrier Year-round Weathermaker* gives you clean, automatic heat and refreshing summer cooling from one compact unit; takes no more space than most furnaces.



Will your house have no basement? A Carrier Summer-Winter Weathermaker will cool and heat. This combination can fit in a small closet with ductwork running under the floor to each room.



Is yours a small, compact house? This Carrier Weathermaker gives you summer cooling for your whole house at a new low price. Can be located out of the way in basement, attic, crawl space or outdoors.

Will you want to air condition later? Choose a Carrier "Furnace with a Future," the Winter Weathermaker. Heats with gas or oil. Add cooling with a Summer Weathermaker whenever you wish.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP

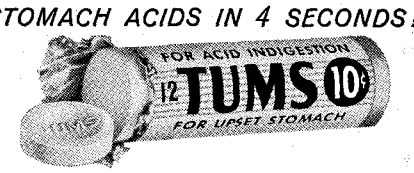
What's the amazing new SKIL Belt Sander feature?
ANSWER:
Two speeds for rough sanding or fine finishing at the flip of a switch!

Now, you can sand rough lumber fast at high (1100 ft. per min.) belt speed. A mere flip of a switch to low (800 ft. per min.) speed brings satin-smooth finishing or easy removal of tough paint and varnish. Another time-saver is the king-size 4" belt. Sands a full 25% more area than ordinary sanders. Try this powerful Model 405 Sander at your hardware or lumber dealer. PRICE—$89.50

Skilmanship means...
SKIL TOOLS DO MORE
SKIL
Made only by SKIL Corporation, manufacturer of famous SKIL and SKILSAW products, Chicago 30. In Canada: 3601 Dundas St. W. Toronto 9, Ont.

USE NO HOOKS
LISTO marking pencil
writes on everything!
Makes a clean, bold mark on any surface.
Refills in black, red, blue, green, yellow, white.
At variety and stationery stores everywhere. 27¢
15¢
LISTO PENCIL CORPORATION, ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

ACID INDIGESTION?
GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!



PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

BVI
New Electric PAINT SPRAYER
$12.95 complete
Built-in motor! Just pull trigger and spray paint, varnish, enamel, insecticides and garden sprays 3 to 7 times faster! Sapphire nozzle, quick spray adjustment. Fully guaranteed. Now at dealers . . . everywhere!
BURGESS VIBROCRAFTERS INC.
Grayslake, Illinois

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

The Lady Was Insulted

(Continued from Page 34)

when I was a girl in Hamlet, as you are now, life was nothing like the picture in those.

Still—or perhaps therefore—I am uneasy. Ted has insulted you. You are so steady, so levelheaded that this can only mean—well, I don't know what it can only mean. Won't you tell me?

And look here; I wish you would come down and stay with me for a few days next week. The tenth is my birthday. I will be forty-six, I think.

With love,
CELIA

Hamlet, Connecticut, October 4

Dear Aunt Celia: Your dainty letter came this morning, and the fragrance of lavender and old lace exploded all over the house. I've had to raise the windows.

Now come off it. When you were my age you were reading Ulysses and Lady Chatterley's Lover, so nothing in Peyton Place is going to give you the vapors. What do you think I am—twelve years old? I'm twenty-three.

You're not uneasy. You're just curious.

But I am perfectly willing to tell you about Ted. Have you seen him lately? He is six feet two and he fools a lot of old ladies here in town who think that anyone so handsome must be honorable, but I have known him all my life and I can see right through his brown-flannel disguise. He is unmoral, and I think worse than that, pretentious. His trouble is the Navy. You see, he was executive officer on some battleship or other, and he thinks that what he says, therefore, is true. Well, my dear, the Navy is a wildly sheltered establishment which runs smoothly only because orders are issued and carried out—the principle, you might say, of the means justifying the end—and Ted has not caught on to the fact yet that this will not work in real life.

Well, now. To everybody's surprise except mine, poor old pop didn't leave me as much money as had been expected. Only I knew how his insurance had to be borrowed on, his stocks sold, the house mortgaged; so, to tell you the truth, I was pretty delighted when it turned out, after everything had been settled, that I had just a little less than thirty-five thousand dollars.

So, two weeks ago, after everything was signed, sealed and delivered, Ted took me one night to the country club for dinner and later, back at my place, we had a talk. He pointed out to me, quite truly, that under any sensible investment plan, I would have no more than a hundred dollars a month for income, and that by no stretch of the imagination could I pay for rent, food, clothes, a car, beauty shops—he kept insisting on beauty shops, although I never go near one—on a hundred dollars a month.

So far, so good—although he did make me sound more like a case history than someone he had known all his life.

But then came his considered banker's opinion. What I should do, he said, was forget all about Government bonds, risk stocks, annuity plans and the like, and make an investment in myself. I should take—and these are his very words—my thirty-five grand and advertise my assets. What he meant is this: I should throw away all my lovely old knockabout clothes and buy an entire new wardrobe of the very best—suits, furs, dresses, even some discreet but valuable jewelry. After that, I should go on a trip around the world—not in anything pleasant, like a freighter, you understand, but on one of those great, expensive, de-luxe-tour boats.

And do you know why I should do all this, my dear, unworldly aunt? To get myself a rich husband, a sucker who would pay for all my trips to the beauty shop. Seriously.

That was what really got me. The silly man was serious. Do you wonder I wrote you I had been insulted? I gave him, you can be sure, my total view of him, his plans, the banking business, and just for good measure I threw in what I thought of the Navy. Oh, it was a large unpleasant evening, and the food wasn't very good either. Frankly, I haven't seen much of Ted since.

I'd love to come down for your birthday and I will. For your information, you will be forty-seven. It says so in the family Bible—which should make it official, unless, of course, your father got so stoned on the occasion of your birth that he missed the date by a whole year.

Love,
AGGIE

Hamlet, Connecticut, October 5

Dear Miss Grant: Aggie tells me she has written you the details of her financial life, so that takes care of the first part of your letter. As for the second part, I am at a loss for an answer. I have tried my best to give her advice, but she will not listen.

Aggie is unrealistic. She wants security, but she has only the most romantic notions of how security is to be achieved. She wants a job. You will know what I mean when I say that that is a romantic notion. Aggie is completely unskilled. To get any kind of job that means anything, a girl must have some kind of skill these days.

I have questioned her closely and I find that the only job she can do on what even approaches a professional level is wash and iron. It seems an odd thing for a girl to do nowadays, but apparently she is extraordinarily particular about the way her clothes look. This is admirable, of course, but can anyone seriously propose for her a career based on a wash tub and an ironing board?

Aggie has many pleasant minor talents, but they all have to do with running a house. This, to my mind, points in one direction. But when I suggested marriage as a career to her, she hit the ceiling and told me the Navy shouldn't be spending all that money building supercarriers. She's nuts, that girl.

And she said, in the curt talk we had this morning, that she was going down to stay with you. Maybe you can talk a little sense to her. I am through. I promise you that, so far as her money is concerned, I will take good care, but as for the other parts of her life, I wash my hands. I have told her so.

Uncle Marc isn't senile. He's just at that age where he wants to feel the way he did at twenty-five, and consistently doesn't.

Best
TED FRALEY

164 East 69th Street, New York,
October 11

Dear Marc: You were quite right. Aggie is here with me and I have had all kinds of explanations about that tiresome insult, and I don't understand one single silly word. Apparently Ted implied that Aggie couldn't achieve "security" on her own. Dear heaven, security, security. It's all the go now, isn't it?

When we were young, there was no security, so we never thought about it. With us, it was sex, if I remember.

I feel so sorry about those two. I had hoped, only a few years ago, that they would turn out to be right for each other. They look so well together.

I have just had a shattering experience. My forty-fifth birthday. But I am going to do something about it. One of my authors lives in the Bahamas—White Bone Cay, an out island. I have just sold a novel of his to Hollywood, so next week I am flying down with the contracts and staying at a little inn near his house. I have to do something.

I'm taking Aggie with me. She's had a hard year and no vacation for such a long time. Although I must say she looks pretty.

Oh, it's dreadful to get old, isn't it, Marc? I found a white hair this morning—one that the woman who dyes my hair must have missed completely.

Love,
CELIA

Hamlet, Conn., October 13

Dear Aggie: Uncle Marc tells me you are going to the Bahamas. I don't think this is wise. There are several investments we have got to decide on—I finally sold your strip of woodland on the Sommerville Road—and they should not be put off.

Also, if you are as set on making your way as you seem to be, you had better get at it. In a place like the Bahamas you will only fritter away your time and money, and you cannot afford either.

That letter from your Aunt Celia, by the way, seems to have made Uncle Marc awfully jolly. He says he is two years younger than he thought. What's with that? Don't old people know how old they are?

Yours,
TED

The White Hotel, White Bone Cay,
Bahamas, October 17

Dear Ted: Your note arrived only a couple of days before we left, so, of course, I couldn't change my plans. Just put the woodlands money in short-term Government paper, and I'll decide about it when I get back.

Don't worry about my frittering my money away. Aunt Celia stood me the trip, and four miles from here there is one of those missile-tracking bases, an enormous installation (*Continued on Page 93*)

A Pot of Geraniums

By Virginia Brasier

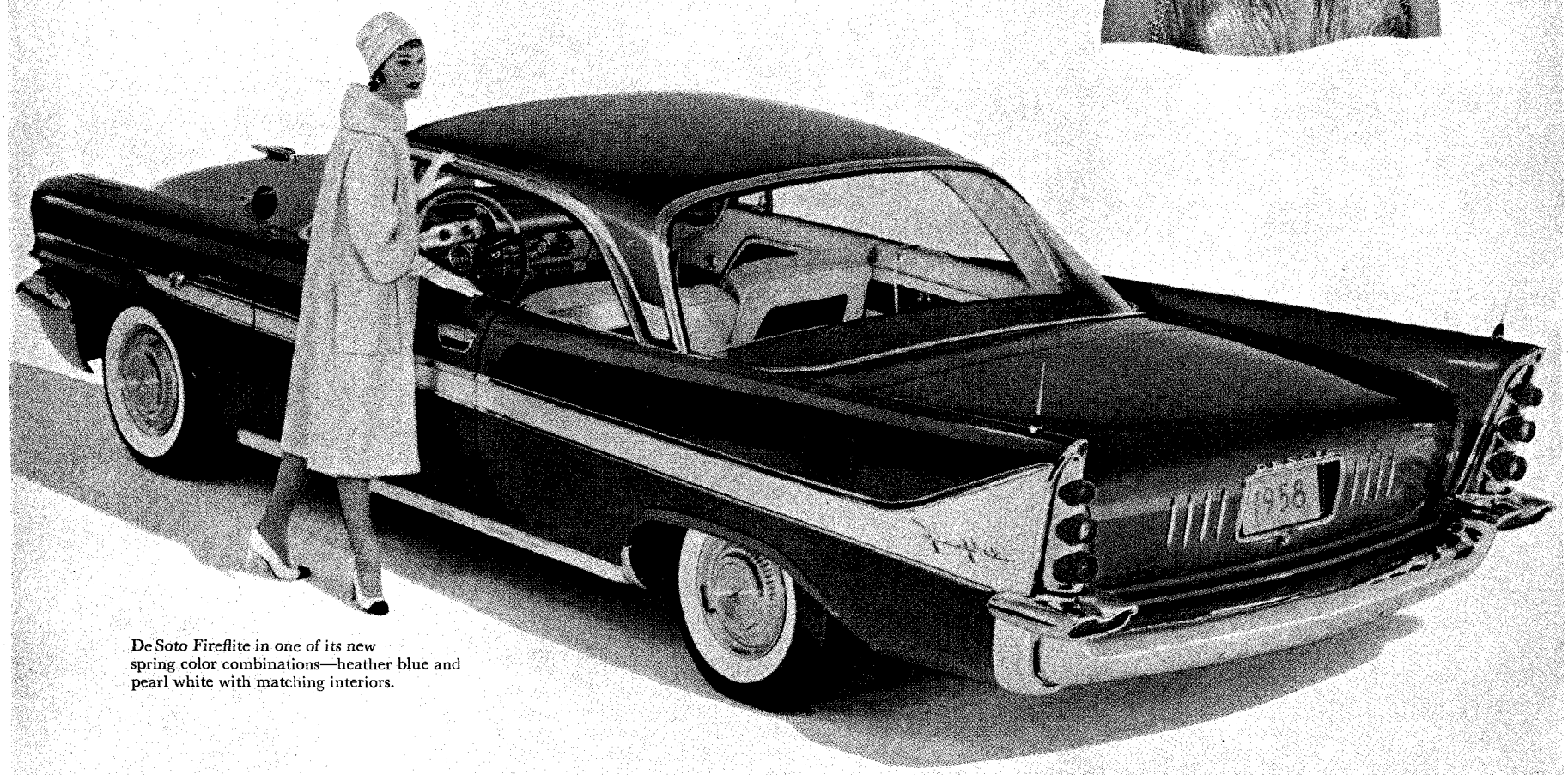
Salute her, you green thumbs
and muddy knees,
Who have a space of ground
and flowering trees
To bring forth dreams! She
has one pot of clay.
In it, frilled pink geraniums
with gray-
Green fluted leaves, furry as
peach skin, flourish:
Three clusters that four
squares of sunlight nourish.

Their vigor shows a hand
restrained and wise,
For hardy growth when
overtended dies.
Through thought as well as
heart this token bloom
Is all lost gardens in one
little room.

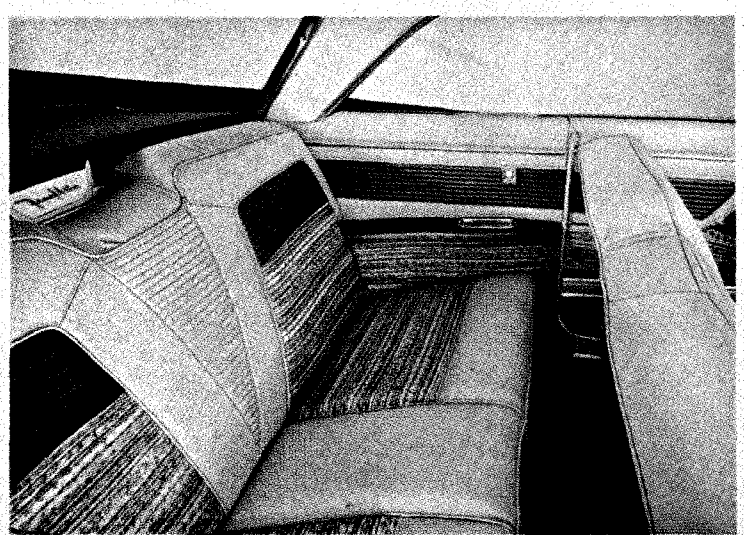
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Best dressed car *of the year!*"

says Jeanne Crain,
lovely film star



De Soto Fireflite in one of its new spring color combinations—heather blue and pearl white with matching interiors.



. . . and so practical, too! Modern De Soto upholstery fabrics and washable vinyl keep their good looks—even when the family includes several active youngsters.

Turboflash V8 engines are designed to give you outstanding performance that is quiet and economical mile after mile. De Soto Torsion-Aire ride—yours at no extra cost—carries you smoothly over superhighways or super-ruts. Driving a De Soto is push-button simple. Parking is fingertip easy.

The cost of a new De Soto is practical, too—a wide range of prices starts just above the lowest. See your De Soto dealer today. You'll be glad you did.

most car per dollar — DE SOTO

De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does your car have "safety-cushion" glass in the side windows, too?

For your protection, the windshield of every automobile manufactured in the United States is made of laminated safety glass (two layers of glass with a "safety cushion" of plastic between). Only laminated safety glass meets the rigid requirements of the American Standards Association's safety code for windshields. Many cars have this "safety-cushion" protection in the side windows, too. Some don't. To find out if *your* car does, just look for the "safety-cushion" line along the edge of the glass.

Watch the "Du Pont Show of the Month." Ninety minutes of the best in television—CBS Network.

• Look for this thin line along the edge of your car windows. It is the plastic layer laminated between two pieces of glass. It acts as a "safety cushion" under impact, reduces the hazard of flying glass. Du Pont does not manufacture laminated safety glass, but supplies this plastic for making it. The Du Pont trademark for this polyvinyl butyral plastic is BUTACITE®.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Polychemicals Dept., Wilmington 98, Delaware

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*) loaded with Navy and Seabees and such, and since there are really no girls on the island, I am having a lovely, economical time.

The hotel is wonderful. There are only a dozen rooms, and they overlook the most beautiful beach I've ever seen. And guess what. Every afternoon some of the Navy boys take me out snorkling. Have you ever done it? Nothing could be more exciting.

The whole island is so enchanting I can't think why I haven't been here before. I never want to leave.

Why don't you jump ship and come down here for a weekend? You might enjoy it. Yours,

AGGIE

The White Hotel, White Bone Cay, Bahamas, Oct. 18

Dear Marc: I have something rather extraordinary to tell you. You remember I came down here to see an author—Jim Doremus. Well, he's fifty-three if he's a day, and the last time I saw him he looked every second of it. Nothing ages a man like writing.

But, when we got off the little plane that brought us over from Nassau, I was greeted by a Jim Doremus who is not a day over thirty-five.

I mean this absolutely. Thirty-five. The man has simply dropped nearly twenty years. Of course, I stared rudely, but there were a lot of people around, so I couldn't say anything till that night when we were alone.

Here's the story. He has just come back from Switzerland, where somebody has discovered this miraculous cure for old age. Everyone is having it done—he gave me a long list—there are some really famous people.

What you do, principally, is sit in a room with a goat for two weeks. I'm a little hazy about the details, but apparently it isn't dangerous at all. Jim says—and, believe me, he looks like a boy—that it has cured him of everything except hang-overs; but goats don't have hang-overs, do they, so they can't cure them. Isn't this fascinating?

The island is perfect and Aggie, I am happy to say, is having a superb time. She is being beaued by a Lieutenant Reynolds from the missile base nearby—you might tell Ted that Lieutenant Reynolds remembers him—they were on the same battleship together—and seems divinely pleased. The lieutenant is in charge of the housekeeping department—or whatever it's called—of the base. He seems just a sweet-faced boy, and yet he's responsible for the food, lodging and general comfort of hundreds of men.

We love the hotel, but there's a rather sad circumstance connected with it. The nicest young couple own it and are doing quite well, but they have two school-age children. And here on White Bone Cay there isn't anything that even resembles a proper school, so they are going to have to sell out and go back to Florida.

One gets so caught up in other people's lives on an island. But we love it. We had meant to stay only ten days, but we're going to stretch it. All love,

CELIA

CELIA GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS,
OCTOBER 20
FIND OUT MORE ABOUT GOAT. MARC

Hamlet, Conn., October 21

Dear Aggie: I have put the woodlands money into the savings account. That seems the sensible place for it. If something good comes along, I can get at it.

You seem to be having a giddy time. Yes, I've done a lot of snorkling. I think your Aunt Celia is taking a chance, however, letting you snorkle with just anybody; those boys are probably amateurs. It can be dangerous.

By way of Uncle Marc, I hear that someone called Reynolds remembers me. For the lieutenant's information: 1, I don't remember him, and, 2, there are no battleships presently in commission in the United States Navy. Certainly I was never on one. I was on a destroyer.

I'm afraid I won't be getting down to your island. It doesn't sound like quite the life for me. Yours,

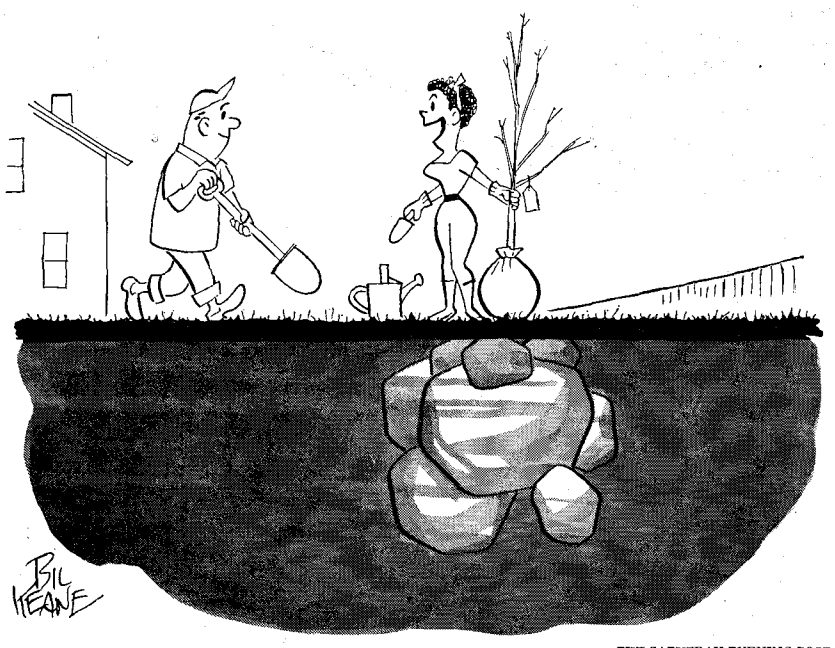
TED

TED FRALEY, HAMLET TRUST COMPANY,
HAMLET, CONN.
PLEASE CONVERT INTO CASH AT ONCE TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS OF MY HOLDINGS. LETTER FOLLOWS. AGGIE

AGGIE GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
IT HAD BETTER. TED

Hamlet, Conn., October 24

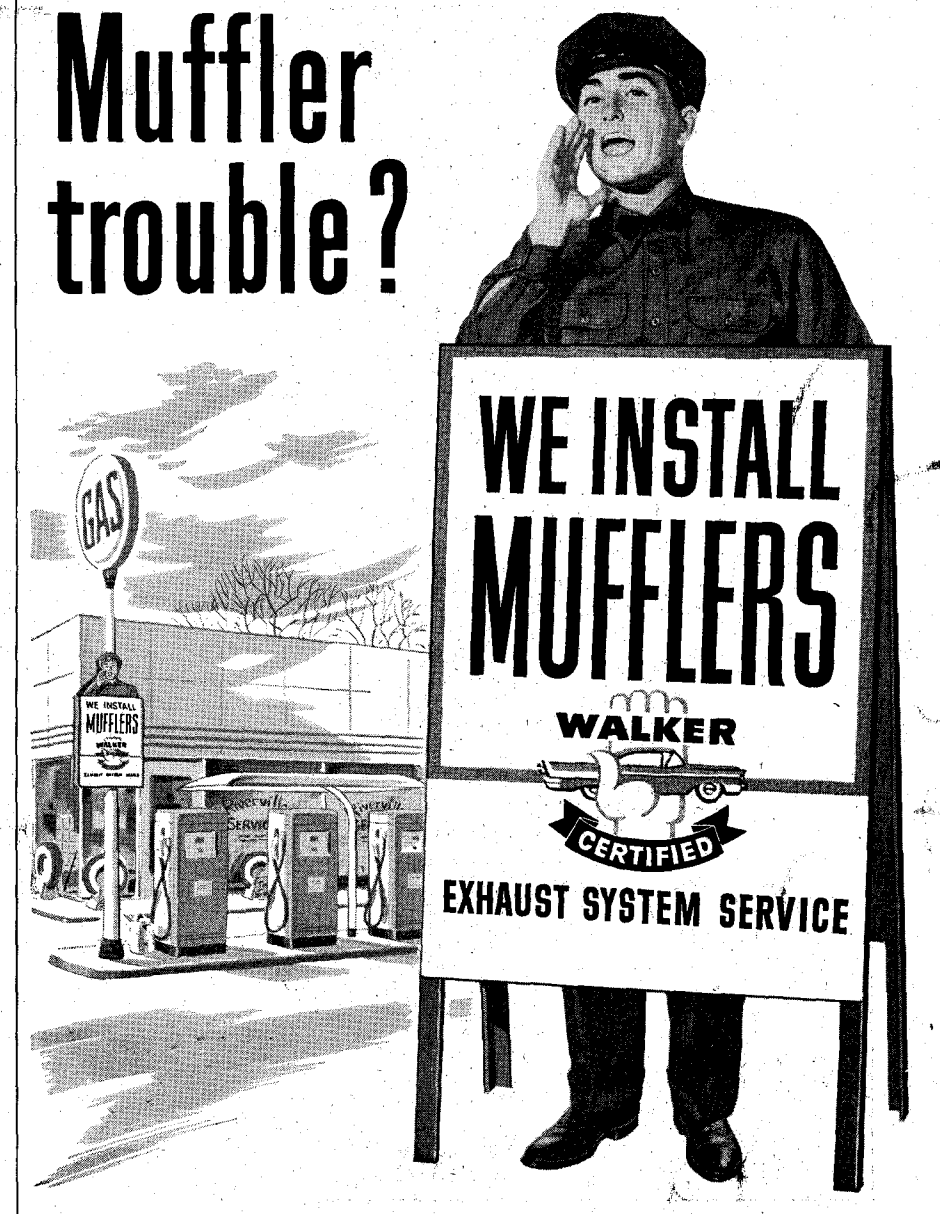
Celia, my dear: You may have thought my cable about the goat somewhat abrupt, so let me explain. In the first place and most importantly, I was afraid you might leave (*Continued on Page 96*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's plant it right here."

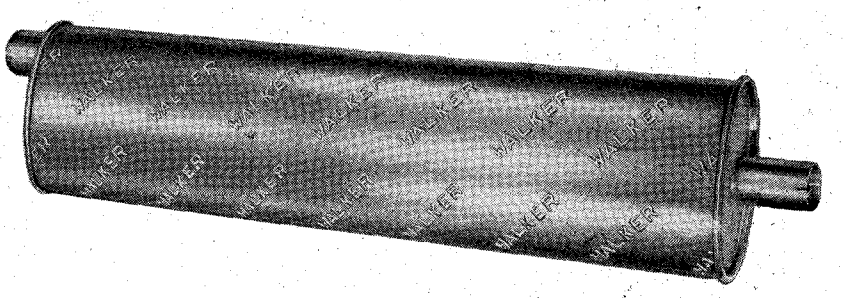
Muffler trouble?



STOP AT THIS SIGN OF

WALKER CERTIFIED

Exhaust System Service



Right in your own neighborhood—at your own favorite service station or repair shop—you will find the finest *Muffler Specialist* anywhere . . . the Walker Certified Exhaust System Service man.

He installs Walker "Precision Tuned" Silencers . . . engineered specifically for your particular car . . . built to the highest standards of performance. And they are "life insured" by the use of special corrosion-resistant materials—inside and out—where required.

Walker "Precision Tuned" Silencers have been proven on millions of cars under every driving condition. No other replacement muffler will outlast the equivalent Walker Silencer under similar driving conditions.

So, when your car needs a new muffler or tail pipe, take it to an *expert* you know and can trust. Stop at the sign of Walker Certified Exhaust System Service.

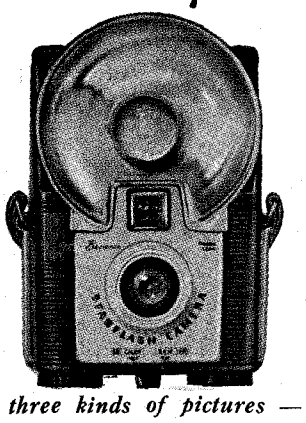
Walker Certified Exhaust System Service is a nation-wide group of service stations and independent repair shops sponsored by the Walker Marketing Corporation, subsidiary of the Walker Manufacturing Company of Wisconsin, Racine, Wisconsin.

Better buy by Brand Names BRAND NAMES WEEK

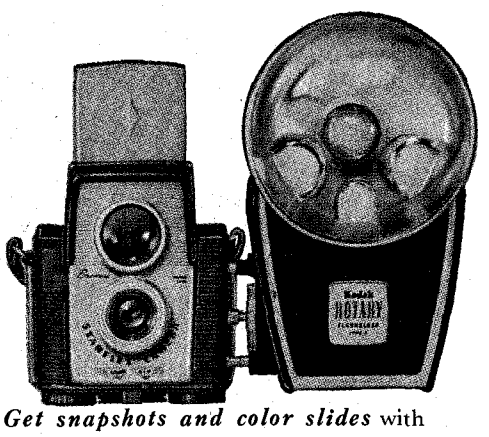
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show," Sunday evenings, CBS-TV.

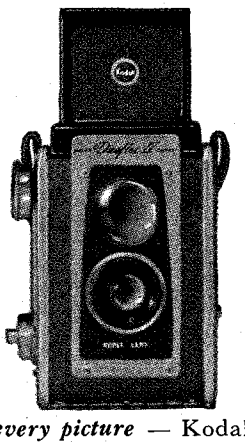
For snapshots



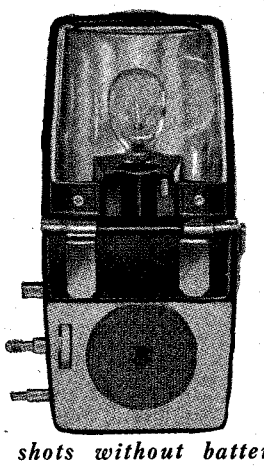
Takes three kinds of pictures — New Brownie Starflash Camera takes snapshots in black-and-white and color, and color slides. Flasholder is built in. **$8.95, or $1 down.**



Get snapshots and color slides with the new Brownie Starflex Camera, **$10.75.** Take 6 shots without reloading the Kodak Rotary Flasholder. **$10.95 and $12.95, $1.50 down.**

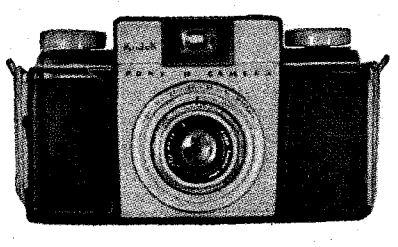


Pre-view every picture — Kodak Duaflex IV Camera has brilliant viewfinder. You see the picture you're taking—in advance; then push the button. **$17.95, or $2 down.**

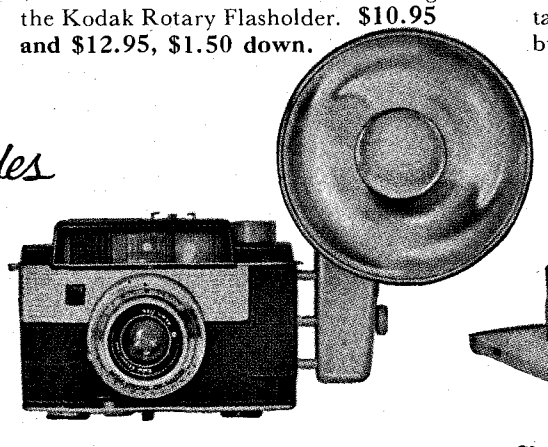


Flash shots without batteries —New Kodak Generator Flasholder makes its own power. Twist dial—fire! Folds to palm-size. **$13.95 and $14.95, or $1.50 down.**

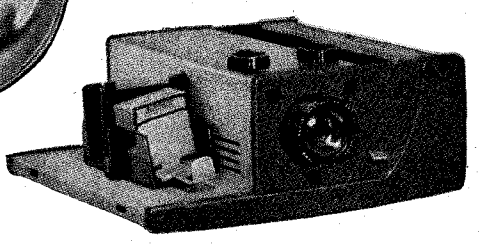
For 35mm color slides



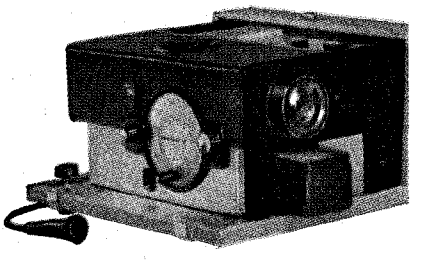
Precision-made . . . and looks it! Advance to 35mm with the new, simplified Kodak Pony II Camera. Fast *f*/3.9 lens, easy loading, 2 settings. **$26.75, or $3 down.**



Has built-in exposure meter—New Kodak Signet 50 Camera has photo-electric meter, exceptional *f*/2.8 lens. Comes complete with flasholder and 2 reflectors. **$82.50, or $8.50 down.**



Shows color slides big-as-life—New Kodak 300 Projector is ultra-portable. "Wide-angle" lens; exclusive Readymatic Changer. *(Also 500-watt model).* **$64.50, or $6.50 down.**

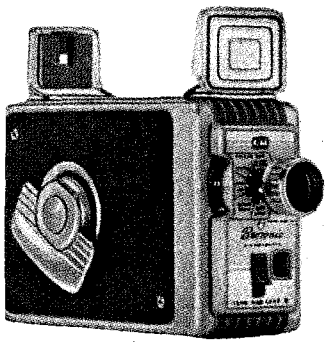


You turn it on . . . it does the rest! New automatic Kodak Cavalcade Projector changes slides *by itself;* keeps in constant focus. Comes with remote cord. **$149.50, or $14.95 down.**

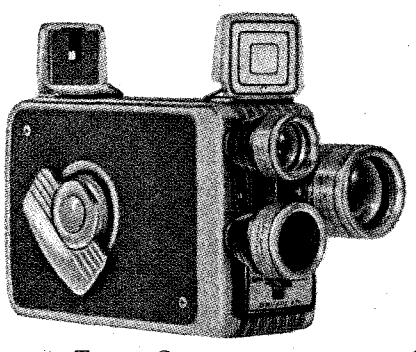
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See Kodak's "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," ABC-TV. Check local listings.

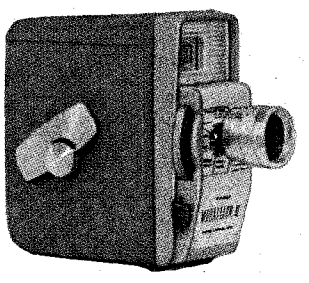
For movies



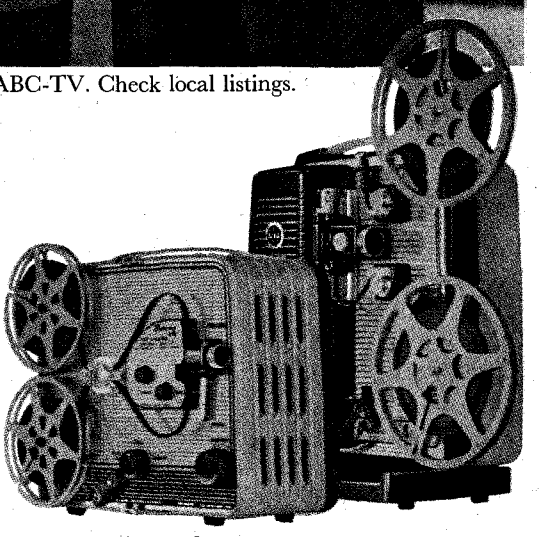
dak's greatest home movie value ecision 8mm Brownie Movie mera with fast *f*/2.3 lens is snap-ot-easy to use. Was $39.75—now luced! **$29.95, or $3 down.**



Brownie Turret Cameras get normal, telephoto, wide-angle shots. New, lowest priced turret ever—*f*/2.3, **$59.50.** *f*/1.9 was $84.75, now **$74.50, or $7.50 down.**



Simplicity itself—Handsome Kodak Medallion 8 Camera magazine-loads in 3 seconds, weighs only 23 ounces. Just one setting; *f*/1.9 lens. **$106.50, or $10.50 down.**



Big-screen 8mm shows—Brownie 300 Movie Projector has forward, reverse action. Top value! **$64.95, or $6.50 down.** For movies 5 feet wide, Cine-Kodak Showtime 8 Projector, **$123.50, or $12.50 down.**

See the carousel of cameras . . . and the world's most modern line-up of projectors and photo-aids!

With spring here and summer not far off, it's time to get set for picture-taking. And the *place* to get set is at your dealer's Kodak Camera Carnival.

During this exciting event, your Kodak dealer is demonstrating three rings-full of values! You'll see everything new from Kodak that makes it easier for you to take beautiful snapshots in color or black-and-white . . . sparkling color slides you can show big as life . . . glorious color movies that capture all the action, too! And because everything is made by Kodak, you know it's good!

Come to your dealer's Kodak Camera Carnival—in time for this weekend's fun! *(Prices are list, include Federal Tax where applicable and are subject to change without notice.)*

ASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak
TRADEMARK

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 93*) the Bahamas before you got the details of the cure from Jim Doremus. We must have all addresses, doctors' names, etc. Also the principle of the treatment.

This sort of knowledge can be important to me. So many of the depositors here at the bank are rich and retired, and they would, I am sure, welcome news of such an adventure. People these days live to be eighty, you know, and think nothing of it. But the trouble with being eighty is that you feel eighty, and that rather cancels things out, doesn't it? So do help me.

By the way, what is Ted grumbling about? Do you know?

I may have to go to Geneva in a few weeks to attend a banking conference. This would give me an opportunity to look into the whole thing, so let me hear from you. My love,

MARC

White Hotel, White Bone Cay,
Bahamas, October 25

Dear Ted: Sit back and relax. You are going to be so pleased with me, for I have taken your advice.

In theory, anyway. You said, you remember, that whatever talents I possessed lay in keeping a house. And you made the assumption—false, but for a man quite natural—that a house meant a husband. Well, dear Ted, let bygones be bygones, for you opened my eyes and pointed me in the right direction.

I have bought a hotel! This enchanting inn where we are staying was immediately and desperately for sale. It is in excellent condition, I have gone over it from top to bottom, inspected all the books, weighed all the prospects, and I think I have a bargain. You see, the missile-tracking base near here, which everyone thought might be only temporary, is now anything but that. So, aside from casual vacationers, I will have a steady trade from people visiting the base.

The price is $35,000, absurdly low. I am going to pay $25,000 down—the reason for my wire—and the rest over ten years.

Bob Reynolds has been so helpful. He knows the island well and he has a wonderful head for business; he's advised me on everything and thinks I am in real luck. He is a godsend.

Ted, neither Bob nor I can understand your bad humor. What have you got against battleships? And Bob does know you. Nobody could describe you the way he does if he didn't know you.

So. Get that twenty-five grand into my checking account. The papers are all being drawn up. All my love,

AGGIE

AGGIE GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? THIS IS NO TIME TO SELL STOCKS. I WILL HAVE NO PART OF THIS.
TED

TED FRALEY, HAMLET TRUST CO.,
HAMLET, CONN.
SELL HOLDINGS AS DIRECTED. THIS IS AN ORDER.
AGGIE

CELIA GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
YOU MUST TELL AGGIE NOT TO INVOLVE HERSELF FURTHER IN THIS FOOLISHNESS. TED FRALEY

TED FRALEY, HAMLET TRUST CO.,
HAMLET, CONN.
DEAR TED, AGGIE WANTS THE HOTEL. SHE CAN AFFORD IT AND SHE IS OF AGE. WHAT CAN I DO?
CELIA GRANT

White Hotel, White Bone Cay,
Bahamas, Oct. 30

Now My Dear Marc: I don't think you quite realize my position. I can't just pump Jim Doremus. There is, after all, a certain delicacy to this. Figure to yourself.

All I can do is tell you what I know. Apparently you sit in a hospital room with a goat for a week or two. Just why, or what happens, I don't know. But this I do know: it does the goat no good. He dies, I gather.

As far as principle is concerned, that is very simple; you feel better.

I am staying on a little longer. Aggie bought the hotel; I suppose you heard. No one in our family has ever owned a hotel before. My best,

CELIA

CELIA GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
AM SENDING TED DOWN TO STRAIGHTEN THIS WHOLE THING OUT. MARC

AGGIE GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
ARRIVING ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON PLANE.
TED

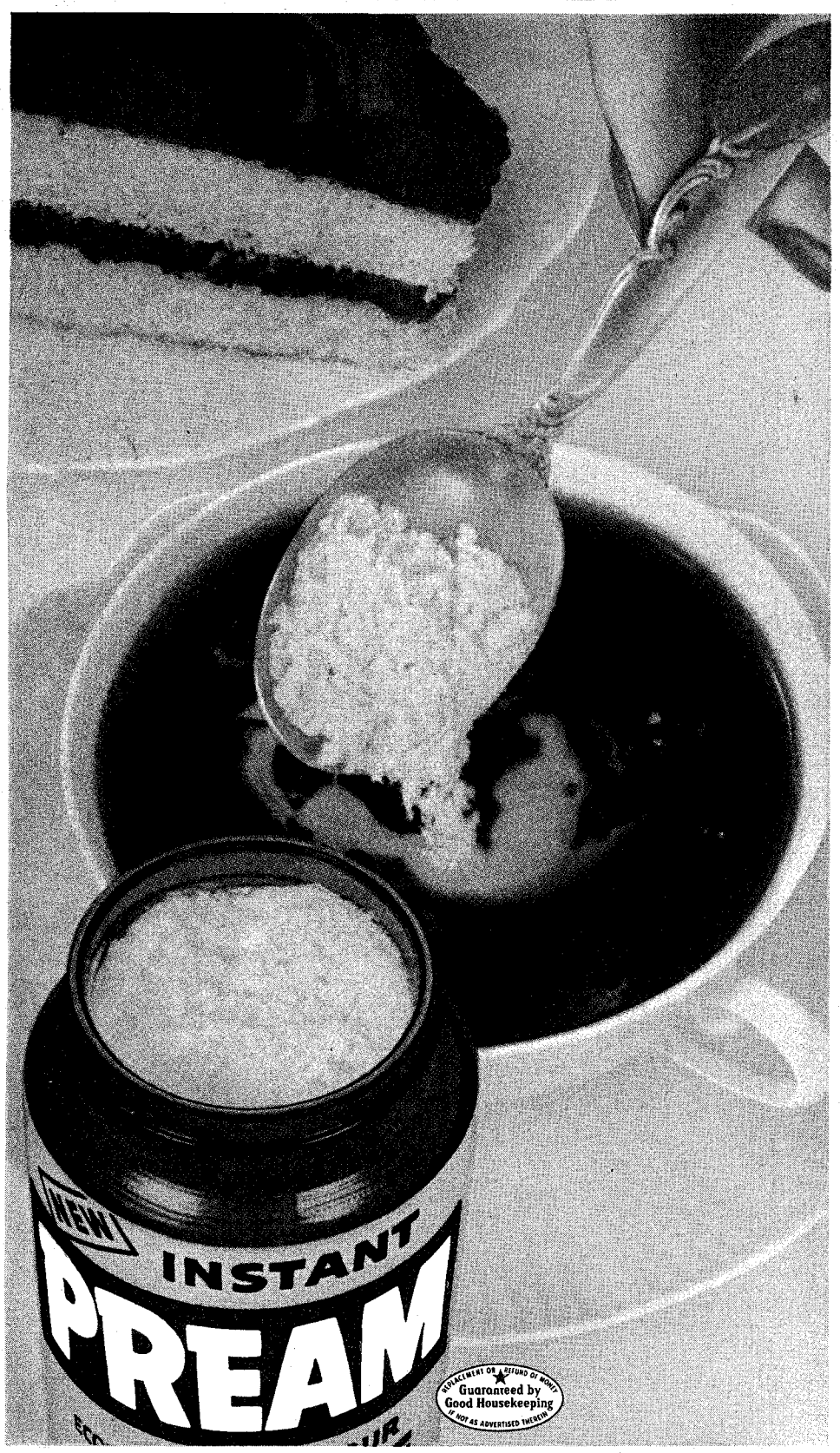
TED FRALEY, HAMLET TRUST CO.,
HAMLET, CONN.
NO NEED FOR THIS, BUT IF YOU COME BRING MY WHITE RAINCOAT AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. AGGIE

CELIA GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
DID TED ARRIVE? NO WORD. MARC

White Hotel, White Bone Cay, Bahamas

Dear Uncle Marc: I arrived all right, but I might better have stayed at home.

Aggie is adamant; her mind seems to be closed to all reason; she is not the girl we knew even a few short months



However you "cream" your coffee now—

You'll love the fresh taste and convenience of PREAM!

OVER THE COFFEE CUPS
by Sally Ross

"Coffee-Break" Dept.: Next time the girls come over for coffee, give them a variety of doughnuts. In separate paper bags, shake plain doughnuts in powdered sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg . . . delicious!

And if they like their coffee "with" . . . they'll *love* it with Pream! Its fresh flavor makes a good cup of coffee taste even better. (That goes for tea and cocoa, too.)

Extra creaminess! New Instant Pream® is made entirely from fresh, sweet cream and other milk products, by the exclusive Pream process. *Naturally*—it's delicious!

Extra convenience! Pream keeps its fresh taste *without refrigeration*. And New Economy Size Pream "creams" up to *70* cups of coffee . . . costs so much less than other coffee "creamers."

When it comes to cooking . . . more and more smart gals are "Pream-ing" everything from soups to desserts—using Pream every day in so many of their favorite recipes. Try this wonderful Pream-tested frosting:

PREAM-Y CHOCOLATE FROSTING
So-o-o good and so fast!

Combine 3 tbsp. of fresh-tasting Pream (Pream is a blend of pure country cream and natural milk products) with ¼ tsp. salt and a 1-lb. pkg. of confectioners' sugar. Add 3 tbsp. of soft butter or margarine, 2 squares of melted baking chocolate, 1 tsp. vanilla and 3½ tbsp. of hot water. *No sifting, no fuss.* Just blend until thoroughly mixed and Pream-y smooth.

FREE! For more delicious recipes to add to your collection, write for my "Quick Modern Recipe Folder." Address: Sally Ross, PREAM, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

©1958, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

Better buy by Brand Names BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago. She's more like her aunt—scatter-brained.

So there is no choice, I am afraid, but to sell out her twenty-five thousand dollars. You have the portfolio with her account—at least Miss Jepsen can find it for you—and I think you will see everything is in order. Put the cash in Aggie's checking account.

Maybe I am well out of this—just admit defeat and make a clean break. But for the sake of old times and common sense, I am going to make one more try. However, hot or cold, I will be back Saturday. Best,

TED

CELIA GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
HERE IT IS WEDNESDAY AND NO TED. WHAT HAPPENED? MARC

MARC HAVILAND, HAMLET TRUST CO.,
HAMLET, CONN.
DELAYS DELAYS. CELIA

CELIA GRANT, WHITE HOTEL,
WHITE BONE CAY, BAHAMAS
ARE YOU PEOPLE IN TROUBLE? DRAFT ARRIVED AGAINST TED'S ACCOUNT FOR TWELVE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. IT MUST BE A FORGERY. MARC

MARC HAVILAND, HAMLET TRUST CO.,
HAMLET, CONN.
IT WAS NO FORGERY. JUST WAIT TILL YOU HEAR. LETTER COMING. CELIA

White Hotel, White Bone Cay,
Bahamas, Nov. 9

Dear Marc: Of course, you should have been told and, really, Ted should have told you, but he feels hesitant about writing. He says he must speak to you face to face or at least over the telephone.

Nowadays if a boy is late for school, he can blame it on a flat tire.

HOMER PHILLIPS

But of course there are no telephones here—it's one of the delightful features of the island.

All I can tell you is this: my niece Aggie is a wicked, wicked girl. And you and I are a couple of blind ancients. This whole mish-mash had a purpose behind it.

What we didn't know was this: Aggie and Ted were in love, but somewhere along the line things went wrong and they began insulting each other. All right, that's the sort of thing we can understand. However, in my day, if I had wanted to attract a man, I would have dropped my mesh bag, but Aggie bought a hotel. Or almost did. I know this is hard to follow, but it's what actually happened.

Well, in a final, desperate effort to dissuade Aggie, Ted asked her to marry him. And Aggie said yes. Now keep that in mind. It's the only thing we have to hold on to.

But at cocktails on that happy evening, when everything seemed settled, Bob Reynolds—Ted did know him, but when they were in the Navy together, Bob was an ensign, so, Ted said, naturally, he couldn't place him—Bob Reynolds casually remarked that all of the laundry from the missile base had to be flown to Miami to be washed.

That is the sort of information which, with me, goes in one ear and out the other. But not with Ted and Aggie. A look of craft, of avarice passed between them. Before the evening was over they had made a deal with Bob to take on the job. A three-year contract at something like thirty-five thousand a year. To wash and iron! Which meant, of course, that they had to go through with the plan to Buy the Hotel.

Oh, romance, romance. I think of you and Jack and me. We should have done this. We should have run off to a tropical island and bought a mad hotel. We were the type. We had the feeling for it.

Yet we didn't. And these children did. It is they who swim the midnight beaches; they with their visions of double-entry bookkeeping dancing in their heads, it is they who live in the sun. With a guaranteed twenty-five-per-cent return on their money and no income tax, as Ted pointed out.

Ted is buying half the hotel—the reason for the draft against his account—and is giving Aggie four thousand dollars' worth of commercial-laundry equipment for a wedding present. They both seem very happy. Aggie is hoist on her own petard, I guess, but the seat appears most comfortable.

Do I sound as if I were making fun? I don't mean to. I am just plain envious.

Are you really going to Geneva? I might come with you. I have, of course, all the details from Jim Doremus, and I have had them from the first night I talked to him. We'll plan when I get back.

I will make the children write you, but just now they have something better to do. They are out ecstatically overseeing the installation of a new electric generator that does I can't imagine what, but is necessary. Your old friend,

CELIA

THE END

New Norelco® Speedshaver

Just introduced, it is amazing men with a shave that's razor-blade close, yet easy on the face as only Norelco's rotary blades can be!

First your fingers feel its light precision balance. Behind that jet-age design is the famous rotary blade shave. It made Norelco the world's largest-selling shaver.

This Norelco Speedshaver is completely new. Plug it in. How quiet. Yet you sense its power. Now, give it a try. How smooth. No pull. No burn. Is it shaving? It sure is. Feel your face. How clean. The reason? Swift rotary blades beneath stationary skin-guards shave your beard with the same smooth stroke as a barber's blade. To clean, push button. Top flips up. It's clean in a second.

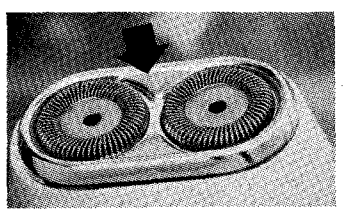
Every shaver ever made takes a back seat to this one. Hold Tomorrow in your hand—Today. New Norelco Speedshaver deluxe in two-tone jet gray and white, with travel case. Model SC7900 AC/DC **$24.95.**

See the new Norelco Speedshaver demonstrated on the Jack Paar NBC Television Show

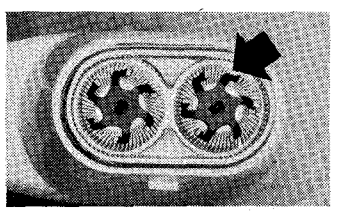
For the ladies . . . NEW NORELCO GOLDEN DEBUTANTE now $14.95 and NEW DELUXE LADY NORELCO $24.95 for gentle grooming, both AC/DC.

For outdoorsmen, motorists . . . NEW NORELCO SPORTSMAN runs on ordinary flashlight batteries or plugs into your car lighter. Now only $24.95.

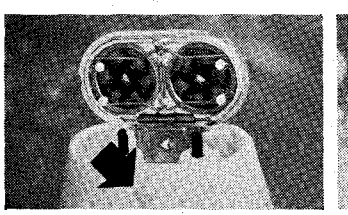
Here's what makes Norelco the one shaver that's completely new!



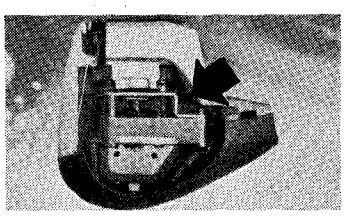
Tomorrow's velvet-touch luxury! Contour skin-stretcher rim stands whiskers erect, *holds* them erect for Norelco's rotary blades to stroke off below skin-level for a lasting shave.



Tomorrow's stroke of genius! Self-sharpening rotary blades, shown here in "X-ray" view beneath stationary skin guards, *stroke* off whiskers gently, cleanly, whichever way they grow.



Tomorrow's push-button cleaning! Push the button and flip-top head springs open. "Whisker dust" empties out in a second. Entire head easily removed for thorough cleaning.

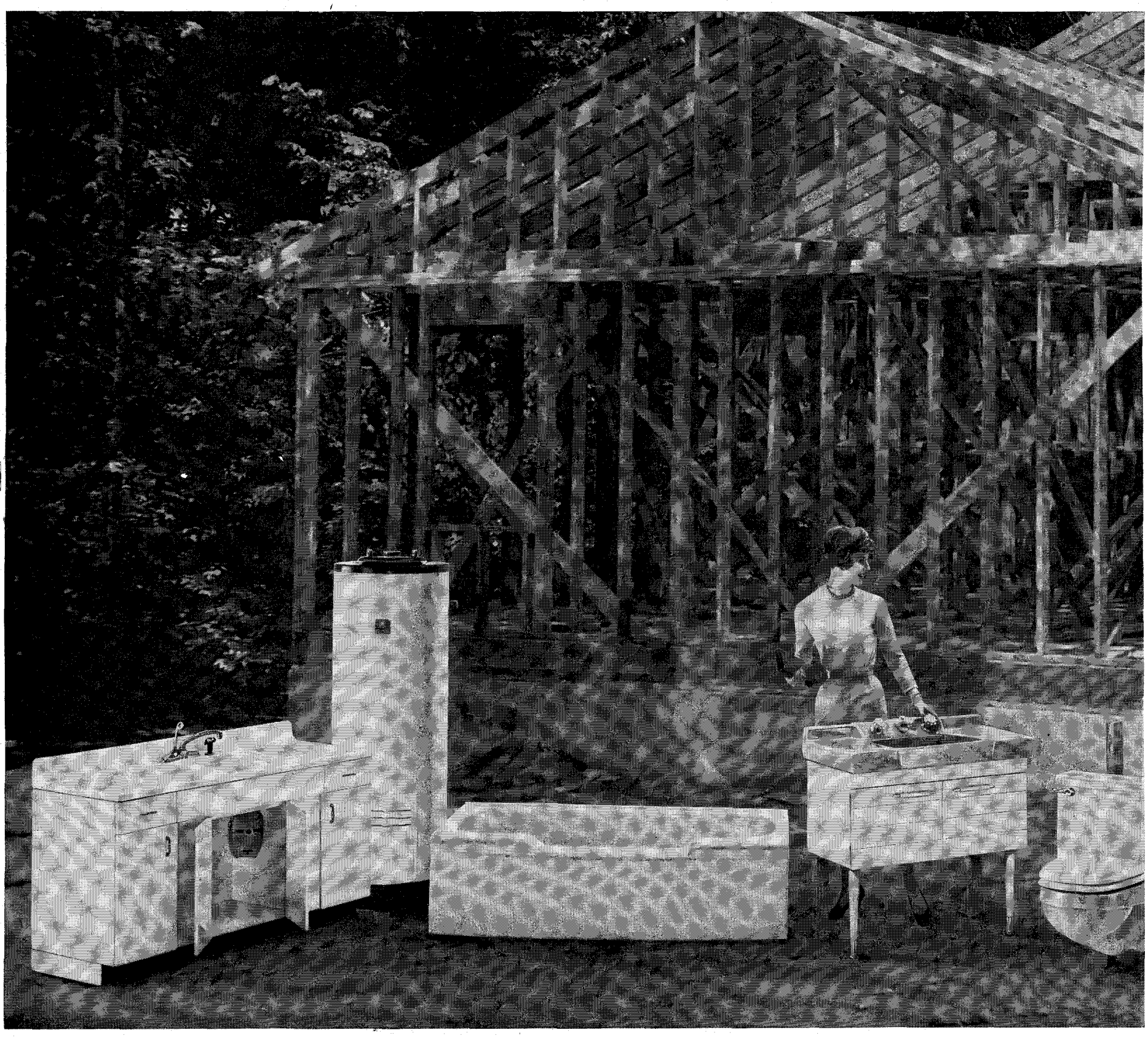


New high-speed motor! There's continuous power behind Norelco's rotary blade shave. New Speedshaver brush motor, permanently lubricated, is the quietest, coolest-running ever!

NORELCO is known as PHILISHAVE in Canada and the free world. **North American Philips Company, Inc.,** and associated companies, 100 E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.
Also: High Fidelity Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Research and Control Instruments, Medical X-Ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Today's wonderful new homes are better planned, better bui

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY A

Good news! Building material costs are lower this spring . . . FHA down payments have been reduced . . . you can get more extras (like freezers, washers, dryers) included in your mortgage . . .

And above all, the homes now being built make living so much easier and happier.

Take the kitchens, for instance. They're bigger, better designed, more practical. They're kitchens with built-in equipment like the famous American-Standard cabinet sink (big, gleaming double bowl with convenient single-lever faucet) . . . the American-Standard Food Waste Disposer (no more messy garbage to handle) . . . a dishwasher . . . a wall oven . . . a table-top range. Wonderful, *wonderful* kitchens!

And those bathrooms! A master bathroom in color for Mom and Dad. A second bathroom near the children's bedroom. And when you have American-Standard tubs, toilets, and lavatories, you know they're built to last—and styled to stay beautiful through the years, too.

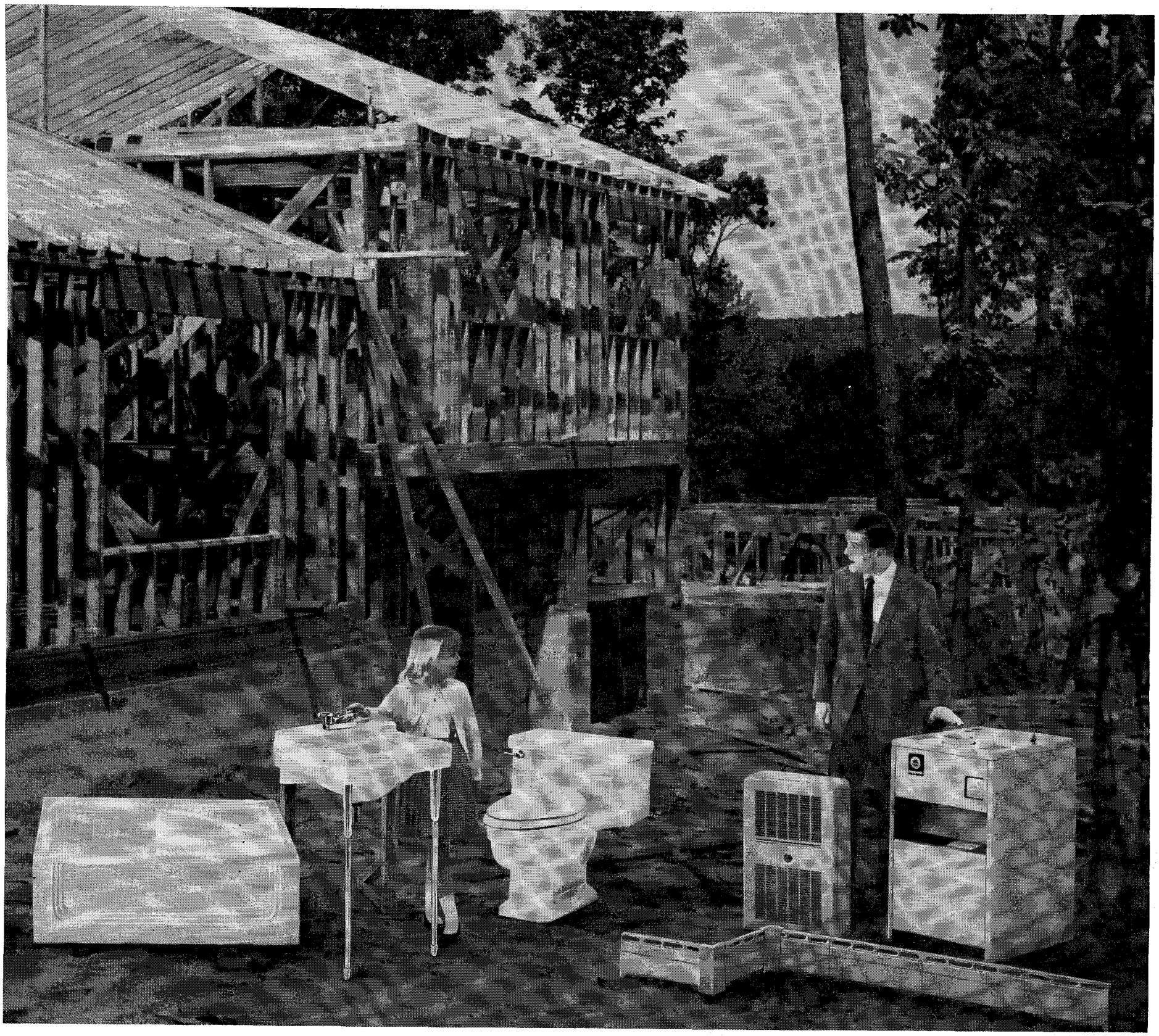
Dad's shower won't suddenly run cold—and Mom won't run out of hot water halfway through the wash, either—with an American-Standard Water Heater in the house. These heaters are performance-rated—you get all the hot water you'll *ever* need.

Today's new homes are not only warm and cozy in the winter, but also cool and comfortable all summer. That's because they're insulated throughout, and many have central year-round air conditioning. With the new American-Standard year-round hydronic* system, for instance, you can *dial* the climate that suits you best—and even have a different temperature in each room. (If you like, you can start with just the heating system and add the cooling later.)

Yes, today's new homes are marvelous—and marvelous buys. Why not drive out to see one this very week end? You'll find some wonderful surprises inside.

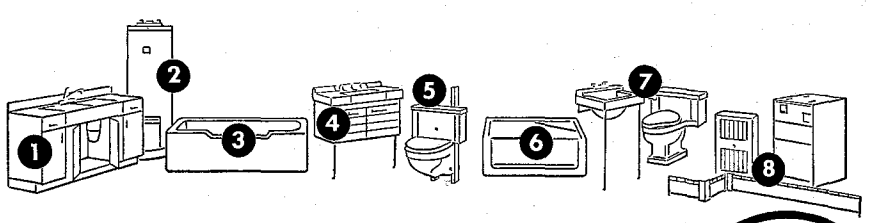
*Hydronics is the science of heating and cooling with water.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and better equipped

NEW HOUSE!



For more information about any of the American-Standard products shown above, just circle the pictures of the products you're interested in and send to us. American-Standard, Plumbing and Heating Division, 40 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

MANY OF TODAY'S WONDERFUL NEW HOUSES FEATURE FAMOUS AMERICAN-STANDARD PRODUCTS

1. This cast iron double-bowl American-Standard sink is shown with a work-saving garbage disposer—plus new single-lever faucet that never drips, ends faucet fiddling.

2. Your family won't run out of hot water with an American-Standard water heater. It gives up to 25% more hot water than other heaters of the same size. Gas or electric.

3. Durable cast iron tub, designed by Walter Dorwin Teague, adds note of luxury to the master bathroom. Your choice of 6 fashion-blended colors and white.

4. New Gracelyn Cabinet-Lavatory has one-piece, easy-to-clean china bowl and counter top . . . plenty of storage space below.

5. New idea! American-Standard wall-hung toilet is completely off the floor. Makes cleaning underneath easy. For thorough cleaning of fixture, seat and cover snap off.

6. For your second bathroom, specify the compact Restal tub. Measures only 38" x 39"—has corner seat and low sides. Perfect for showers and bathing children.

7. American-Standard lavatories and toilets have smooth, wipe-clean surfaces. Lavatories come with slim modern legs, classic top. Toilets have elongated bowls, quiet flushing action.

8. American-Standard cast iron boilers are efficient, economical, compact. They can be used with individually controlled Remotaire units (you can easily add cooling later)—or trim, baseboard heating (actually creates a wall of warmth between you and winter).

AMERICAN-Standard PRODUCTS

AMERICAN-Standard

PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death Stalks the Bride

(Continued from Page 51)

"takes the entire police department for fools and thinks she is entirely capable of taking the law into her own hands. Abbot or no Abbot, she's going to answer some questions. Now."

Aine bridled. "Now don't you be talking that way about Miss Jessamine! There isn't a more law-abiding citizen in the whole city than Miss Jessamine, and as for thinking the police are fools, Miss Jessamine probably never in her life thought anyone was a fool. Even Miss Willi. Sweet, she is, Miss Jessamine, and kind to everybody from the day she was born."

"All right," said Lieutenant Hilary. "Will you please ask this paragon of all virtues to come down? Right now?"

Aine's gray eyes flashed contemptuously. "I'll ask her."

"You ask her or I'll tell her. Now hurry!"

Aine flounced her well-rounded hips in her trim gray uniform. Her expression was very stormy. "Sure and I knew this morning when I put my left shoe on first that it would be a bad day. But not bad enough to bring the likes of you!"

Lieutenant Hilary regarded her impassively. She put one slow foot on the stairs. She tossed her short dark hair. She said over her shoulder, to no one in particular, "That the house of Abbot should come to this!" and ran up the stairs.

On the third floor, Willi put an indolent corn-silk-blond head out the door of her room. She said sleepily, "For heaven's sake, Aine, do you have to clatter practically in the middle of the night?"

"He's from the police," said Aine, in a terrified stage whisper.

Willi pulled a blue silk chiffon negligee about her shapely body. She came down the stairs slowly, with the utmost effect. She yawned. She stretched. At the foot of the stairs, Lieutenant Hilary watched her without changing expression. Willi was not used to this.

"Is he stuffed?" she asked.

Lieutenant Hilary grinned quite unexpectedly.

"Well!" said Willi. "That's better." She trailed down a few more stairs. "You know, when you smile there's something about you. You're so ugly, you're very attractive. What have I done now? Parked by another fire plug?"

Lieutenant Hilary showed his credentials briefly. "Homicide."

Willi stared at him, her blue eyes round with childlike astonishment. "You mean you think I've killed somebody? I haven't even shot at anybody in years. Since my first husband. And I missed him. I was sorry I did—miss him, I mean—then, but now I've mellowed, I guess."

Lieutenant Hilary took a deep breath. "I came to see your sister."

Willi sank down on the nearest sofa, gurgling with merriment. "Jessamine? Homicide? Who did she kill?"

Lieutenant Hilary said, as severely as he could manage with the blond Willi in front of him, "Homicide is never a laughing matter."

Willi shrieked. "But Jessamine! Do you know Jessamine? She's so lawful she goes back and pays people if they overchange her. She even makes me be honest with my ex-husbands!"

Aine stood at the top of the stairs now. "She's gone!"

"That won't do," said Lieutenant Hilary. "She was followed to this house a few minutes ago. She must be here. Shall I get a search warrant or may I look?"

Willi stared at him. She was not laughing now. "You mean it," she said slowly.

"I certainly do."

Willi drew herself up proudly, suddenly every inch an Abbot. She gestured with one lovely manicured hand. "Look all you like."

Lieutenant Hilary ran up the stairs. When he came down, he snapped, "Is there another door?"

"The kitchen door. But Aine was there. And there's one at the side. But Jessamine never uses that. Why would she?"

Lieutenant Hilary covered the first floor rapidly. "She isn't here now. Where is she?"

Aine said bewilderedly, "She came in and went up to her room. She said her head was aching. And no wonder, after yesterday."

"What happened yesterday?"

"She was nearly killed. Half a building nearly fell on her."

Lieutenant Hilary said urgently, "I read about that girl whose car was crushed. Was she the one?"

"Yes. That was Miss Jessamine."

"But the name wasn't Abbot."

"She's married now," said Willi. "Imagine. Jessamine! She's Mrs. Eric Barthelmieu."

Lieutenant Hilary stood very still. His voice was carefully controlled as he produced a picture. "Eric. Is this Mr. Barthelmieu?"

Willi nodded. "Without the mustache now. I wonder why he cut it. It looks sort of cute, don't you think? Who's the blonde with him?"

(*Continued on Page 102*)

Daily between Chicago—San Francisco, you'll meet interesting new people . . . see dramatic scenery . . . relax to soft music and dine on superb Fred Harvey food. Dome Lounge. Modern bedrooms, roomettes, suites. Chair cars with sleeper seats. Come on along!

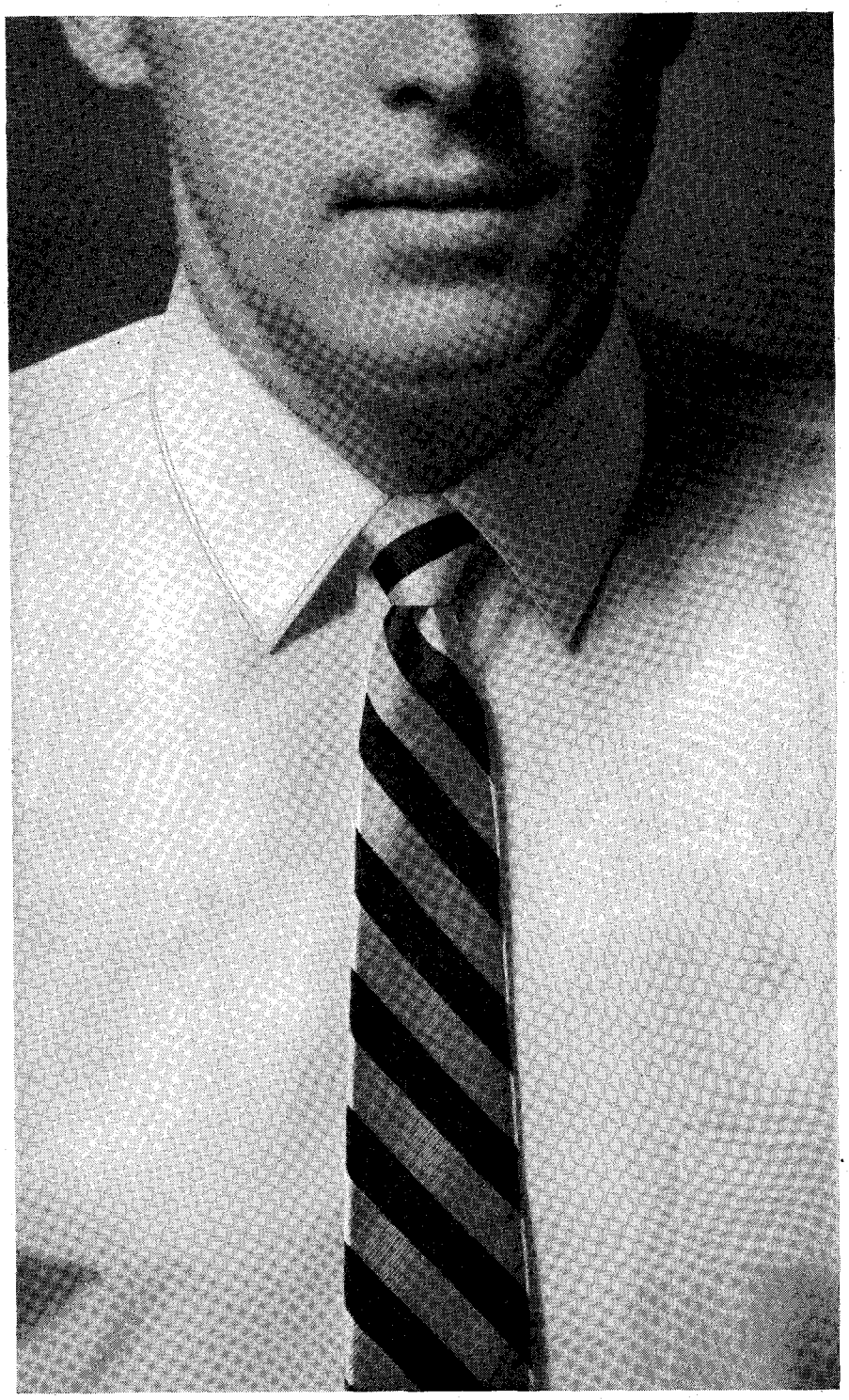
Santa Fe

For reservations, get in touch with any Santa Fe Traffic Office or travel agent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Arrow Whip, new shorter point soft collar with permanent stays.



The Arrow Hitt with new short point non-wilt collar. (All-silk ties, $2.50.)

The wonderful new 100% cotton

Arrow "IRON-CHEATER" Shirts

Luxury without fuss—Just wash, drip-dry and wear

Here you see two of the many Arrow collar styles available in these wonderful all cotton broadcloth wash-and-wear shirts. (Other fabrics, too.) Both of these styles feature today's trim, shorter-point look.

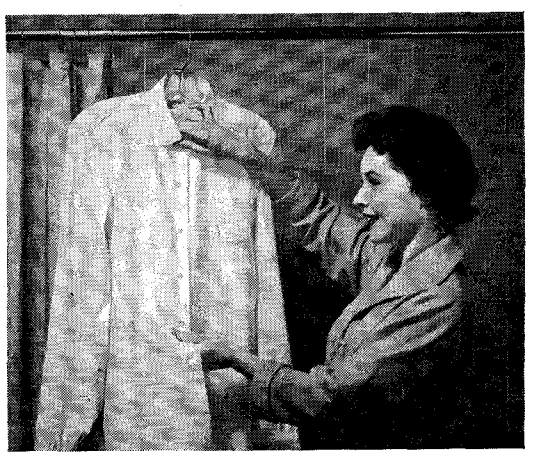
Nor does that end your choice. Slip your wrists into regular cuffs or the new Arrow *Convertible* Cuffs which can be worn buttoned or with links. Select from a broad range of harmonizing stripes, checks, solid colors.

All are "Sanforized"-labeled, and all are yours at wondrously low prices, $5.00 and up at your Arrow retailer's. Choose Arrow 100% cotton wash-and-wear underwear, too. Variety of fabrics, patterns and colors. Only $2.00.

ARROW

first in fashion

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



What wife-savers! Wash Arrow Iron-Cheaters but don't wring or squeeze. Let them drip-dry. Touch up with a cool iron, if you wish.

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 100*) Lieutenant Hilary said savagely, "Mrs. ——"

Willi waved an airy hand. "Mrs. Greene, the Countess, Mrs. Honesdale. I answer to any of 'em. Though technically at the moment, I'm not Mrs. Anybody."

"Forget that. Where is your sister?"

Willi yawned. "You keep saying that. How would I know? Some board meeting, probably. Jessamine is always involved in good causes. Gets quite het up about them. You wouldn't play gin, I suppose? Or drink it?"

"Try to get this through your head," said Lieutenant Hilary: "Your sister may be doing a very dangerous thing. She may be in great danger at this minute. So stop playing the fool and tell me where she is."

Willi stared at him, open-mouthed. Aine said in a hushed tone, "We don't know. We really don't know!"

Lieutenant Hilary's long, stiff-jointed legs took him to the telephone in two strides. He dialed a number, barked into it, "Well, find her! I don't care how many men it takes! She can't be far! Tweed suit, brown fur coat, brown hair braided around her head! Nice brown eyes! If we don't find her before he does —— Hop to it!"

Willi had recovered her voice, but her eyes were still very round and surprised. "I never thought about it," she said, "but Jessamine does have nice eyes. Nice brown eyes. . . . Are you married, lieutenant?"

"No. Now get this straight ——"

Willi shrugged her beautiful shoulders. "Oh, it's quite clear I'm not your type, lieutenant. But Jessamine seems to be. I can't understand it. All these years, and then suddenly two of you. I just thought it never hurts to have a spare man, in case Eric —— Exactly what is wrong with Eric, anyhow?"

"Suppose you tell me."

"W-well," said Willi. "He's very attractive and you wonder why he would pick Jessamine. She has all the money, of course, but —— And then it happened so fast. I never heard of him until she wrote she was going to marry him. And then nobody seemed to know anything about him. Nobody still does. No pictures at the wedding, no relatives of his, except his father and that red-haired gypsy, and they plainly weren't invited. I don't know. So fast and mysterious."

Lieutenant Hilary took Willi by both shoulders and shook her, hard. "Quit turning on the personality and listen. Your sister is doing a very brave but very foolhardy thing. She's gone to talk to a murderer, to tell him she knows about the murder, and that he tried to kill her yesterday for her money. As he had already killed another woman. And if we don't find your sister before she gets there, he'll kill her too."

Willi stared at him. "Kill Jessamine? Nobody would dare kill Jessamine!"

"Unless we find her first," said Lieutenant Hilary, "your sister is as good as dead. She may be dead now."

"D-dead!" said Willi.

"We've got to find her. Now, think. You must be able to help us."

"Damn you!" said Willi. "Standing around here talking when Jessamine may be getting killed! I'll find her myself!"

She flew down the hall, her blue negligee standing straight out behind her. She grabbed a coat at random from those in the hall closet. It happened to be one of Jessamine's. She flung it on, running for the front door.

"Miss Willi! You're in your nightgown!" wailed Aine.

Willi's only answer was to pull the trailing negligee up a bit. She went down the front steps in a clatter of blue satin mules, yelling, "Taxi!"

"She'll catch her death," said Aine, "if she doesn't get herself arrested!"

"Never mind that," said Lieutenant Hilary. "Where is she going?"

"That dance studio, I imagine. On North State. I have the address here. Where Mr. Eric works. It's the only place Miss Jessamine would know to look for him. I can't believe that Mr. Eric ——"

"Stay here," said Lieutenant Hilary. "Call any place you think she might be, but keep it brief. Don't tie up the phone. If she calls, make her call this police number. Here it is. Tell her anything, but make her call it. They'll tell her what to do."

"Where are you going?"

"After that fluffy sister," said Lieutenant Hilary. "It doesn't seem possible, but she may have an idea."

Jessamine stood for a long time looking at the shabby building. Only a few blocks west of her own house, but what a difference those few blocks past Michigan made! Peeling weathered gray paint, a makeshift iron fire escape ——"

People there at least can sit on fire escapes, Eric had said. Jessamine tried to picture him here, in this drab place. Eric, who loved beauty so much, who loved fresh air and green and growing things and had longed all his life for a ranch. But while he had lived here he had had Daphne for a dance partner. Perhaps she was enough beauty for him. Daphne, who must, as Mrs. Quade had said, have put every cent they made into her costumes, for Eric to live in a place like this. *Daphne who is dead. Murdered. A knife in her throat.*

Jessamine hesitated by Mrs. Quade's bell, but she did not touch it. She found that she could not, after all, ask Mrs. Quade about Eric, as she had come to do. No. She could only ask Eric. Or perhaps Papa Raoul.

She thought of the beautiful old man now, remembering him as he played the violin at her wedding, his calloused fingers awkward, yet the music so lovely, so stirring. Yes, she could talk to Papa Raoul about Eric. Papa Raoul loved him too. Perhaps he would know some explanation, something to help her before she saw Eric. But where would she find Papa Raoul?

Somewhere near the dance studio, she knew suddenly. Eric loved his father; he would have Papa Raoul live where he could see him every day, look after him. She had only to ask at the houses near the dance studio.

She asked, but at first she had no luck. Several shabby people gave her curious glances, hostile toward her fur coat, her diamond ring. Several others simply said they did not know, curtly. But surely, in a neighborhood, a figure so unusual as white-haired, black-velvet-jacketed Papa Raoul would be noticed. She plodded on, past the dance studio, looking up with a shiver at the missing cornice. She went around the corner. There, at last, she got an affirmative reply.

"Second floor," a woman told her brusquely. "Back. Wipe your feet before you go in. Tracking snow like it was you that was going to wipe it up!"

Jessamine hesitated at the apartment door. She was shivering. She waited. Finally she knocked.

A thin little blond girl answered. Her face fell when she saw Jessamine. "Oh. I thought you were Eric." She stared at her curiously. "Aren't you the lady—yesterday in the street ——"

Jessamine knew the child then. She had had only a fleeting glimpse of her yesterday, standing in the street with the truck bearing down on her small red-coated figure.

"You kept me from being run over, Papa Raoul said."

Jessamine smiled at her. "Let's just say we saved each other. I would have been killed, too, if it hadn't been for you. May I come in?"

The child said doubtfully, "I don't know. I'm not supposed to talk to anybody or go out. Eric was awfully mad that I went out yesterday. I never saw Eric so mad before, except at mamma."

"Mamma?"

The little girl pointed to a shabby leather frame. It was the same picture that had been in Eric's suitcase. Eric dancing with Daphne.

This is Daphne's child.

"Your mother and father?" asked Jessamine unsteadily.

The child said, "Oh, Eric's not my father. My father was a sergeant in the Army and a bomb blew him up. That was long before Eric came to dance with mamma. I'm five now. I'm Kendall."

Jessamine sat down.

The blond child edged up to her anxiously. "I didn't say anything wrong, did I?"

"No."

"Don't you feel good?"

"My head aches."

"Mamma's head used to ache. Only usually the night before —— Do you like whisky?"

"No," said Jessamine faintly.

"Mamma did. Eric used to try to hide it from her. They kept losing jobs because she had headaches. She said he only kept her on because of the child. Do you suppose I was the child? Would you like a glass of water?"

"Please."

Kendall disappeared behind a curtained area, reappeared quite capably with a glass of water and a wet washcloth. She said, "Mamma used to like me to put these on her head."

She climbed confidently into Jessamine's lap, holding the water to her lips. She said, "You're not a bit like mamma."

Jessamine drank the glass of water and rubbed her forehead with the cloth. She forced herself to smile.

Kendall said curiously, "Aren't you going to tell me she'll be coming back someday? Mamma?"

No, Kendall, I can't tell you that. And somehow you know it.

Jessamine said slowly, "What is it, Kendall? What are you trying to tell me?"

The thin little girl shrank away from her. "Nothing. Would you like to see my geranium?"

Jessamine kept her arm firmly about her. "Tell me, Kendall. Whatever it is that you haven't told anyone. I won't tell. I promise."

Kendall said shrilly, "No. I'm afraid. I didn't see anything. I didn't see anything!"

Behind them, Jessamine heard the door shut very quietly. Someone had come into the room. She knew the child Kendall had heard it, too, for her small thin body shivered all over quite suddenly.

Jessamine thought, *I mustn't turn my head. He would see that I was afraid. But he could come up behind me, perhaps put his hands on my throat.*

She said, "No. Eric! No!"

But the person behind her was not Eric.

Jessamine said, "Oh. I thought you were —— I mean I was afraid. How perfectly stupid of me."

Kendall, in her arms, gave a little whimpering cry.

Papa Raoul said in his soft voice, "But what is it, little one? Are you not glad to see me?"

Kendall remained motionless for a moment. Then she slipped from Jessamine's lap and ran across the room to Papa Raoul. The old man swung her up easily, holding her little face against his cold cheek, hearing her squeal. She put her thin arms around his neck, burying her small hands in his silky white hair. They both laughed as if they were exactly the same age.

Papa Raoul put her down, with a gentle pat. He said, "I am not polite. Not welcoming my new daughter to my house." He came forward, a frail figure of dignity, as always, in his shabby velvet coat and worn black trousers. His deep sunken blue eyes watched Jessamine closely, as they always had, neither bold nor hesitant, but independent.

"In my country, we make a ceremony, to welcome a new daughter to our homes. I do not have any wine, but perhaps coffee?"

"Thank you," said Jessamine.

"I'll get it! Let me get it!" cried Kendall.

Papa Raoul smiled at her and nodded. She disappeared behind the curtains of the makeshift kitchen.

Jessamine said, "Shouldn't I help her? She is so little."

Papa Raoul shook his head. "But she has lived a lot in her young years. She is always so proud to make the coffee, to feel wanted and needed. It is good, that. To feel wanted and needed."

"Yes," Jessamine said slowly. "It is good to feel wanted and needed."

Papa Raoul warmed his hands at the gas burner. "We will make a festival, somehow, for the new daughter. Kendall will make the coffee and I —— Shall I play for you?"

"I would love it," said Jessamine. "But first, while Kendall can't hear us, could we talk for a minute? About Eric?"

Papa Raoul turned his head slowly, looking at her. "Eric?"

Jessamine said unsteadily, "And Daphne?"

Papa Raoul sat down slowly, his frail shoulders drooping. He seemed to have aged ten years. He sat quietly for a moment. Then, suddenly, over his face came the expression that had startled Jessamine so much that day outside Maxann York's studio. Rage, and hatred and violence which seemed incredible in this gentle old man.

"She was a wicked woman, that one! Dissolute. No good. No good at all. She drank, she beat her child; from the beginning, she led Eric on with promises she never meant to keep. And meantime, other men —— My wife was like her. Only not (*Continued on Page 106*)

Maid Service

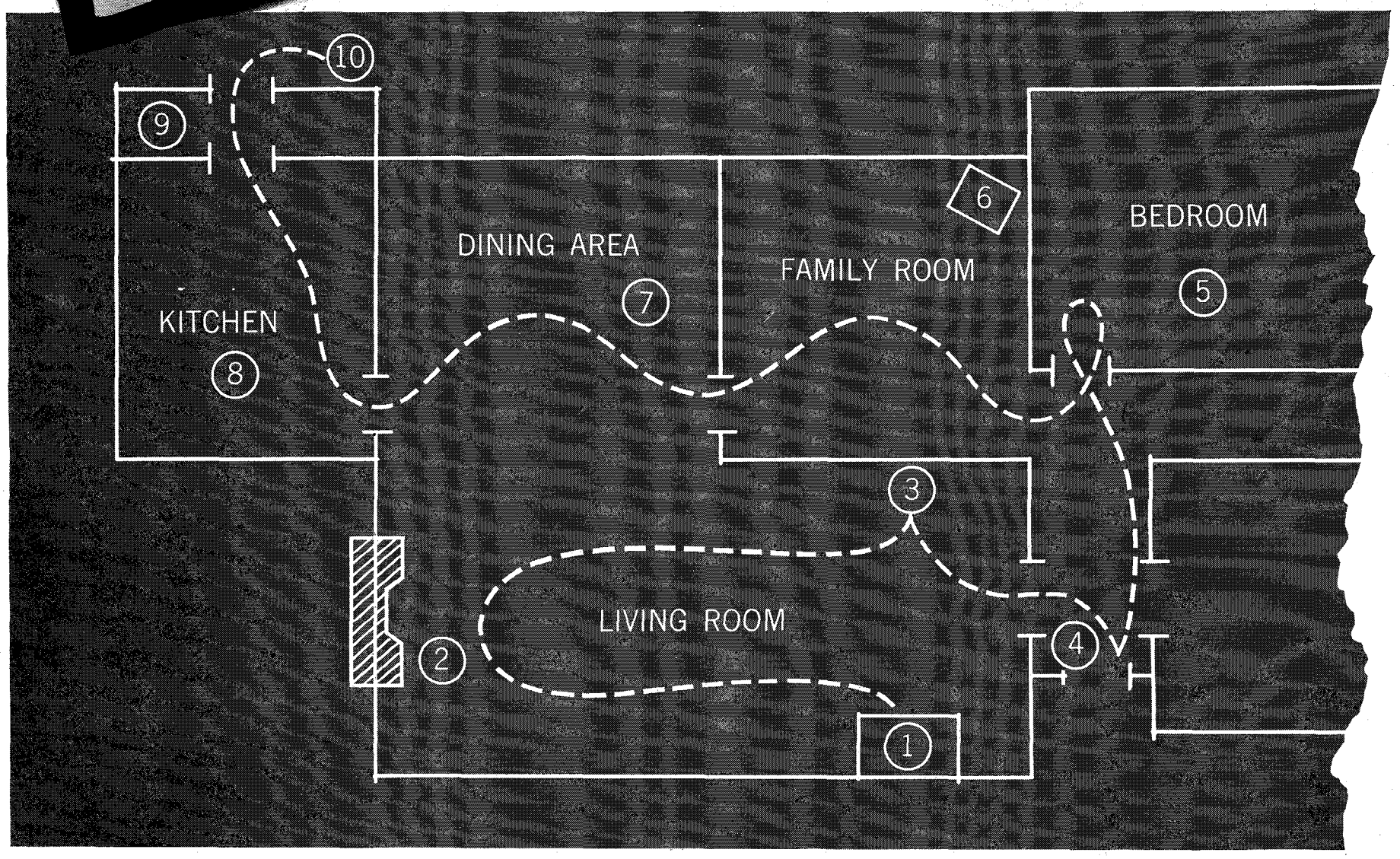
By Jean Carpenter Mergard

Because she cannot scour the kitchen tile
Or run the waxer or give floors a scrubbing,
I work beside her now. With borrowed style
She dusts the furniture, then turns to rubbing
The silver till a spoon reflects her smile.
And though her summed accomplishments are meager,
I cherish them, aware how brief a while
My help will stay both five years old and eager.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The case of the crumpled letter!

Scene: The Nelson home. Time: A Saturday evening



1 The desk where Mr. Nelson opened his month-end bills and wrote an indignant letter to the electric company, protesting against their advertising that electricity gives more value for every dollar than any other item in the family budget.

2 Where Mr. Nelson looked at the electric clock over the mantel to see if he had time to mail his letter before dinner.

3 The hi-fi set that he turned off as he left the living room.

4 Where Mr. N. paused to check the setting on the furnace thermostat and turn on the porch light to guide the dinner guests.

5 His daughter's bedroom where he stopped a moment to watch her drying her hair with the electric hair dryer and admire the dress she had just ironed for her date.

6 The TV, with Junior parked in front of it watching "Masked Riders of the Range."

7 The electric coffeemaker and toaster, ready and waiting to do dinner duty.

8 The all-electric kitchen, where dinner was cooking and Mrs. Nelson was taking trays of tinkling ice cubes from the refrigerator—and where the electric dishwasher and clotheswasher and dryer were waiting to do the clean-up chores ahead.

9 The back porch, where Mr. N. paused to think things over—realizing that his family *was* putting electricity to work in dozens of ways all over the house... ways he often forgot. So maybe the electric company was right about the value of his service.

10 The trash can into which he tossed his crumpled letter.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

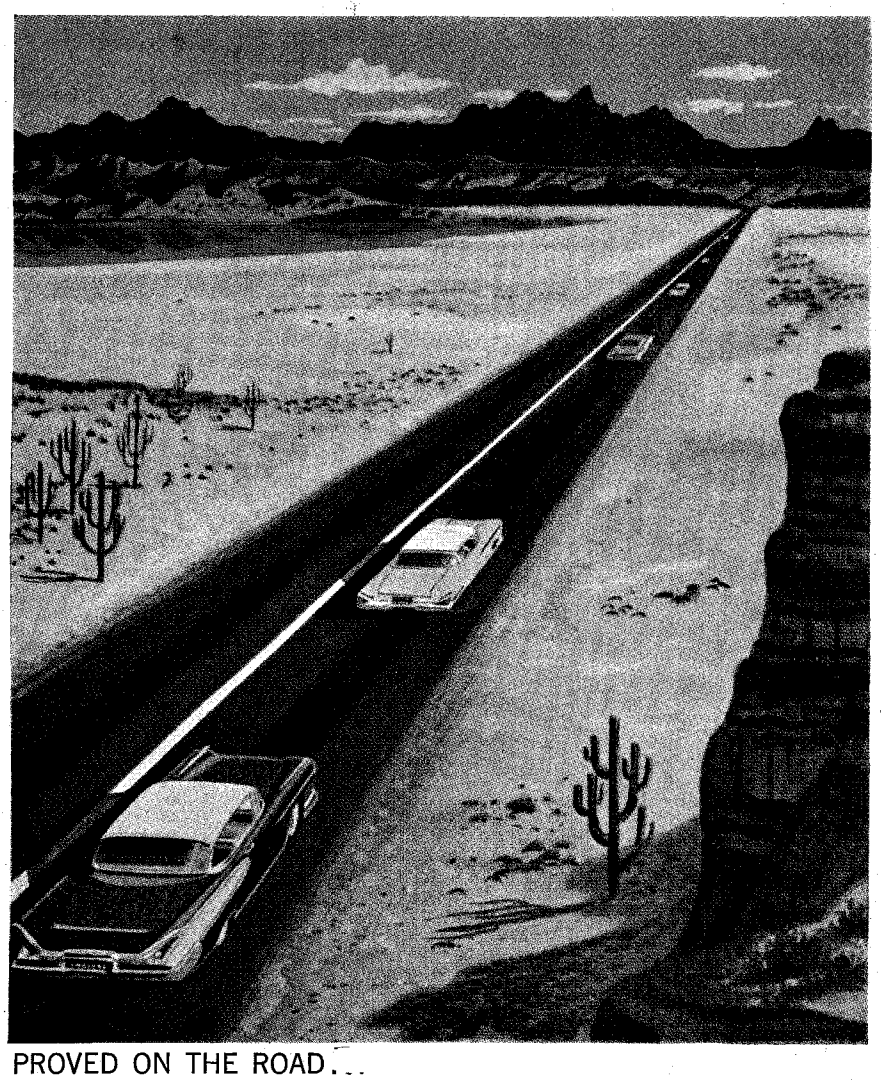
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE SAID "NO" 3824 TIMES LAST YEAR!

"THE HARDEST-TO-PLEASE MEN IN THE WORLD" MAKE UP THE UNIQUE GROUP OF ATLAS AUTOMOTIVE SPECIALISTS THAT DECIDES WHETHER A PRODUCT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR CAR

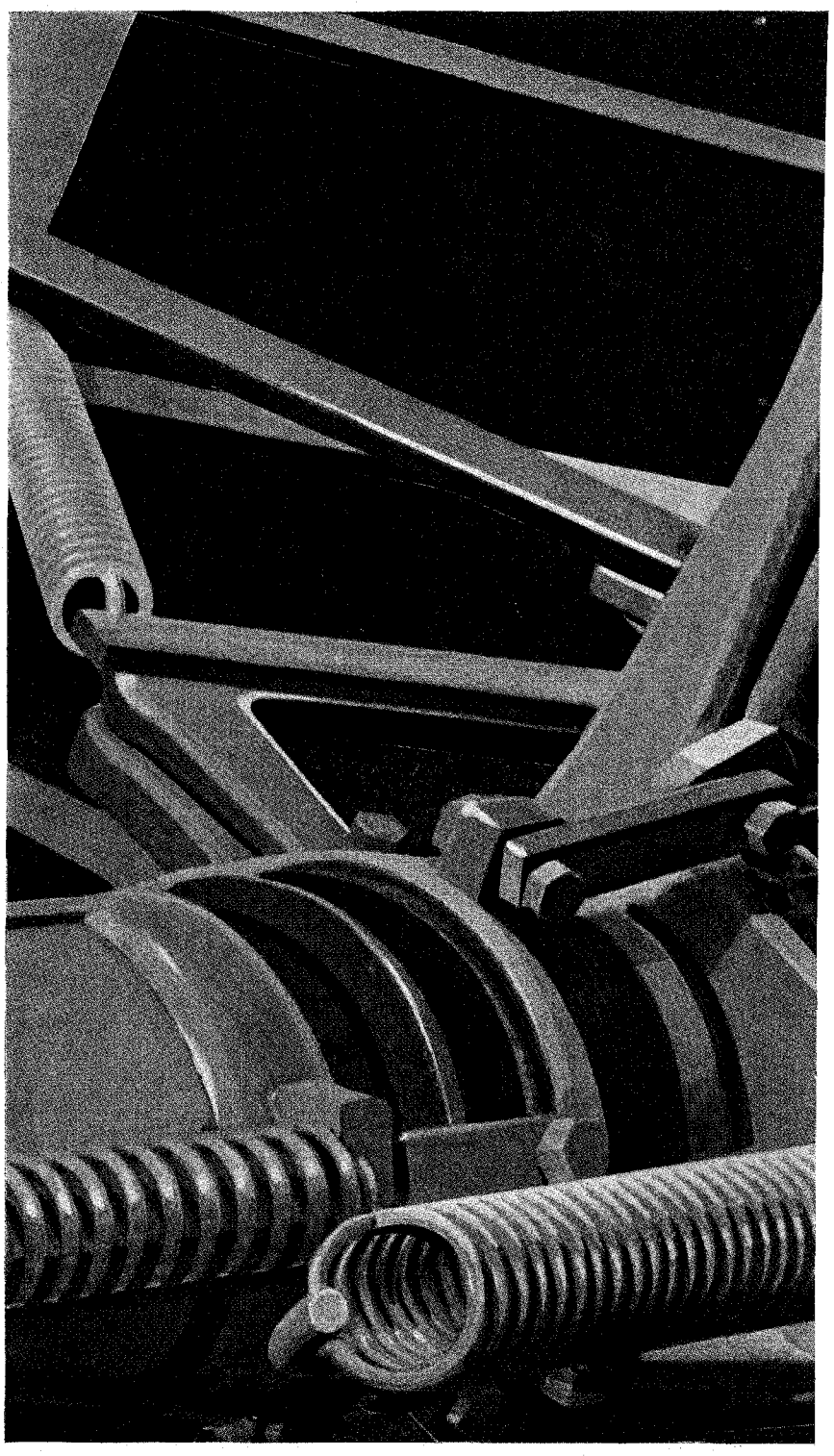
But when the Atlas Automotive Specialists finally do say "yes," you can rest assured they've developed *the* tire, battery or accessory that offers the very best in performance and value.

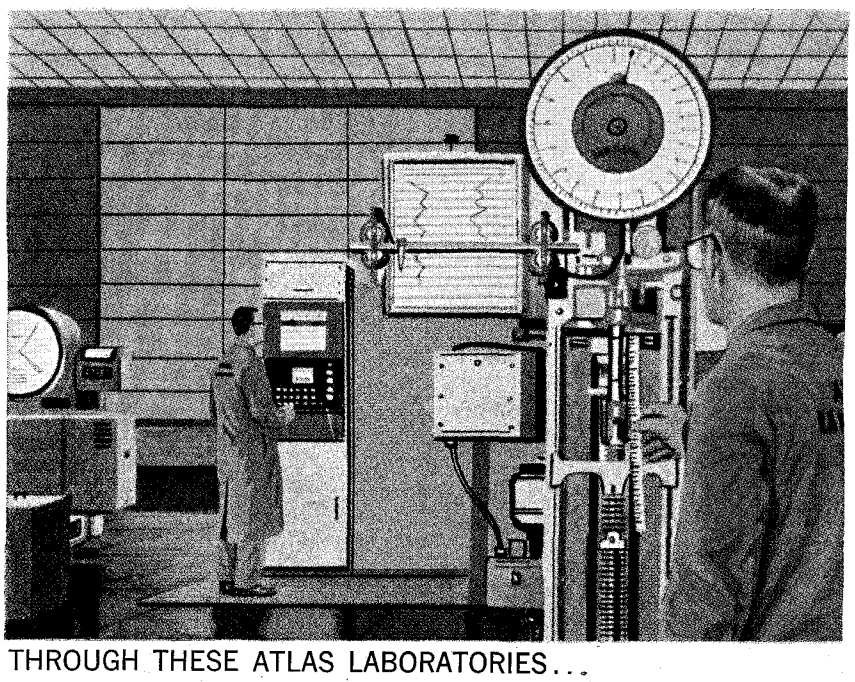
You won't find a more demanding group anywhere. Before these experts pass any Atlas product, they put it through the stiffest testing, analyses and comparisons. For example, they actually set performance standards for Atlas tires higher than for the tires that came on your new car! The price? No more than ordinary tires.



PROVED ON THE ROAD...

In constant tests under all driving extremes of temperature and climate, the performance superiority of Atlas products is *proved* time and time again. In fact, in rigorous field tests, Atlas tires consistently average better mileage than tires that come on brand new cars.

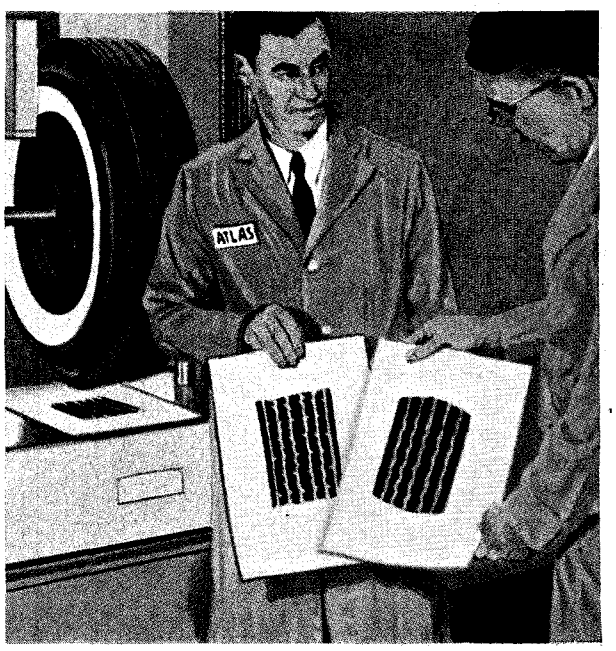




THROUGH THESE ATLAS LABORATORIES...

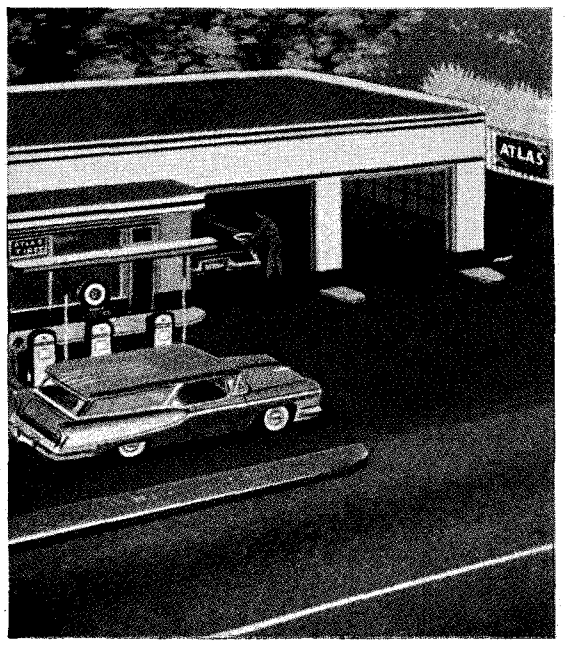
Every year literally thousands of automotive products from the four corne of the world are given a thorough going-over to make *sure* that none excee Atlas quality. Thus, Atlas engineers keep well abreast of any new developmer that might make Atlas products even better.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



...NDREDS OF TREADS DESIGNED, TESTED...

...rience-rich Atlas tire men devote their efforts to de-...oing the treads that give the greatest possible mileage, ...ion and skid-resistance. This is typical of the research, ...g and improving that go into all Atlas products.



AT SERVICE STATIONS COAST TO COAST

Ask your Atlas service station dealer to show you the written guarantee on Atlas tires and batteries. It's honored on the spot at more than 38,000 service stations in all 48 states, Alaska, Canada.

**ATLAS*
TIRES · BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES**

YOUR GUARANTEE OF PROVED TOP VALUE

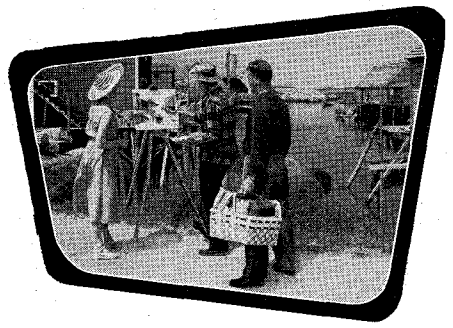
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1958 Atlas Supply Company, Newark 2, N. J.

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEARBY NOVA SCOTIA
CANADA'S OCEAN PLAYGROUND



So easy to get to... so refreshingly different!

Come this summer for the Bicentenary of Canada's first Parliament . . . and the Louisbourg Bicentenary

Free—*Big, color brochure; map; where to stay, rates.*

NOVA SCOTIA
Travel Bureau
Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia

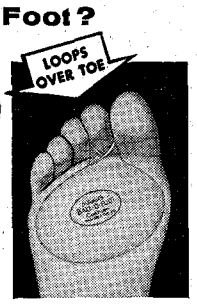
Please send free literature: SP 4-19-58

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... **Zone** .... **State** .....

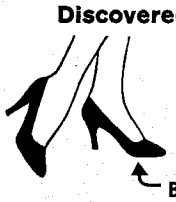
New York Office: 247 Park Ave. N.Y. 17, N.Y.
Boston Office: 80 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

Callouses
Pain, Burning, Tenderness at Ball of Foot?

Dr Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion



Fastest Relief Ever Discovered!

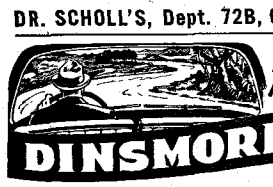


You Actually Walk On Cushions

Stops High Heel Soreness at Ball of Foot almost like magic!

You never tried anything so wonderful. The *cushion*—not *you*—absorbs the shock of each step. Made of soft, flesh color Latex Foam. Loops over toe—NO adhesive. Washable. Worn invisibly. Beautifully tailored—yet cost only $1.00 pair. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. Try Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion. If not obtainable locally, send price and state if for woman or man. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 72B, Chicago 10, Illinois



DESIGNED for MODERN CARS!

DINSMORE AUTO COMPASS

Your best friend in strange cities and rural areas. Dinsmore compasses show you the right way—the shortcuts. Eliminates guesswork. Beautiful new Travelite models in gold or silver only **$6.95.** Other models **$5.45** and **$6.45**. Write for folder

DINSMORE INSTRUMENT COMPANY
1801-23 Kelso St., Flint 1, Mich.

ONLY COMPASS APPROVED BY AUTO MAKERS!

EXTRA INCOME?

OF COURSE! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 333 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

(*Continued from Page 102*) so beautiful. Such women should not live to torment the good men who work for them."

Jessamine shrank back in her chair at his violence. But she said quietly, "She does not live. Someone murdered her. That day she disappeared when you were all picnicking at the beach."

Papa Raoul was silent for so long she was afraid he had not heard her. Then he said slowly, "There was no other explanation. I was afraid. Not that I blame him; such beauty and such wickedness can drive a good man to anything. I know, for I went after my wife, the day she left me, and I found her with the other man, and my hands were on her throat, before I thought of little Eric, at home, waiting for me. But I cannot judge another. I might have killed her except for Eric. Who told you this? Eric?"

"No. Not Eric. The police. They found her body."

Papa Raoul got to his feet. "The police? You have been to the police about Eric? Your own husband? You are no better than the rest. A woman who is not loyal to her husband!"

"But I am loyal to him! I love him very much. I came to find him. To tell him. I didn't go to the police. At least not the way you mean. They don't know where I am. No one knows where I am."

Papa Raoul advanced slowly toward her, his eyes burning with rage. Incredibly, even before such a slight figure, Jessamine was suddenly, unreasonably afraid, as she had been afraid yesterday, when she had thought someone was following her. A knife in the hand of an infuriated man, however frail he was ——

She shrank back, but she did not cry out. Papa Raoul stood over her, his hand raised. He said, "Faithless women, all of you! You deserve to die! All of you!"

And then, abruptly, his rage was spent. Tears shook his frail frame. He said brokenly, "Eric! Oh, Eric!"

Jessamine put her own shaking arm around him. She said, "We must find Eric, Papa Raoul. Before the police do. We must."

Papa Raoul shook her arm off. He faced her, the tears still on his cheeks. But his dignity had returned. He said, "I only struck a woman once—when my wife left me. When I found her with the other man, I hit him and then her. Her blood was on my sleeve when I came home. Little Eric saw it, and though he never mentioned it to me, it has been between us all these years, that blood. It was only a little cut and she was not really hurt, but Eric never saw her again, and he could not know that. And I knew murder was in my heart that day. I can understand how it could be in Eric's."

"Papa Raoul, please tell me where Eric is. I must find him."

Papa Raoul buttoned his shabby velvet coat tight to the neck. "I will find him. I will find my son."

"Please let me."

Papa Raoul shook his white head. "No. I think, perhaps, that you are not like the others after all. That it is possible for a good woman to really love a man. That you do love my son. But I cannot trust you. I cannot trust any woman. You will wait here. I will tell Eric where you are. If he wants to see you, he will come."

"But——"

"Wait here." Papa Raoul was gone.

Kendall appeared. "Do you eat cream? Of course it's only canned milk, but we have some. We don't always. Where is Papa Raoul? How can we have the celebration without Papa Raoul? I got out the best blue teacups."

"They're very pretty," said Jessamine unsteadily. "Perhaps we can have the celebration together, just you and I. Until Papa Raoul comes back. He—had to go out suddenly."

This time she did not hear the door behind her open. She only felt the draft, and as much felt as heard the footsteps coming up slowly, soundlessly, behind her. And she saw Kendall's small white face suddenly paralyzed with fear.

Kendall wouldn't look at Eric like that. Kendall loves Eric. Whoever is behind me isn't Eric.

Jessamine could move now, from sheer relief and gladness. She was no longer afraid. Her heart pounded. Her head had stopped aching. She felt suddenly a strength she had never before possessed. She sprang up from her chair just as a silk scarf came through the air, circling her throat. She flung a long arm out, struggling, somehow breaking the circle. The scarf fluttered harmlessly to the floor.

"It does not matter," said Maxann York's voice behind her. "I have Eric's revolver pointed at your back now. I took it from his things when I helped Papa Raoul unpack. Eric bought it when some man threatened Daphne. And I have my gypsy's knife in my belt. I can throw it, remember."

Jessamine turned slowly. She stared at the gun in Maxann's small steady hand. "It was you. It was you who killed Daphne!"

Maxann York tossed back her red hair. She smiled, showing her very white teeth. She backed a little away from Jessamine, keeping the gun aimed directly at her. "If that rattle-brained sister of yours had listened to what I said to her yesterday, she would have known it. I am a gypsy princess. A gypsy of my tribe loves only one man all her life. For him she steals, she lies, she kills. But she does not let another woman get him!"

Jessamine said dazedly, "Eric. You love Eric. But what kind of a love is it that ——"

Maxann York was not smiling now. "A wonderful love. What do you American women know of love? You put husbands on and off like gloves. Three divorces. And how many affairs? A gypsy woman is constant. For her, there is nothing in life but the man she chooses."

"And if he doesn't choose her?"

"He would have chosen me," snapped Maxann, "if Daphne had not come. She did not want him, not as a man—only the dance engagements. He did not want her, really, except perhaps a little at the very first. But he had asked her to marry him, once in the beginning, and she told me the day of the picnic she had decided she would, after all. She was not getting any younger, Daphne, and she wanted the alimony and support payments. And Eric loved the child she had had with the Army sergeant who was killed. Daphne taunted me with it; that she did not want Eric, but could have him, and was going to take him, while I wanted him and could not have him. He was not in love with her, but he would have felt he must keep his word."

"And so you killed her."

"Yes. And I would have had him then except for your big house and all your money and your yellow convertibles. He had never seen such things before and he did not know they were not important. But he will understand when you are gone. When he loves me, then he will really learn what life is."

Jessamine shivered. "You pushed the stone cornice on to my car yesterday!"

Maxann shrugged. She held the gun steadily in one hand, the other on her hip. "The stone was very loose. It was not so much work. That way it would have been so simple. This way Eric will have to think it is the old man again."

"Eric thought it was Papa Raoul who killed Daphne!"

"Eric didn't really know she was dead. But he thought she was, and that his father had killed her, because he always thought Papa Raoul had killed his mother. All his life Eric has thought Papa Raoul killed his mother. He heard him threaten to, he saw the blood on his sleeve the day she disappeared."

"Papa Raoul didn't kill her! He only hit her. And the other man."

Maxann said, "But Eric doesn't know that. His father would never let him mention her name. Eric only knows Daphne was probably killed that day, and since he did not do it, his father, who hated her, must have. It does not take much strength to throw a knife. As you may find out."

"You'll never get away with this," said Jessamine. "Not possibly. You've kept Eric silent and hiding because he thought he must shield his father. Papa Raoul hid and kept silent because he thought he must shield (*Continued on Page 109*)

"Well, I can sit here all day arguing about it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Better buy by BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHANCES ARE YOU OPENED A SIMPSON DOOR TODAY

If you're like most people, you open and close doors somewhere between 50 and 100 times a day. Add to this the fact that more than 50 million doors have come out of Simpson plants—and it's easy to see why the chances are very good you opened a Simpson door today.

Simpson produces—and sells—more than a million and a half doors every year. These doors sell so well because there is no finer door made. So when you buy or build your new home—or remodel your present one—be sure it is fitted with Simpson guaranteed doors.

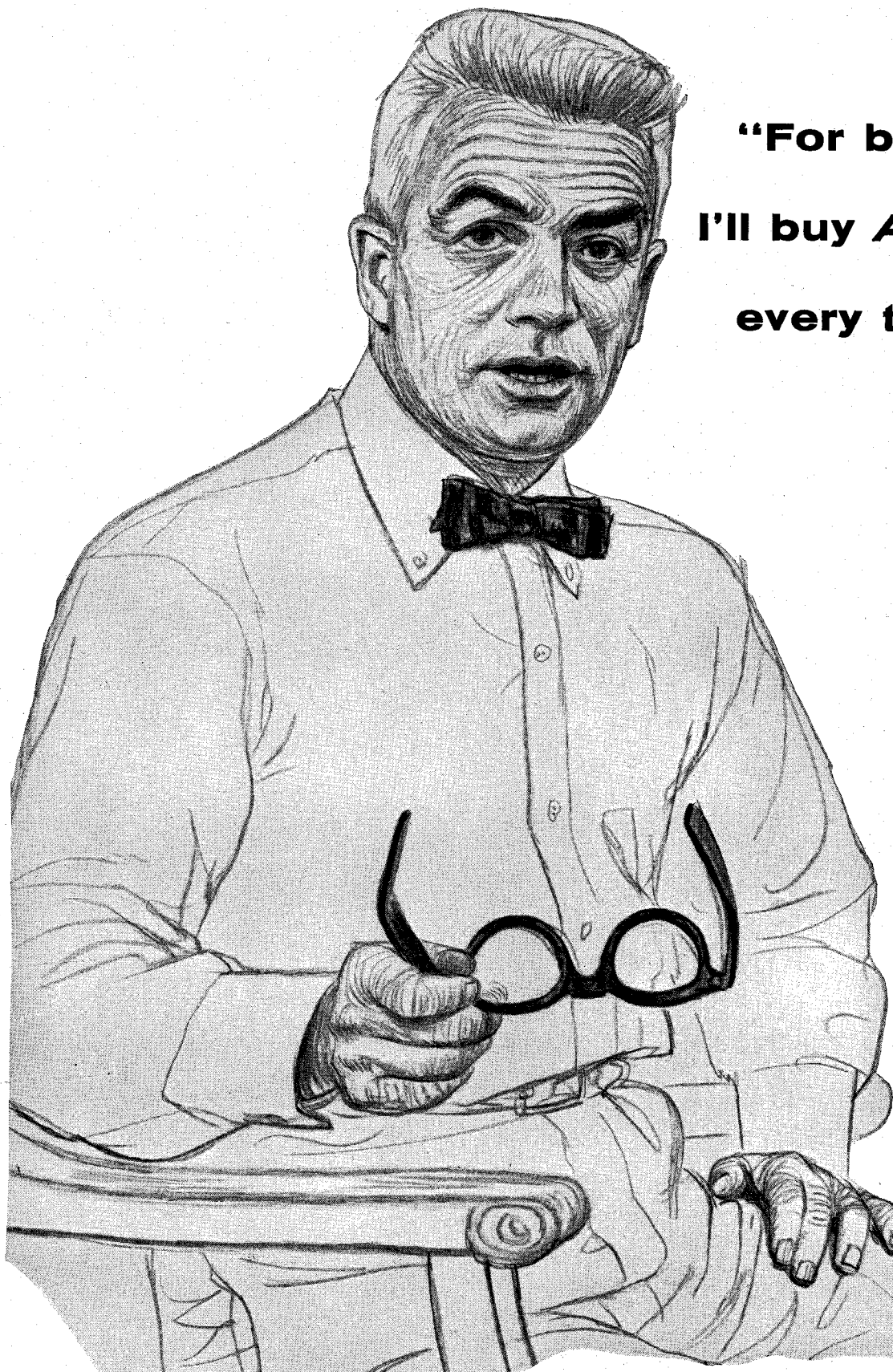
Simpson, Room 1020, White Building, Seattle 1, Wash.

RELY ON Simpson®

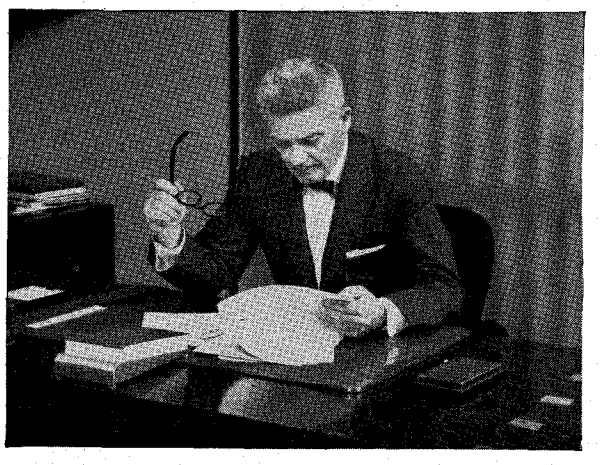
The Finest in Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock and Redwood Lumber; Acoustical, Insulating and Hardboard Products, Paper, Plywoods and Doors.

ST-83

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"For business and home . . . I'll buy Ætna planned protection every time!"



"FOR MY BUSINESS, my Ætna Casualty agent — working from an analysis of the actual risks involved — developed a program that's both sound and economical."

"MY HOME AND FAMILY, TOO, are well protected by a program that is tailor-made to our individual needs. It gives me maximum protection at minimum cost."

Get the policy with the **P.S.*** *Personal Service

Thousands of leading businessmen find Ætna *planned* protection the soundest approach to *all* their insurance needs — personal as well as business. In each case, their Ætna Casualty agent carefully analyzes all the risks involved before recommending a program. By plugging loopholes and eliminating unnecessary or overlapping coverages, maximum protection is assured at minimum cost consistent with safety. Furthermore, each program is reviewed periodically and kept constantly up-to-date. Ask *your* Ætna Casualty agent today about this modern, professional concept of insurance buying — Ætna *Planned* Protection with the "Policies with the P.S. — Personal Service."

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY

Affiliated with Ætna Life Insurance Company • Standard Fire Insurance Company • Hartford 15, Conn.

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST"

Get planned protection with P.S. for all your insurance needs. Sold only through independent agents and brokers.

Better buy by Brand Names — BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 106*) Eric. But neither of them will ever believe the other killed me!"

"They will believe it or that you killed yourself. Who else would have any reason to kill you? A gypsy can be very patient. I have never told Eric of my love. I have never told anybody but you, and you do not matter now. I want you to see that all your fine airs and your college degrees cannot help you against me. Eric will always be mine now!"

Beside Jessamine, Kendall whimpered suddenly. Jessamine said, "Surely you wouldn't! Not the child!"

Kendall said, "I never told anyone I saw you with the knife that day! Honestly, Maxann!"

"Blond brat," said Maxann, between her teeth. "If it hadn't been for you, Eric would have left Daphne as a dance partner long before. He would have come to me."

Jessamine said, "You can't. A child! No one would ever believe Eric or Papa Raoul would hurt a child."

"I'm thinking about that. Why else do you think I am standing here talking to you?"

Jessamine shielded the trembling Kendall with her body. "To show me how clever you are."

"What do I care if you know how clever I am? You do not matter. I know I am clever. I am thinking. The child is more difficult. The knife I prefer; it is a gypsy's true weapon. But if I throw it, one of you might escape, and if I don't throw it, one of you might still escape, and the struggle would be messy and dangerous. I have the gun, of course. I was in the underground. I am an excellent shot."

"Someone would hear."

"On this noisy street? I think not. I have only to wait for a street car to pass, or a truck, or to turn the radio up loud. If anyone heard, they would think it a television Western. But I would have to leave the gun here, so that it would appear that you have killed yourself and the child in a fit of jealousy. And perhaps the stupid police might not believe this, and perhaps the gun could be traced to Eric. I do not think it could, but perhaps. I do not wish Eric in jail. I must think. There is no hurry. While I think we will have some of the coffee, and Kendall some hot milk. Heat it for her now."

Kendall, behind Jessamine, said in a tiny voice, "I'm afraid."

So am I, Kendall. But if I scream, we'll both be dead in seconds. Maxann isn't delaying to think about anything. Delay is too dangerous for her. She's made up her mind how to kill us. Somehow it involves the coffee and the milk. But how? Perhaps she just wants me to turn my back to her to get the milk. But what difference would that make? She could shoot us just as well right this minute.

Jessamine kept Kendall behind her, away from the gun. She watched Maxann steadily. She thought. *If she makes a move to shoot, I'll scream. Someone might be passing in the hall, might hear me, even on this noisy street. It can't save me, but it might save Kendall. It's our only chance. That and to stall for time. Time for what? No one will come. Maxann knows she's perfectly safe. Papa Raoul went to find Eric, to tell him to hide. Papa Raoul thinks he is shielding Eric. Eric thinks by hiding he is shielding his father. Neither of them will think of my being in danger. Eric will hear I went to the police. He won't come back here. No one will come. And yet there is always the chance. A newsboy, a neighbor, someone. Why does she want the milk heated? Never mind. Humor her; hope that the time* ——

Suddenly Jessamine knew why Maxann wanted the warm milk and coffee. Because they would dissolve a poison. Maxann meant to poison them. Some obscure gypsy poison, which a modern chemist might not test for.

We won't drink it. She can't make us. She may kill us, but she won't make us kill ourselves. The gun would be better than that —— Not let her know I know what she is planning. Anything that gives us a little more time gives us a little more chance.

Jessamine forced her voice to a steadiness she was far from feeling, "I will heat the milk, Kendall." She moved back, keeping Kendall behind her. She risked a small reassuring pat, keeping her eyes on Maxann.

Jessamine would have to look at the refrigerator to open it. The gas burner to light it. And when her eyes were turned away, even for a second, Maxann could shoot without fear of her screaming.

Jessamine felt close to a pang of pity for the unknown Daphne. She was not envious now of the slim blond grace, the lovely gown, the way Eric had looked at her. Daphne, who might perhaps have had Eric and a happy life, but had instead squandered them and her lovable child. Daphne, who had died with a knife in her throat. *As I may die any minute.*

"Hurry up," said Maxann York. "It won't do you any good to stall. I sent Eric on a business errand across the city. And I sent Papa Raoul after him. Nobody else knows you are here. No one could possibly know." Maxann smiled.

Willi plunged from her cab, thrusting a bill at the gaping cabby and pounded up the stairs toward the dance studio, her corn-silk hair flying, her blue negligee escaping beneath the tweed coat. Halfway up she ran headlong into Eric, who caught her to keep her from falling.

"Willi!" he said. "You can't run around the streets dressed like that!"

Willi was gasping for breath. "Jessamine's being murdered!"

Eric's face whitened. He shook her hard. "What do you mean?"

"D-Daphne," said Willi. "Somebody killed somebody named Daphne. They found her body. The police. They just came to the house. And that d-damned policeman said somebody tried to kill Jessamine yesterday and is t-trying again right now!"

"Not Jessamine!" said Eric. "Not Jessamine!"

He thrust Willi from him and was down the stairs, running. With a wail, Willi took off after him. "Wait for me!"

Eric did not pause.

Willi said, "There's that policeman, Lieutenant Hilary, coming up the steps!"

Eric said, "We can't stop to talk now. Come on."

He pulled her through a door, down some dark cellar steps. She stumbled. He swore at her impatiently. Finally he picked her up and threw her over his big shoulder, like a sack of potatoes. He ran as if possessed. Willi saw a cellar door. Then it was past. They were in an alley. Eric was still running. Behind them, they heard a police whistle, sharp and commanding. Eric did not hesitate. They rounded a corner. They were on some stairs.

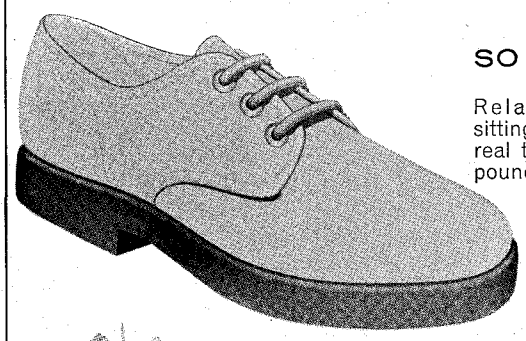
About the time a man feels that he is captain of his soul, his wife pulls rank on him.

NOEL WICAL

MEN...here's the doggonedest most comfortable shoes you ever wore

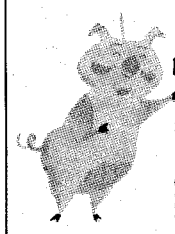
BALLOON CUSHION SOLE

Pigskin Hush Puppies by WOLVERINE



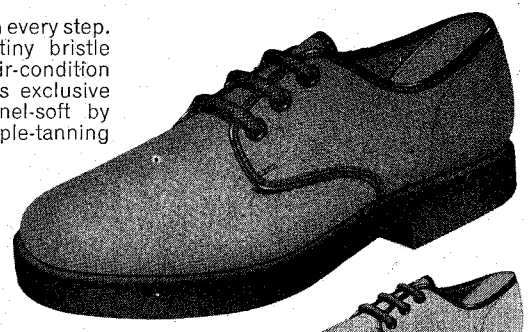
SO LIGHT

Relaxing as a houn' dog sitting in the sun. Soft, with real toe-wiggling comfort. A pound a pair lighter.



REAL PIGSKIN

A breath of fresh air in every step. With thousands of tiny bristle pores that naturally air-condition every step. Enjoy this exclusive leather, tanned flannel-soft by Wolverine's secret triple-tanning process.



TOUGH

Rough 'em—Scuff 'em—you can't hurt them. Clean them with a steel wire brush, soft eraser, sand paper or soap and water. They'll take it and come up smiling.

11 Style-right colors

INEXPENSIVE

Modern styling, new men's colors, genuine plush pigskin, comfort and lightness, all are yours for only about $8.95

Write for dealer's name

For dress, service and casual wear

WOLVERINE
SHOE AND TANNING CORPORATION
DEPT. A, ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN
Master tanners of unusual leathers

IN CANADA: CANADA WEST SHOE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., WINNIPEG

Better buy by Brand Names — BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISSOURI

A state-wide pleasure land...

History, scenery, fishing . . . Missouri has everything! Why drive hundreds of miles to America's far corners? This year, make it a "Show Me Vacation" . . . you'll see more, stay longer and spend less.

Water sports? The finest! Missouri's big lakes are filled with fish and fun. Rivers are many and varied, including 25 where you can enjoy a famous Missouri specialty —*float fishing.*

Good food? Enjoy juicy thick steaks, southern fried chicken and country ham with red eye gravy!

Scenic highways take you to the picturesque Ozarks, to springs that gush torrents a day—to old pioneer outposts, Civil War battlefields—to stamping grounds of Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Mark Twain.

Mail Coupon ***And for a change of pace,*** there's big-league baseball at St. Louis and Kansas City.

Missouri Division of Resources and Development, Dept. D847, Jefferson City, Mo.

Please send literature as checked below.

( ) "FUN IN MISSOURI"—colorful scenic folder, points of interest guide map and principal highways how to get there.

( ) "FLOATING AND FISHING"—Missouri's famous float trips and operators.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

YOUR CAR

"Uses Up" **WHEEL BALANCE** as FAST as Oil Filter Cartridges!

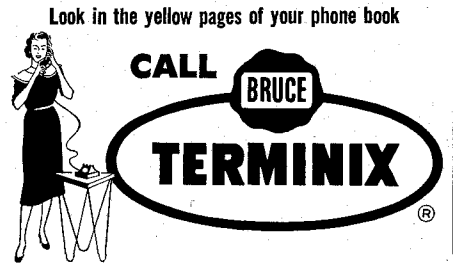
Your engine wears fast without proper lubrication...and so does your steering without correct wheel balancing! Prevent costly steering and tire wear. Have wheels checked with accurate BEAR equipment every time you change oil filters. It costs no more at the shop with

BEAR® SERVICE at the "Happy Bear" Sign!

BEAR MFG. CO., ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

TERMITES SWARMING

Look in the yellow pages of your phone book



CALL BRUCE TERMINIX®

World's largest termite control service

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES

BRAND NAMES WEEK

Eric stopped abruptly. "We must be quiet now. Very quiet. If he hears us —— Stop panting!" He moved soundlessly up the stairs. His hand was on the knob, turning it quietly. He whispered, "It's locked."

They heard Maxann's voice saying, "Don't try any quick moves. I have the gun and, if I have to, I will shoot. Remember that. But first we will have this one drink all together, the coffee and the milk. And then you and the child will die. As Daphne died with my knife in her throat."

Eric's face was white. He whispered hoarsely, "It isn't Papa Raoul. It's Maxann."

"Of course," Willi whispered back. "I knew that all the time. Who else would want to kill Jessamine?"

There was a sob mixed with a laugh in Eric's throat. "Willi," he said, "next to Jessamine, in all the world, I love you."

"Get Jessamine out of there!" urged Willi. "Break down the door!"

He shook his head. "Maxann said she had a gun. She would have nothing to lose, and she would never leave Jessamine alive. If I had a little time, I could work my way around the building on the ledge, perhaps get in through the window behind her."

"Get going," said Willi.

"It will take several minutes. There may not be time."

"I'll take care of the time," said Willi. "Get going. And don't fall off!"

Eric swung himself from the fire escape to the narrow brick ledge. Carefully he began to edge his way around the building. One window. Two.

Below him, a policeman aimed his revolver carefully. "There he is. Must have gone loco. That ledge doesn't go any place but around. Does he think he can get away?"

Lieutenant Hilary said sharply, "Don't shoot yet, Riley. I want him alive. I want to talk to him."

"But he may ——"

"He's going to fall!"

Eric's big body teetered, wavered. His cold fingers gripped the icy bricks, clawing desperately. They slid toward the edge, slowly, slowly. He seemed to waver in space. Then, somehow, he had a grip again. He clung for a minute, as if dizzy, not looking down.

"Wait before you fire, Riley," said ugly Lieutenant Hilary. "He can't kill anyone out there except himself. But if he takes out a gun or a knife or tries to get away, then shoot him."

"Where are you going, sir?"

"To find that fluffy blond sister," said Lieutenant Hilary.

As Eric swung from the fire escape to the ledge, Willi knocked on the door. "Papa Raoul!" she shouted. "Papa Raoul! It's Willi! I know you're in there! I'm not going away until you let me in! I'm going to stand right here and bang and bang! In my negligee, Papa Raoul! What will the neighbors think?"

Inside, Maxann York said bitterly, "That blond idiot. What is she doing here? How did she find this place? She'll bring the whole building, pounding like that. Tell her to go away, Kendall. Tell her you have the measles."

Kendall's small voice shook. "I c-can't!"

"Tell her!"

Kendall said, "I—I have the measles!"

Willi went on pounding. Maxann said to Jessamine, "Don't move. This distance is not sufficient to interfere with my excellent aim. I shall stand behind the door and open it ——"

Maxann backed across the small room, the gun very steady in her hand. She flung the door open, keeping the gun pointed at Jessamine. Willi came in.

Jessamine cried, "Run, Willi! Now!"

But Willi, every inch an Abbot, kept coming. Maxann slammed and locked the door behind her. Maxann said to Jessamine, "If she had run, you would have been dead!"

Willi said calmly to Maxann, "Must you wear that shade of orange? Really. With your hair!"

"Shut up," said Maxann, poking the gun at Willi. "Get over there by them. If you don't ——"

Willi moved past Maxann York without change of expression. She said, "And that perfume. Well, honestly, even for a gypsy! You can't kill us all, you know."

"Willi, she can. She will. Why didn't you run when there was time?" asked Jessamine.

Willi said tranquilly, "I always did love guns. I'm nostalgic, I guess. Remember my first husband? Perhaps Maxann is as bad a shot as I was."

"You will find out!" Maxann was furious. "Now. All three of you. The milk is hot enough now. Fill a cup with it, and two cups with coffee. Put them on the table."

"Who, me?" said Willi. "But how perfectly charming of you. Murder gypsy style, no doubt. The condemned is given a final bracing drink. Usually, of course, I never have coffee before my shower. But I came off somewhat hastily. Perhaps I should make an exception this once. Do you always murder people in the middle of the night?"

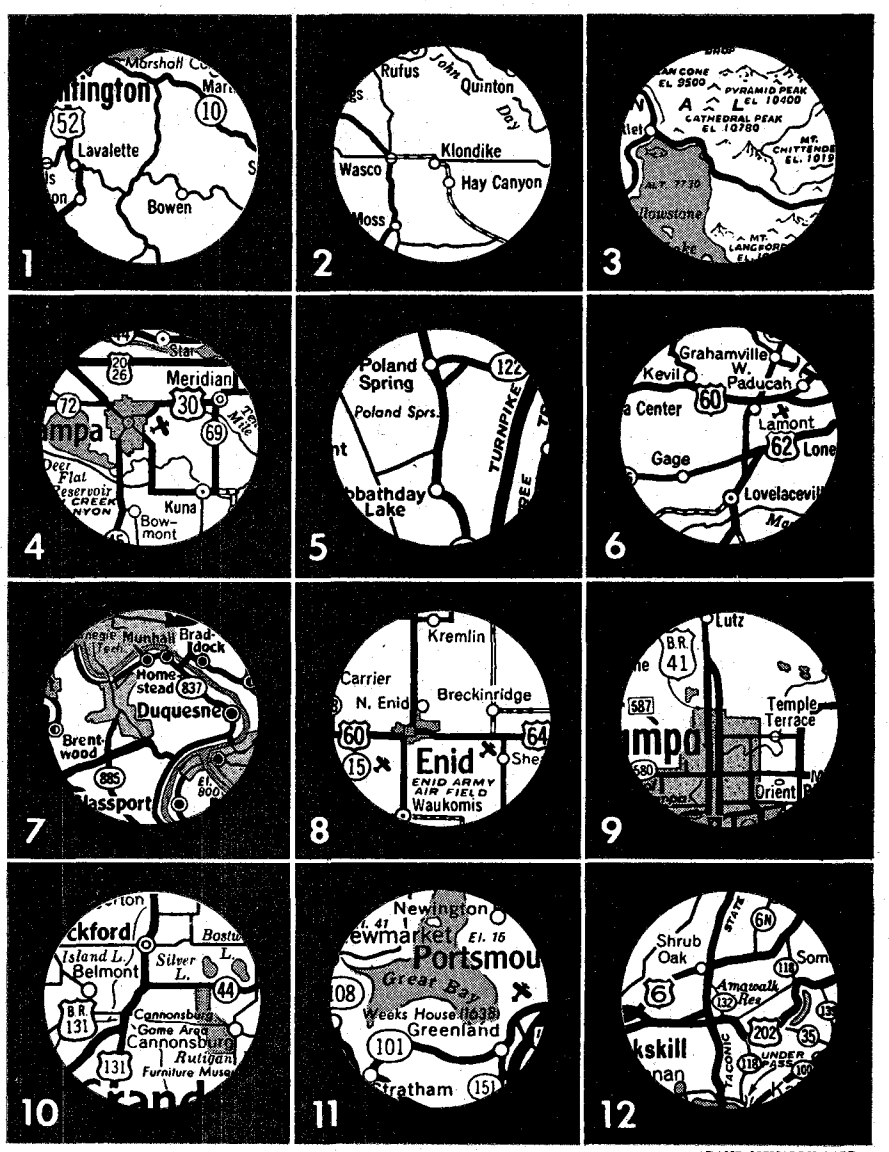
"You," said Maxann to Jessamine, "Fill the cups!"

Jessamine took the cups down slowly. She thought, *If Maxann is a good shot, and she probably is, she could shoot the three of us, huddled in a corner this way, before any of us could reach her. Only two of us count as opposition, really; it wouldn't help if Kendall did reach her. But we can't drink the poison. Never. And Willi doesn't know about it.*

Willi inclined one beautiful eyelid in a broad wink.

She knows, Jessamine thought incredulously. *She knows about the poison. Just as she knew about the gun before she came in the door. Yet she came. And she's stalling. For what? Even if someone broke the door in now, Maxann would still kill all of us, in seconds. She's already killed Daphne, so she has nothing to lose. We're utterly helpless. But Willi is stalling for some purpose.*

Jessamine's hand shook as she poured the milk. Maxann York smiled and her hand moved across the cup. Jessamine did not see her drop anything into it, but she was sure she had. Willi winked again—the other eye. Jessamine took the coffeepot. This was her last chance. A slim one, but (*Continued on Page 112*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

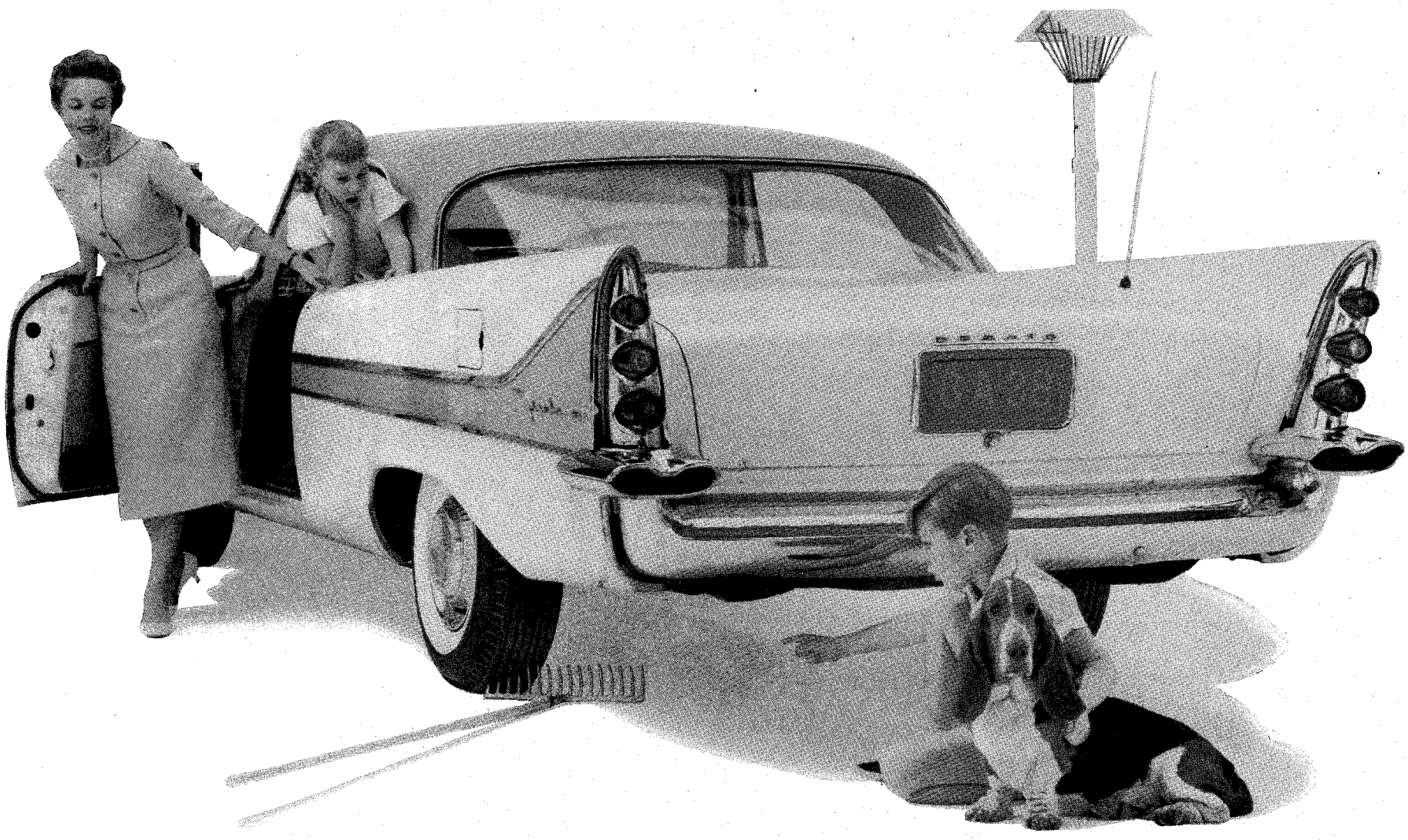
Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

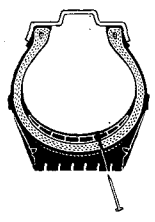
(*Answers on Page 112*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

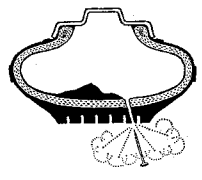


"No harm done, Children...
It's a Seiberling Sealed-Aire tire"

***BULKHEADS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE**



Seiberling's exclusive bulkheads keep the sealant in position, giving you *lifetime* puncture protection and tire balance.



In other puncture-sealing tires, the sealant can slide and lump-up. You lose puncture protection *and* tire balance when this happens.

Seiberling Sealed-Aire tires do not go flat when punctured — and all you need to do for *permanent* repair is to pull out the puncturing objects. That's because they are built with Seiberling's great new *exclusive* tire development: bulkhead construction*. So pull out the rake, Junior, and Mother can be on her way . . . safe from dangerous punctures.

When you buy Seiberling tires in *any* price range, you can be sure they are honorably built, honestly priced, and exactly as represented by Seiberling's conscientious dealer organization.

SEIBERLING

Sealed-Aire Nylon Tire

Made by the makers of America's Finest Tires in every price range
Seiberling Rubber Company • Akron, Ohio • Toronto, Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 110*) the only one she could think of. She threw the coffeepot at Maxann's head.

Maxann leaped aside with her dancer's skill. The coffee splashed harmlessly on the wall just beside her.

Maxann steadied the gun again. "Awkward, as always," she said to Jessamine. "For that, you will drink the milk first. Now. No tricks or the child ——"

Jessamine lifted the cup to her lips. She would not drink it, but even a few seconds more might help. She looked at Kendall, at Willi. She tilted the cup.

Behind Maxann there was a crash of glass, followed in a split second by a shot from the police on the sidewalk below. Eric came through the window, jumping feet first. Willi dropped behind the counter, dragging Kendall and Jessamine. Maxann, startled, looked over her shoulder, then fired, an instant too late, at the spot where Jessamine had been. Eric struggled to subdue the struggling Maxann.

"It's about time," said Willi crossly, upon emerging. "Where were you anyway, Eric? . . . Did you have to throw all the coffee away, Jessamine?"

The door was burst open. The room was full of police. Jessamine, weak now and with her head pounding, lay on the sofa as explanations were made and a uniformed policeman took the wildly infuriated Maxann away. Ugly blond Lieutenant Hilary stood beside Jessamine, looking down at her.

He said in his soft voice, "Eric Barthelmieu is a very lucky man. If it hadn't been for your faith in him, if I hadn't remembered you were willing to stake your life on it, I would have picked him off that ledge so fast from the street below. But I gave him the chance by waiting to see what he was up to. I told Riley to shoot him only if he tried to get away. At that, if Riley hadn't been such a lousy shot that he missed him when he went through that window ——"

Willi tucked her arm through Lieutenant Hilary's. She smiled up at him. "I'm her sister, you know. I might grow on you. I feel the need of a police escort home."

"You should," said Lieutenant Hilary, and, unexpectedly, he grinned. "I don't know how I'm going to explain your being in the squad car to the commissioner."

"We'll take Kendall," said Willi, "for a chaperon."

Lieutenant Hilary said glumly, "I still might have to marry you."

They were gone, and Eric knelt beside Jessamine. He put a hand on hers and she was in his arms. He said, "Jessamine, I thought if anything had happened to Daphne, my father had done it. I could not go to the police. I tried, but I could not. But if I had dreamed you would be in danger ——"

"Oh, Eric!" she said. "Oh, Eric, I love you so!"

He held her very tightly. "A love like ours, a trust like ours, even murder could not stop."

A love like ours, a trust like ours. Jessamine shivered a little. "Eric, I must tell you ——"

Eric looked at her, and his dark blue eyes were shining now. For the first time since she had known him, his eyes were not sad. The ghost of Daphne was no longer between them.

He kissed her hair tenderly. "Tell me what?"

And Jessamine knew she could never tell him; that for all the years of their life together, this must remain her secret. For she could not, to ease her conscience, risk bringing the sadness back to Eric's eyes. Every person must have his secrets, even from those they love, if those secrets would bring the loved ones unhappiness.

She said, "I've been thinking, Eric. About your ranch. We could have Kendall and Papa Raoul there with us."

"You understand that it would have to be my ranch, earned by my work, not the Abbot money? It will be hard at first—very hard."

"I understand."

Eric said seriously, "Perhaps we had better get it in Nevada. Reno is so convenient for poor Willi."

And Jessamine thought, *Yes. Poor Willi. She has no Eric to love and be loved by, to bear his children and work with him and grow old together, always loving each other.*

"Jessamine," said Eric, "you are so beautiful."

And Jessamine, her suit skirt torn, her face smudged with coffee and tears, knew that for the first time in her life she was.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 110)

1. W. Va.	2. Ore.	3. Wyo
4. Idaho	5. Me.	6. Ky.
7. Pa.	8. Okla.	9. Fla.
10. Mich.	11. N.H.	12. N.Y.

He'll say "bravissima" (or maybe just "wow!") when you serve him this delectably garnished stew. So why not do it? Soon!

Beef Stew Marengo!..*Italian look for*

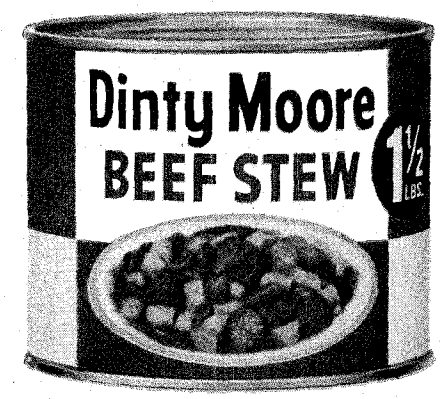
Dinty Moore Beef Stew

Like to give foods a festive look . . . and taste? Then do this:

HEAT... to bubbling fragrance Dinty Moore Beef Stew (lean beef, tender vegetables . . . in rich gravy. A full pound-and-a-half!)

SERVE... with garnish of peeled tomato quarters and sliced ripe olives that have been marinated in Italian dressing.

Good accompaniments: crusty bread, antipasto salad (mushrooms, pickled beets, hard-cooked egg, onions . . . on bed of greens). Just be sure the stew you start with is Dinty Moore . . . America's favorite kind!



HORMEL

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Visit With Stan Musial

(Continued from Page 33)

going to swing at a ball that I didn't have a reason for swinging at. If you swing at a ball twenty or thirty times a year for no reason at all—just to be swinging at it—it makes quite a difference in the averages."

Now we were getting near the heart of an important matter—the specifics of how Stan operates up there at the plate. I said, "By concentrating, do you mean that you just wrap yourself up completely in what the pitcher's going to throw, so that you aren't thinking of another single thing?"

"That's it exactly," Musial declared. "You can't be thinking about anything else but the ball, the pitcher, what he might throw, how hard he's going to throw it. All those things go into concentration—not swinging at bad balls, and taking even a good pitch if you don't think you have it timed just right."

Already I was beginning to visualize as never before why Musial is such a holy terror to the pitchers. Stan not only has exceptional co-ordination and reflexes—he also knows exactly what to do with them. I wanted him to spell things out further. I told him, "I've seen you quoted as saying that when the ball is halfway to the plate you can tell what kind of pitch it is—whether it's a curve or a slider or a knuckler or a fast ball or what have you."

"That's right. That comes in with concentration. My method of hitting is, I watch the speed of the ball. I'm always set for a fast ball. You never want to be looking for anything else against a fellow that can throw a fast ball by you. Now, when I'm concentrating up there, I know that pitcher's best fast ball. When he lets the ball go, if that ball jumps out in front of me there about thirty, forty feet"—the pitching distance is sixty feet, six inches—"I know it's got to be a fast ball. I know the pitcher. If he lets that ball go and it doesn't come up that quick, then it's going to be a change or a curve."

"So you go by the speed of the ball primarily?"

"Yes. I never watch the spin of the ball. I never watch—some fellows say they can see the threads on the ball. I can't. I watch the ball in its entirety, and what it's doing, and how fast it's reacting to me. And then I try to adjust from there."

I asked Stan how he went about adjusting to a pitch in such a brief interval of time.

He said, "The main thing is that the bat is always back. You never commit yourself—you never commit your bat. By that I mean you should never let your bat go out until you know whether it's a fast ball or a curve or a change. Your bat should be back, so that whatever kind of pitch it turns out to be, you still can hit that ball with power. A lot of hitters commit themselves too soon. They commit their arms, they commit their body, they commit their swing; and if it's not the pitch they're looking for, they don't have any power left."

Musial went on, "I try to center my bat on the ball every time I swing. I want to go into the ball with my body. If that ball is on the outside corner, I'm going into it; and the same way if it's on the inside part of the plate. I adjust my leg, I adjust my arms, to where I'm hitting that ball on the fat of the bat. And hand action is awful important, particularly on a ball that's inside. Most hitters say that the hardest pitches are high inside, and low and away. Well, the reason that high-inside pitch is hard to hit is because you have such a limited area to swing in. You have to use good quick hand action to get the fat of the bat on the ball."

The revelations about hitting still weren't over. I remarked, looking down at some notes I'd made in preparing for my visit with Musial, "In a magazine article under your by-line back in 1952 you said, 'A good fast ball can get you out better than any stuff pitch.' Do you still subscribe to that?"

"Yes. Anybody that has that ball moving, a good fast ball moving—why, it's hard to center that ball. Now, some pitchers have a fast ball that rises. That's always hard to hit, because by the time you see the ball—by the time your bat gets to it—that ball's doing something in the meantime. The same way with a ball that's sinking.

"All your big, fine, steady pitchers through the years—they all had a good fast ball. Just name any of them—Lefty Grove, Bob Feller, Robin Roberts, Warren Spahn, fellows like John Vander Meer."

I asked Stan to single out some of the best fast-ballers in the business today.

"Well, there's Don Newcombe over there in Brooklyn"—it will be a while before veteran National Leaguers like Musial begin to think of the Dodgers as a Los Angeles team. "John Podres is a good fast-ball pitcher in Brooklyn. The Giants have Johnny Antonelli, relies on a fast ball. Warren Spahn in Milwaukee always relied on a good fast ball and control. Over in Philadelphia—why, Robin Roberts, Jack Sanford.

"Of course, Roberts' fast ball is not as fast as it used to be, but you must remember he's pitched a lot of baseball. It might be something like what I was talking about in hitting. That fellow won twenty games for six years in a row. He might be having a little letdown period, just the same as a hitter does. And I think Roberts will come back."

Musial continued to call the roll of fireballers—Larry Jackson, the McDaniel brothers and Billy Muffett on his own club; Bob Friend of Pittsburgh, and Moe Drabowsky of the Chicago Cubs. In the American League—"I don't get to see too much of them, other than in the All-Star Game and spring exhibitions"—he mentioned Chicago's Billy Pierce and Early Wynn, Cleveland's Herb Score and Detroit's Jim Bunning.

He summed up, "A good pitcher must have a curve ball and a change too. There haven't been too many pitchers that can just stand out there and throw that fast ball by you. They have some other things going for them. But your outstanding pitchers all have that extra-fast ball, or a fast slider. They can make that fast ball do something, and they rely on it as one of their best pitches."

"Is the pitching any better now than it was when you first came up in 1941?" I inquired.

He said that the general level of ability was about the same in pitching—and in all other departments of play—but that styles have changed somewhat. "In the early 'Forties," Stan explained, "a pitcher had a fast ball, a curve and a change. There were a lot of good curve-ball pitchers. But it seemed like in the 'Fifties everybody came up with a slider. And they don't throw as many curves nowadays.

"A slider is a fast curve. It's not a big-breaking ball, like a regular curve, but it's a quicker pitch. It's kind of an optical illusion. A fast ball is straight. A slider comes in there and veers off the fast ball. By the time your bat gets around to hit the ball out in front of the plate, it's coming in there and sliding off. A lot of times the eye can't follow that ball.

"The slider is a good pitch, but it's got to be in a certain area. For a right-hand pitcher throwing to a left-hand hitter like myself, it's got to be in toward the hands. It's no good out where you can get the fat of the bat on the ball. But for a right-hand pitcher with a right-hand hitter, the good slider is sliding away from the hitter. A ball that's moving away is always harder to hit."

Have there been any other significant changes in tactics during Stan's years in the big leagues?

"It's more of a power-and-scoring game today," said Musial. "In the early 'Forties it was a pitcher's game. There was more bunting and running, whereas today they play more for home runs. The fences have been shortened, and I think the ball might be a little livelier now. Today they'll play for the big inning, and almost everybody's swinging from the end of the bat."

"On this business of hitting home runs," I observed, "you've said on occasions in the past that you make out better when you don't deliberately try for home runs. Is that still your viewpoint?"

"Oh, yes. I've hit home runs when I wanted to hit them, at times—when we had a tie ball game, or something like

NEXT WEEK

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

AN EVOLUTIONIST LOOKS AT MODERN MAN

By LOREN EISELEY

First of an Absorbing Series by Great Creative Thinkers

I CALL ON BOB HOPE

How the Comedian Stays on Top

Washington's School for Young Soviets

Communist Children at Home in the U.S.

YOUNG PEOPLE IN LOVE

From a Marriage Counselor's Cases

IN COLOR:

AMERICA'S FIRST "BOOM" TOWN

Restoration Along the Brandywine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that. But the percentage is so small when you try to do that. You become overanxious. You swing at anything. And you overstride, and when you overstride you lose your power. Generally you swing so hard that you take your eyes off the ball, move your head—your timing becomes off. Most ballplayers will tell you that when you just try to meet the ball and hit it hard—why, that's how most home runs come. I'm in the same category."

My next question was, "They say of Ted Williams that he never knowingly swings at a pitch that's the least bit outside the strike zone. Is that true of you too?"

"No," Musial said. "My type of hitting is according to what park I'm playing in. When we played in the Polo Grounds and in Brooklyn, where they had those short fences, if a pitch was two or three inches inside I would take my chance on getting the good wood on that ball and trying to pull it into those seats.

"It all depends on the situation and how well a fellow is hitting. But I'll say this, that consistently a fellow can't hit for a good average if he's swinging at balls. One of the fundamental things about hitting is the strike zone. If you want to succeed in hitting you must hit strikes."

"Have you ever talked to Williams on this subject?" I inquired.

"Well, I've talked to Ted many times about hitting. It's his contention that if you swing at a ball out of the strike zone once or twice, then you'll do it four or five times, and if you do it four or five times, you'll do it 100 times. Those things can mount up. So if you get in the groove of just hitting strikes, and stick to that—why, it's a pretty good rule."

This discussion of good and bad pitches had reminded Musial of something else. "Getting back to my comeback last year," he interjected, "another thing that I think helped me was the addition of Del Ennis to our line-up." Ennis, who was obtained by the Cardinals in a trade with the Philadelphia Phillies, generally followed Musial in the St. Louis batting order during 1957. "With Del's big bat as a threat behind me," Stan continued, "the pitchers were pitching to me more, because they didn't want to walk me too many times with Del coming up. In other years we didn't have that power hitter behind me, and consequently they would work on me and make me go for their ball."

In case there were any other 1957 factors Stan had overlooked, I tried a couple of additional questions. For instance, had manager Fred Hutchinson given him greater freedom at the plate? Stan's answer was that all his managers have done him the favor of leaving him pretty much on his own, seldom ordering him to take a pitch—meaning to let it go by regardless of whether he thought he could hit it.

"But I get my signs and signals like anybody else," he added. "I'm never looking for the base on balls, but if the pitcher wants to walk me, I'll walk. There are times when a walk is better than a base hit, because—well, you're starting something, and the pitcher might think he's getting wild and get a little upset."

I resumed, "Were you doing anything differently last year? Was your stance any different, or the type of bat you were using?"

Again Musial answered in the negative. He said he has never changed his stance—the distinctive Musial crouch. On bats, he switches to slightly lighter models once the St. Louis summer heat sets in. He always starts the season with a thirty-three-ounce bat, cuts down one ounce sometime in July, and then another ounce in August or September.

The length of his bats remains the same throughout the season—thirty-four and a half inches. He testified, "You have a different arc in your swing if you use a thirty-four- or a thirty-five-inch bat. If I grab the wrong bat I can tell right off, because of that difference in the arc of my swing."

The six-foot, trimly proportioned Musial has been not only one of the most skillful players in baseball history but also one of the most durable. Last year he broke the National League record for consecutive games played. His string ended at 895 games on August twenty-second in Philadelphia, when he wrenched some muscles and fractured a bone in his left-shoulder socket while lunging after a wide pitch that he was trying to pull behind the runner on a hit-and-run play. Musial missed twenty games before getting back in the regular line-up to stay.

"Was it much of a blow to have your consecutive-game streak end?" I asked him.

"No, it wasn't, Harry. For some reason I didn't particularly care about that record. It was something that just came about. It wasn't a record that had anything to do with the game, like hitting or fielding or throwing or running.

"Having it end may have been a blessing in disguise. Everybody wanted me to continue it, and naturally I wanted to keep it going in a way, but there were some years—take 'Fifty-six—when I felt like I was getting run down a little by playing all those games. If I could've taken a game off here and there, it probably would've helped me to hit better, and helped the club too. Today if I miss a game now and then—particularly the second games of double-headers in hot weather—I can get out of there free of mind."

"Then you don't expect to play a full 154 games this year?"

"When I start a season," Musial declared, "I try to play every game. I hope I can play all of them. So I don't like to set a figure. I'm sure Hutch and I will work it out. He lets me play when I want to play, and I tell him when I'm not feeling well."

Stan expressed confidence that his shoulder had healed completely over the winter. As for his general condition, Musial has always kept himself in good shape the year round. He reported for training this year only about four pounds over his playing weight, which has very gradually built up from a youthful 175 pounds to around 182 pounds.

"Sometimes a fellow's age is overestimated in athletics," Stan declared. "I'm not saying that just because I'm getting a little older. When I was younger I talked to ballplayers who, at thirty-five, said that they were feeling aches and pains. Well, when I became thirty-five I didn't have any aches and pains. And I still don't today at thirty-seven.

"A lot of it has to do with a fellow's make-up and his build. It seems like tall fellows, and the fellows who weigh over 200, slow down sooner than the fellow who is 175, 180—the fellow who is agile and has no weight problem."

Musial started in the Cardinals' farm system in 1938 at the age of seventeen. He was originally a southpaw pitcher, but after he suffered a left-shoulder separation with Daytona Beach in 1940, they converted him into an outfielder. Stan believes now that this switch would have come about anyway—they had already begun using him in the outfield on days when he wasn't pitching during that 1940 season.

"Were you ever able to throw as hard again as you used to before that 1940 injury?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "and if there's any regret I've ever had about my baseball career, it's that I played without my good arm. Through the years I always had that weakness. Of course, as long as I was hitting well, I never did worry about my arm too much. And early in my career I had a little more speed and a little more zip, where I could charge the ball quicker, and my weakness through that arm injury was not too noticeable. But I'm sure that if I could have thrown a little better, I would've been known as a better outfielder."

Beginning in 1946, Musial periodically was brought in from the outfield to fill the breach for the Cardinals at first base. Since 1955 first base has been his regular berth. Which position does he like better?

Stan responded, "It's a funny thing. When I was put in to play first base on occasions back in 1946, I enjoyed it. Then later, when I felt I *had* to play first base—why, I didn't like it."

He laughed. "The reason I didn't like it was that I was always having to think what to do. Almost invariably a play would wind up at first base, and you always had to be thinking about your moves—coming in on bunts, and taking cutoffs, and backing up guys, and this and that.

"Although a fellow is doing as much in the outfield when he's playing the position right, it seemed to me then that a fellow in the outfield had more freedom of mind and could concentrate more on his hitting.

"But now, as I get older, I like first base more and more. Those moves are getting to be automatic. I can play first base now and hit pretty well too. And I think it's going to prolong my career. For one thing, there's my throwing—you don't have those long throws to make. Another thing, if a fellow doesn't get a ball in the outfield, they'll say, 'Well, he's slowing down a step or two.' Whereas there has never been what you'd call a speedy first baseman. If a ball gets by him, they just figure, 'Well, it's a ball that got by him.'"

The conversation turned to Musial's personal life. Stan is very much the family man. He and his wife, Lillian, have three children—Dick, seventeen; Geraldine, thirteen, and Janet, eight.

Son Dick, a football and track star in prep school, is headed next fall for Notre Dame, where he intends to take a premedical course. "He's played baseball," his father said, "but he was never particularly crazy about it. I think when he was a youngster they always kidded him about his playing compared with my playing, and it took some of the fun out of it for him. He likes baseball, comes out to our games, but he feels like he'd rather be on his own in football and in track."

The Musials have deep roots in St. Louis. Stan reflected, "At times baseball men have said to me, 'If you'd been in New York or out East, with all the big publicity, you'd have made more money and everything.' But I always say I don't see how I could have. I've been with a good organization here in St. Louis, we've generally had winning teams, I've been paid very well"—he reached the $80,000 level back in 1951, and moved into the $100,000 class this year. "My press in St. Louis has been terrific. We just love St. Louis. My wife likes it even better than I do, if possible."

Stan and his wife both come from the Western Pennsylvania industrial town of Donora, about thirty miles from Pittsburgh. Musial's father, a Polish-immigrant millworker, is now dead, but his mother, who is of Czechoslovakian extraction, is still in vigorous health. She lives outside Donora in a new home that Stan bought her, and goes out to see him play whenever the Cardinals visit Pittsburgh.

Musial today has a number of profitable side lines in St. Louis to augment his big baseball salary. His investments include a restaurant bearing his name, which he owns in partnership with Julius (Biggie) Garagnani, and interests in a bank, a bowling alley and assorted real estate.

Stan certainly has come a long way in the years since he left Donora to pitch in Class D ball for sixty-five dollars a month. It's obvious that he is genuinely grateful for the many rewards his baseball ability has brought him. He feels a definite obligation to do his public-relations best for the game—a statement that by no means could be made about every present-day ballplayer. Between making speeches and public appearances and tending to his business interests, Musial has had little time left in recent years for his favorite hobbies—golf, duck and quail shooting, amateur magic.

I said, "On the general subject of spare time, have you ever resented the fact that so much of your time is taken up wherever you go by strangers asking for autographs or wanting to talk to you, and photographers stopping you, and interviewers like myself ——"

Said Musial, "Actually, I've just felt that in a way it was part of my job. Fans want to see you and know about you. I've never felt it was a grind or a bore. It's all helping to promote our game. I mean, you've got to have fans to come out to the ball parks."

What are Musial's plans for the future?

"Well," he said, "financially, everybody tries to have a diversified program of income today, whether it's an individual or a corporation. I've got some diversification in my investments, and I'd like to have more. But mainly it's still baseball that I'm interested in. When I'm finished playing I want to be connected with baseball in some capacity, and I'm sure I will be"—club president Gussie Busch has stated publicly that he wants Stan to stay on in the Cardinals' organization. "Right now, though, I want to concentrate on playing another year or two."

His big immediate objective is to become the eighth man in baseball history to achieve a lifetime total of 3000 hits. The others were Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Hans Wagner, Eddie Collins, Napoleon Lajoie, Paul Waner and Pop Anson. At the start of this season Musial needed only forty-three hits to join this exclusive club.

"I'd really like to get those 3000 hits," he declared. "It takes so many years of hard playing, and so much luck in avoiding serious injuries. When I reached 2000 hits, back in 1952, the 3000 mark looked so far away I could hardly believe I'd last long enough to make it. Now that I'm close I just hope I can get those forty-three hits in a hurry, so I can stop worrying about it."

"Would you get an equal kick this year out of winning your eighth batting title to tie Hans Wagner's National League record?" I inquired.

"I'd like that, naturally, but it wouldn't mean as much to me as the 3000 hits. I've had my share of batting titles. There are so few fellows who've made 3000 hits."

"Who do you think will be some of the chief contenders for the batting title this year?"

Musial began, "Well, Hank Aaron, Willie Mays." He paused. "You know, there haven't been many fellows coming into our league the past few years who can hit for consistently high averages. I thought Richie Ashburn would do it, but he hasn't hit quite as well for average as I expected, although he seldom strikes out, and he meets the ball well. Moon, on our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

club, I thought would be another fellow of that type, but he seems to have those little slumps every year.

"We've had a lot of good power hitters come along in the National League—fellows like Mathews and Snider and Hodges and Kluszewski—but they don't hit for consistently high averages. I thought at one time that Kluszewski might do it. He's had some good years, but he's never won a batting title, and now he has this back trouble."

What about the American League? Are there any hitters over there who fill the bill?

"Ted Williams, of course. And Mickey Mantle. I haven't seen too much of him, but you know he's a fellow who can always hit .325, .350 and maybe more, and hit with power."

Musial broke off. "Another thing about this season, I'd like us to win a pennant for Mr. Busch. I'm not saying this just because he gave me a bigger salary than I was asking for. I knew him for years before he bought the ball club. He's a great sportsman. He comes down to St. Petersburg with us and puts on a uniform and works out. I think it does something for the fellows on our ball club to know that the owner is so interested in their game."

He laughed. "All I want this year is the pennant, and those 3000 hits, and the eighth batting title. That's not asking too much, is it?"

He is Saving a "Dead" City (Continued from Page 31)

But, preposterous as it may seem, when the voters of New Haven went to the polls last November, they re-elected Lee for a third term by a record-breaking plurality of 23,000, and the totals were hardly counted before Democratic leaders in Connecticut were hailing him as the hottest new political figure in New England and urging him—in vain—to be a candidate for the United States Senate in 1958.

Lee has done a great deal more than merely irritate certain citizens of New Haven. Indeed, he has given the whole community a kind of Gargantuan civic "hot foot" that has touched off a burst of activity and enthusiasm such as had not been seen since the Puritans sailed into the harbor in 1637. He has expounded vigorously the idea that America's older cities can and must renew themselves by a co-ordinated rebuilding program designed to assure the economic future of the community as a whole. And he has sold the vast majority of citizens on such a grandiose plan for redevelopment of the dreary, run-down heart of the business area, as well as other blighted sections of the city, that official delegations now come from all parts of the country to find out how New Haven has been able to set the pace in civic redevelopment under the National Housing Act of 1949.

One of the first things the visitors learn is that a determined mayor is a key to urban renewal. The forty-two-year-old Lee is a complex, tightly wound worry wart with an appealing personality—the map of Ireland is written all over his face—and an ability to combine public-relations techniques with the art of political leadership. A poor boy who never got to college, five feet seven inches tall and weighing 140 pounds, Lee has developed into a reasonable facsimile of an Ivy League product. He has closely cropped, light brown hair, an informal manner and an easy way of wearing well-tailored tweed jacket and slacks.

But there is much more than campus sophistication—of which, in fact, he has very little—behind his serious eyes and his pugnaciously firm jaw. His face, which pops out from billboards, newspapers, brochures and television screens with remarkable regularity, reflects a combination of sober determination and youthful eagerness that would do credit to the All-American Boy twenty years later. A man with a sincere desire to serve and impatient to get on with the job, Lee fairly exudes honesty, ambition, aggressive enthusiasm and the kind of self-confidence that his foes are inclined to mistake for egocentricity.

Fortunately, the mayor also knows how to laugh at himself. Not long ago, when he was feeling particularly self-satisfied, he happened to encounter a shopkeeper for whom he had worked briefly as a boy. The man had been away for several years. Lee, with the politician's customary enthusiasm, asked many questions about his travels and his business experiences. Finally his former employer interrupted to inquire solicitously, "And how about you, Dick? What are you doing these days?"

When Lee recovered from the shock to his feelings of importance, he quipped, "I've got a temporary job at City Hall."

The youthful mayor has established himself as a capable administrator, with an ability to appoint able assistants, a knack for getting people to work together and a willingness to accept good ideas no matter where they may have originated. His success, however, springs basically from a remarkable ability to sell—to sell ideas, to sell people on their own ability to implement ideas and to sell himself as the catalyst of community progress.

Most politicians would have shied away from the obvious dangers of a program for tearing down and rebuilding 138 acres in the heart of a city of 165,000—a revolutionary plan for halting the movement of business away from blighted areas toward the suburbs. But Lee, with considerable courage and an excellent sense of timing, made redevelopment of the city's original business center the springboard for his career.

He had the public-relations technique needed to glamorize the normally unexciting problem of city planning. Whenever Lee opened a new school building or even a playground, he described it as a part of the redevelopment program—thus emphasizing to pleased parents the direct benefits they derived from the over-all plan. He had an arrangement with slum-clearance wrecking crews to knock down imposing tenements only when he could be present with distinguished out-of-town visitors and news photographers. He even called meetings of all the city's taxicab drivers, lectured them on the aims of the redevelopment program and appointed them "ambassadors," with the duty of propagandizing visitors on the future glory of New Haven.

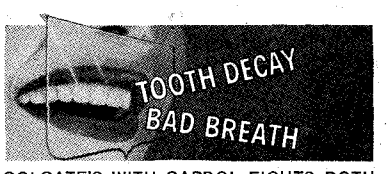
Such activities tend to keep Lee in the publicity spotlight, but they only partially illuminate his complex personality. He has an easy, boyish smile, but his temper flares easily, too, and dies down just as rapidly. He is sensitive to criticism and can develop a slow burn—usually in private—when he believes somebody has done him wrong. But fundamentally he is a practical organization politician who knows the importance of ringing doorbells, attending wakes and shaking as many hands as possible at every opportunity. He enjoys the prestige of office and the long black limousine that goes

FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE'S WHILE YOU STOP BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste!
Because Of All Leading Toothpastes, Only Colgate Dental Cream Contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY—
WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . helps *stop* decay with just one brushing! One Colgate brushing stops mouth odor all day for most people, too!



COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS BOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY

*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S...GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with it. He is pleased that he can address President A. Whitney Griswold, of Yale University, as "Whit," and that he is one of the few non-Yale men who belong to the famous private eating club known as Mory's.

Although the mayor likes to spend his evenings in his modest home with his wife and small daughter, all comfortably ensconced in easy chairs with their feet propped up and their shoes off, he seldom really relaxes. His drinking is limited to a rare half bottle of beer. He chews on the stem of a pipe, but smokes very little. He works long hours, and even when he is on vacation he telephones his office frequently. He has few diversions except the theater and football games, and if the telephone rings with disturbing news during the evening—as it often does—he may stay awake most of the night worrying and planning.

On the other hand, he can make a carefree gesture when necessary. Not long ago, he led two airplane loads of New Havenites to inspect redevelopment projects in Pittsburgh. On the homeward trip, the motor of one plane caught fire and it had to turn back to Pittsburgh. This made passengers on Lee's plane nervous, and the tension increased when fog prevented them from landing on schedule. The plane circled for a couple of hours. When the nerves of some passengers seemed near the cracking point, Lee walked back to a member of the party, Harry Cohen. Everybody was watching.

"I've just made a big decision," he said in a loud voice. "We've got to appoint another assessor in New Haven and at least five guys have been trying to get the job, including Harry Cohen. I am now appointing a new assessor, on the theory that it won't matter anyway if this plane doesn't get down pretty quickly. . . . Harry, hold up your hand and be sworn!"

The tension was broken. By the time the laughter and the shouts of approval had died out, the plane was heading in for a safe landing.

Lee's restless drive, his ambition and his preoccupation with civic betterment stem from his personal experience and the recent history of New Haven. One of the oldest American settlements surrounding a magnificent green, the city was once an important industrial and shipping center as well as the home of Yale University. The decline of its industry and harbor, which began in the nineteenth century, was well along by March 12, 1916, when Dick Lee was born in a second-story flat on Starr Street. It was not a slum, but didn't miss by any wide margin. Dick's father worked in a factory and thirteen dollars a week was his average pay. Dick attended St. Mary's Parochial School and worked at all kinds of odd jobs—errand boy at the rectory, pin boy in a slum-area bowling alley, newspaper delivery boy and attendant at Mass at the county jail. He was so neat and orderly that he probably set some kind of world record as the only boy whose mother, on her own testimony, never had to pick up after him.

When older, Dick worked in grocery stores, where he put into practice his mother's advice that the way to get ahead was to do a little more than was expected of you, and do it with a smile. The customers liked him and a dignified city officeholder once patted him on the head and made the usual windy remark, "My boy, with your industry you'll be mayor someday." Dick took him seriously. In fact, he was and still is inclined to take almost everything seriously.

When Dick was seventeen his father died. His mother worked several days a week in a factory, his sister got a job and, after finishing high school, Dick went to work full time in a grocery store. Eventually, one of his customers, Mrs. E. B. Harvey, arranged for him to talk with the managing editor of the Journal-Courier and, after brazenly claiming he was a good typist, the boy became a sixteen-dollars-a-week reporter.

For the next five years he covered every kind of news beat, got a thorough education in the intricacies of municipal government and became known from the water-front political clubs to the stately halls of Yale as a hurrying little fellow who greeted everybody with the same question: "What's new? What's new?"

In 1939 the Democratic chairwoman of the 17th Ward asked Lee, who was barely old enough to vote, to run for alderman, and he was easily elected. It was an era of social ferment and Lee teamed with another young Democratic alderman, Max Schwartz, to sponsor many New Dealish proposals, most of which were promptly voted down by older members of the board. The young men did attract attention, however, and Lee was appointed a member of the City Planning Commission. At one time he also was the only Democrat among a dozen Republican members of what was euphemistically called a "nonpartisan" Charter Revision Committee. This disparity of numbers merely intensified his aggressiveness, and he later remarked dryly that "all in all, it was an equitable distribution" of strength.

Meanwhile, Lee quit the newspaper, borrowed $200 to take a two-weeks course in community affairs at Northwestern University and became associate secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Among other things, he organized a Junior Chamber of Commerce—of which he later was president—and persuaded Jack W. Schaefer, author and former local newspaperman, to address 400 leading citizens at the charter banquet. The speaker shocked his audience by declaring New Haven had "run out of power" and was stagnating. Most of the enraged listeners forgot these remarks as quickly as possible, but they stuck in Lee's mind and eventually influenced his actions.

Lee's career was interrupted in 1942, when he was inducted into the Army, but he was a total loss to Uncle Sam. He worked hard at being a soldier, but he also came down with measles, had a bout with pneumonia and developed a peptic ulcer. His weight dropped to 106 pounds and the Army discharged him in the spring of 1943 with thanks. When he got home he found his job had simply disappeared. While he was waiting rather petulantly for arrangements to be completed for a different job with the Chamber, he was offered the editorship of the Yale News Digest by Carl Lohmann, secretary of Yale. Lee accepted reluctantly. It turned out to be a long step forward in his career.

Lohmann was a wealthy, cultured and rather remarkable man, a founder of the famous Yale Whiffenpoofs, an expert on art and gardening, a master of heraldry. His social prestige was such that the university was sometimes called the Holy Lohmann Empire. He became Lee's mentor and friend, smoothed his way with the faculty, lunched with him at Mory's, acclimatized him to an Ivy League background and opened his eyes to many new vistas, including a better concept of his home town. For the first time, Lee saw New Haven not just as an industrial town coming apart at the seams, but as a unique part of the national culture.

Lee did a good job for Yale. In 1944 he became director of the Yale News Bureau and built it up from a one-man job to a staff of five reporters and photographers and a dozen undergraduate assistants. He kept the university discreetly but persistently in the news.

In 1947 there was talk of Lee's running for mayor, but the Democratic leaders vetoed the idea, and their candidate lost the election. The next year, Lee married Ellen Griffin, a Massachusetts girl working in the News Bureau, after a courtship so quiet that their colleagues didn't even know they had been going steady. In 1949, Democratic leader John Golden and State Senator James P. Geelan backed Lee and he was nominated for mayor at the age of thirty-three.

This was the start of a political nightmare for Lee. He waged a lively campaign, won the support of thousands of independents, brought out a record-breaking vote of around 70,000 and—due to dissension in his own party—lost by 712 ballots. Two years later, with a campaign chest of about $75,000, he was again the Democratic nominee in a rough, mud-slinging contest that turned the town upside down for weeks. One evening late in the campaign Lee made talks to two groups of voters gathered in rooming houses on Oak Street, the worst slum in town. The appalling conditions inside the houses left him physically ill. He staggered to the curb and vomited. It was an experience he did not forget.

Near the end of the campaign Lee's daughter, Sally, was born. He missed a couple of nights' sleep and his ulcer, later removed by surgery, kicked up. He was ordered to bed for four days, but recovered in time to stage a whirlwind finish in the campaign. He lost the election by the unbelievable margin of two votes.

He took defeat hard, announced he was through with politics, told Yale he was quitting to accept a job in business, changed his mind and decided to stay with the News Bureau. But no more politics! In 1953, 5000 independent voters signed a petition asking him to run again. A few nights later Mrs. Lee was knitting after dinner in the living room and her husband was chewing the stem of his pipe and worrying. He kept talking about the speech in which Jack Schaefer had said New Haven was stagnating, about Lohmann's views of New Haven's historical significance, (*Continued on Page 118*)

TO ALL POST READERS:

The first article in a remarkable new series, which has been in preparation for more than a year, appears in our issue of April 26, 1958.

Watch for

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

. . . in next week's Post

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Why risk the danger of a blowout? Nylon guards against unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden failure. Nylon gives tires lasting protection against the four major causes of blowout: (1) bumps, (2) heat, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. For your safety insist on nylon cord tires when buying new tires or a new car.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

ALL TIRE MAKERS USE NYLON CORD
EXCLUSIVELY IN THEIR BETTER TIRES.
LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.

DUPONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 116*) and most of all about the conditions he had seen in the Oak Street tenements.

Mrs. Lee finally interrupted. "You'll never be satisfied unless you try again," she said. "You'll always wonder. Get it out of your system."

The Democratic Party was far better united in 1953, thanks largely to efforts of Arthur T. Barbieri, who later became Director of Public Works. Lee decided to conduct a high-level campaign calling for a comprehensive program of city planning, an issue that did not excite many voters. He kept hammering at it, but with no particular success until the Republican administration made the tactical error of defending its record of city planning. Lee replied that there had been plenty of planning, but no action. The debate stirred up interest. Many businessmen were becoming concerned about the city's future. Perhaps it was time for a change. Once the ball got rolling, everybody seemed to work up a fever over city planning. Volunteer campaign workers rang doorbells madly and an incredible 86 per cent of the registered voters cast 76,022 ballots on election day. Lee became the forty-fourth mayor of the city by a margin of 3600 votes.

As a skilled public-relations expert, the new mayor made the most of his opportunity. He announced that he intended to be the first "full-time" chief of the city government, and later he appointed two "deputy" mayors—Director of Administration Heman Averill and Development Co-ordinator Edward C. Logue. He also launched an action program that exploded political firecrackers under the citizenry almost every day. Many of his "reforms" had been started or proposed by the previous administration, but Lee vigorously carried them through or expanded them. He hired a traffic expert and firmly backed up his proposals to speed the tangled mass of automobiles in the streets during rush hours. He reorganized everything from the Public Works Department to the bookkeeping system to provide more efficient service with reduced personnel. Modern machinery made possible ten times as much street-repair work as in the past. A central City Hall switchboard saved $43,000 a year. He abolished police substations and installed a modern police and fire-alarm system. A handsome new wing was built on the city's dilapidated home for the aged. Construction of school facilities and playgrounds was speeded up. In all, Lee abolished many jobs and made important economies, but then promptly hired more people and spent more money to improve and expand city services. It was of great political importance, however, that he did not raise the tax rate.

All of these things, and many others, Lee did with maximum publicity. The opening, for example, of a $35,000 animal shelter ordinarily would have attracted no more attention than any other new dog pound. But Lee turned it into an exciting event for the whole city by putting the most appealing of the homeless critters on a regular Sunday television program. As a result, crowds of children and parents flocked to the shelter after each show and more than 1700 dogs have been adopted.

Lee's big job, however, was quite a different matter. He had promised to name a nonpartisan citizens' committee to deal with redevelopment, to study the problem of the city as a whole—everything from slums to an over-all traffic pattern—and to conserve the historic past while building for the general economic future. This did not seem too difficult at first glance.

It was important, for example, that the Chamber of Commerce had been campaigning vigorously for a comprehensive ten-point plan for redevelopment of the New Haven harbor and commercial areas, and had pushed through the first basic water-front improvements. Previous administrations also had worked hard on some phases of the problem and in 1941 the City Planning Commission had hired Maurice E. H. Rotival, then a Yale professor, who drew an excellent over-all design for redevelopment of New Haven. It provided for rebuilding a large blighted section of the central area near the green in order to stop movement of new business away from the heart of the town. It called for wide, sweeping highways on which thousands of cars could move easily into the city by way of the water front and be dispersed in the business district.

On paper it was a wonderful plan. Putting it into practice was exceedingly difficult. The Federal Government, under the National Housing Act, would lend money to buy and clear blighted areas for resale to private investors and would make grants to cover two thirds of the net cost. In addition, and luckily for Lee's plans, the state of Connecticut was building a new turnpike that would provide a handsome water-front gateway to New Haven, very much as Rotival had envisioned. But there remained the huge problems of condemning property, moving hundreds of families and long-established businesses, tearing down blocks of old buildings and finding investors with large resources to do the rebuilding. There was, too, the danger of stepping on the toes of important citizens whose interests would be involved. It all seemed impossible and for months the mayor couldn't even persuade any businessmen to serve on his proposed citizens' committee. Apathy was setting in again. In the early summer of 1954, redevelopment—on which Lee's political future hinged—was running out of steam.

If a man had all his buttons, he'd probably stay a bachelor.

TERRY MC CORMICK

The mayor never quit plugging and finally he got a break. The new state turnpike provided, almost as a gift, the gateway into the business district. But it also promised to dump some 30,000 automobiles a day into the traffic that was choking downtown streets. Rotival had proposed to solve this problem by tearing down the Oak Street slums and building a giant connector highway that would permit a controlled traffic pattern for the whole city—dispersing automobiles to various downtown streets and carrying through traffic swiftly to the outskirts. Lee grabbed at the Oak Street connector as a lever to break the redevelopment log jam. If he could sell the State Highway Commission on building the $15,000,000 connector the way would be opened to push the whole, co-ordinated program of city renewal.

The commission, however, wasn't interested in New Haven's traffic problems. Its engineers also pointed out a major obstacle—the Southern New England Telephone Company had purchased property for a new office building in the path of the proposed connector. Far from discouraged, Lee went to work on the company's officers, sold them on his program and persuaded them to trade their land for another site adjacent to the connector. He had his own engineers prepare detailed surveys showing the merits of the connector. He returned again and again to the highway commission to argue that it was the duty of the state not only to build fast roads but to be concerned with their effect on a city's traffic pattern and on a city's economic future. By October, almost a year after Lee took office, State Highway Commissioner G. Albert Hill, a Republican, announced that the state would build the Oak Street connector.

Although previous administrations had done much to prepare the ground, this key victory was engineered almost singlehandedly by Lee. Meantime, led by officials of the Chamber of Commerce, community support for redevelopment was being organized. Banker Carl Freese agreed to become chairman of a Citizens' Action Commission—he was later succeeded by telephone-company-president Lucius S. Rowe—and some of the most influential leaders in the city were formed into a hard-working executive group. Yale University offered its facilities. Eventually, the CAC was expanded through advisory committees to include some 600 citizens drawn from every section of the community. Most important, Lee named Ed Logue to co-ordinate all phases of redevelopment and gave him power to make decisions and keep things moving.

"We learned—and all cities doing this will learn—that it is essential to have a co-ordinator with power to get things done," said Frank O'Brion, a banker and chairman of the Redevelopment Agency. "You also have to have courage in City Hall."

Once the program got moving it picked up speed under Lee's skillful direction. The official hearings on acquisition of land for the Oak Street project made newspaper headlines. A parade of police, fire and health officers, a judge and other officials fascinated a big audience with their accounts of the evils of the slum—far more arrests, more prostitution, more fires, more murders and more juvenile delinquency existed there than in any other district.

But approval of slum clearance was only a start. Lee squeezed a maximum of propaganda out of each step of his campaign to build up community pride in the over-all program for city renewal. Even the 10,000 rats infesting Oak Street were photographed and publicized when eradication crews routed them out prior to demolition of the tenements. More than 800 families were aided in finding new homes and the nation's first business-relocation office was set up to secure new sites for some 300 stores and small factories. A New York-Boston syndicate paid $1,150,000 for ten acres of former slums and agreed to spend another $8,000,000 to build three apartment houses. Another syndicate contracted to invest $700,000 in a sixteen-store shopping unit with off-street parking. The telephone company announced that its new $10,000,000 building would provide space for 2500 employees and 400 automobiles. By the time the forty-two-acre Oak Street slum had been demolished, the project represented investments estimated at $40,000,000.

Taking advantage of the new spirit and the willingness with which the CAC buckled down to hard work, Lee pushed other phases of the co-ordinated program. In all, four areas were concerned, but it was the second stage, known as the Church Street project, that was most vital. This involved redeveloping a principal street and ninety-six acres stretching from the green to the water front at an estimated cost of $85,000,000. Plans called for the demolition of most of a large blighted area, making Church Street a spacious thoroughfare and modernizing the heart of the city. There would be a sixteen-story hotel, a big retail-shopping area, a restaurant overlooking the green, a new bank, parking on several levels for 3000 automobiles, apartment houses, a new junior high school, a new modern market on the harbor and a nineteen-acre commercial park.

Oak Street was transformed by a Federal loan of $4,114,000, a grant of $2,536,000, state expenditures of over $14,000,000, private investments of around $21,000,000, and city expenditures of only $600,000 in cash and $670,000 in capital improvements. Church Street would cost more—a $25,749,000 Federal loan, a $13,276,000 grant, a $2,000,000 state-built market, around $7,000,000 for city parking facilities, private investments of around $34,000,000, and some $508,000 in cash and $2,905,000 in capital investments by the city. In all, the city was to spend $1,108,000 in cash and $3,575,000 for capital improvements for both projects. It was estimated the annual tax income from the land would rise from $505,000 to $1,480,000. Property values also would go up sharply.

This looked like a bargain for a city supposedly dying on its feet, and the Board of Aldermen enthusiastically approved the Church Street project. It was also approved in Washington, and a New York syndicate informally agreed to invest $34,000,000 in the new hotel and shopping center. Barring catastrophe, New Haven was to be the pace-setter in the gigantic task of renewing America's aging cities.

While almost everybody in New Haven approves of some kind of redevelopment, by no means everybody approves the Lee administration. The New Haven Register has persistently fought him politically and raised many sharp questions about whether the city has bitten off more than it can chew. The Republicans have attacked Lee for reckless spending, raising the city's bonded debt by $7,000,000 to $22,000,000 and "hoodwinking" the public by claiming taxes are no higher despite increases in tax assessments. They also said the mayor was too cocky, that he was dictatorial and secretive and that he grabbed credit for what others had done. "What this city needs," said a Republican campaign placard, "is better government and less hoop-la!"

Lee certainly has spent more money. The budget is up from $16,000,000 to $21,000,000, but revenue also is up and new construction was at a record level of $33,000,000 in 1957. "As for personal attacks on Lee," a Democratic leader remarked, "you only have to remember one thing: after all the cards were on the table he was re-elected in 1957 by 23,000 votes. In this town, that means an awful lot of Republicans voted for him."

The fact that the big Church Street project will be in a critical stage of negotiating private investments for the next few months has greatly complicated Lee's political future. The mayor was very strongly urged to seek the Democratic nomination for United States senator this spring with the backing of political leaders and prominent independents, who were apparently in a position to assure his success. After a long, worrisome debate with his conscience, however, Lee decided to pass up what seemed to be a rosy political opportunity in favor of finishing what he had started in New Haven. He announced that he would not be a candidate for higher office this year.

Lee's future political prospects are impressive, particularly if he can successfully continue the city's redevelopment program. His reputation for achievement has spread far beyond New Haven to all parts of Connecticut and to other states. He is young as politicians go, and he is ambitious. Regardless of how the chips fall, the future promises plenty of excitement both for Lee and for New Haven.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uity of manufacture for close to

LON

IE WORLD'S C

Ten World's Fair Gran

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCU

Official Watch For Timing

THE FIRST WATCH OF A

THE UNMISTAKA

master watchmaker, the perfectio
beyond comprehension. Almost a
one into its evolution; the ge
s, the labors of dedicated craf
fection is in the legion of Lo
ls of world opinion that make L

watches—left to right: Longines Planet A
-Arrow", 14K gold, ultra-thin, $175; L
tic—with official accuracy certificate, 18

ngines-Witt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frame-Up on the Highway

(Continued from Page 26)

Get up there and get to a phone! Tell 'em Dutch Hill Road near Forty-Seventh. And for gosh sakes, hurry!"

The man stared at Jimmy, open-mouthed, then wheeled and scrambled up the bank. He reached the road and began to run. Jimmy turned back to the injured woman. He tried desperately to control his panic, to think clearly. Arterial bleeding—look for that first. There was none. Jimmy tore off his warm-up jacket and covered her. He ripped his white shirt apart, made pads and applied them gently to the woman's face.

Cars passed on the road above, driven by people too preoccupied to read the story the skid marks had to tell. But others stopped. Jimmy was aware of men's voices, excited, questioning. He answered briefly, if at all. He resisted one hand that tried to pull him away from the little he was able to do for the woman. Presently, sirens moaned to a stop on the road above, doors slammed and uniformed men came down the slope. A hand touched Jimmy's bare shoulder.

"We'll take over, son," a quiet voice said. "Stand aside."

The police and the ambulance crew took care of Mrs. Murphy, giving her emergency treatment. They lifted her gently to a stretcher and took her away, bandaged, blanket-wrapped and still unconscious. Jimmy watched it, sitting in the police car, as he'd been told to do. He tried to ignore the curious who peered in at him, he tried not to hear their voices.

"Damn kid! Wouldn't you know?"

"A hot-rodder!"

"Look at that car of his. Flames painted on the fenders! You see a wreck, you see one of those, practically every time! They oughta rule 'em off the road!"

Jimmy held his head in his hands. A hot rod—that was a laugh! Roy Wyatt had painted those fenders when he'd owned the car, trying to make it look sharp. A hot rod! A beat-up, worn-out oil hog was more like it. Fifty miles an hour, down a steep hill with a tail wind, was the best you could get. Buying the car, paying for insurance, feeding it oil—he couldn't afford to repaint the fenders. But if you were seventeen and had a car you were a hot-rodder—a dirty word.

The police cleared the road. There were two of them, sober and frowning. They came back to the car where Jimmy waited. One of them had Jimmy's warm-up jacket in his hand. "You better put this on, son." Jimmy got out of the car, so shaken he could barely stand.

"How is she?" he asked. "Will she be all right?"

The officer with the jacket, Sam Riggio, was a lean-hipped, heavy-shouldered man with a fighter's dark, tough face. Mark Bradford, his partner, was tall and wore glasses. Neither man was a stranger to blood and broken bodies, both knew the damage youngsters can do. Bradford resented teen-age drivers, sometimes to the point of hate, but Bradford had no children of his own. Sam Riggio had a son, fifteen.

Riggio decided that whatever else this skinny, man-tall boy was, he was not a hot-rodder. Where was the long hair, the tight jeans, the boots? This kid was crew-cut; he wore cords. He had a homely-good-looking face, with brown eyes that looked at Sam Riggio, pleading.

"She'll make it," Riggio said gruffly.

Grimly, Bradford said, "How about her face?"

"Hold your lip," Sam Riggio said.

The two officers left Jimmy in the car while they took measurements and made sketches. Then they came back to get Jimmy's statement for their reports.

"We're short the name of the guy in overalls," Riggio said. "That's a must—get the name of anybody who might be a witness."

"How could I?" Jimmy asked. "He never came back!"

"Who needs witnesses?" Bradford asked. "The facts speak for themselves. The kid cut back too fast, jammed her wheel."

Riggio scratched his cheek. "At least he didn't make it a hit-and-run like the guy on Lake Boulevard a little while ago. That one left a woman in tough shape. It's ten to one against her."

"I didn't cut back too fast," Jimmy said.

Bradford made a soft sound of ridicule.

Riggio got out of the car suddenly. "Come on, son," he said. When Jimmy was beside him, he shut the door and spoke through the window to his partner, "I'll ride home with the boy in his jalopy. You follow us. And wait outside, will you?"

"I'll be glad to," Bradford said.

The right rear door of Jimmy's car was smashed, the glass broken, the right rear fender was crumpled against the wheel. Officer Riggio pulled the metal away from the tire and checked the running gear.

"Looks all right," he said. "Let's go."

He got into the front seat on the right side. Jimmy had to get behind the wheel. His hands were shaking, his legs were weak. He didn't want to drive.

"I—I don't know if I can," he said.

Riggio got a cigarette from his blouse pocket and took his time lighting it. "This isn't the end," he said. "You've got a lot of years to go, a lot of cars to drive. The time to try again is now. I think you can do it."

Jimmy's eyes watered and his throat hurt—kindness always did that to him. Then he set his jaws. The man said drive, so he'd drive! He got the car going and felt his confidence return.

"I didn't know there were cops like you."

"Only a million of them," Riggio said.

Jimmy kept his eyes on the road. "A couple of things I didn't tell you," he said. "I went past that accident on Lake Boulevard after it happened. It scared me—y'know, a guy thinks how easy it could happen to him. That's one reason I was being careful. The other reason, I recognized Mrs. Murphy's car before I pulled out to pass it. Her husband is a contractor. My father sells heavy equipment. He sells a lot to Mr. Murphy."

Riggio sighed. "How tough can it get?"

"That's one car I wouldn't want to scratch," Jimmy said. "I gave her plenty of room. You can see why I would."

Riggio shook his head. It was a gentle lie—a gesture that spoke of equal puzzlement, when there was no question in his mind as to the cause of the accident.

"Your father buy this car for you?"

"No," Jimmy said. "Pop told me I could have a car when I could pay for it and the insurance and the gas and oil. I saved my money since I was fourteen. I work at Keefer's Supermarket after school. That's where I was tonight. I just came from there."

Where, Riggio wondered tiredly, was the reward for virtue he'd always been hearing about? The hit-and-run driver who had left the elderly woman broken and bleeding on Lake Boulevard would probably never pay for that piece of dirty work. The chance of finding him was slim. But this lad—he'd stayed at the scene, done all he could, seen the blood and felt the pain—this lad and his family would pay dearly.

Jimmy turned into the driveway of the house where he lived—a comfortable home, white siding, white brick, green shutters, trimmed hedges and green lawn. Suddenly it didn't matter who was to blame. He had to tell his mother and father he'd had another accident, had to watch what hearing it would do to them. This was a prospect that brought him sickness almost beyond bearing. Officer Riggio knew what was in his mind.

"I'll be with you, son," he said.

They went up the walk together. Jimmy opened the front door. There were voices in the living room. The TV was going. Pop was in there, resting after a day at the plant and three hours in the garden. Pop grew the best flowers of anybody in the neighborhood.

"Jimmy," his mother said as they walked into the hall, "you're late."

She came into the hall. She saw Officer Riggio and stopped. She was small and slim, she had brown hair and brown eyes. Her name was Ann, but pop called her Cricket, because she was never still. She took care of her house and her people at a dead run. Pop had a joke about that. "If she thinks she's going to get double time," he'd say, "she's got a busted sprocket." Pop didn't like his Cricket very much, he was pure crazy about her.

"Jimmy," Cricket whispered, "where's your shirt?"

"I had an accident," Jimmy said.

Cricket closed her eyes. Her mouth got the pinched look it had when she was scared or hurt. Pop came out of the living room then. He was a big man, heavily muscled, deeply tanned. He had thick, dark hair, dark brows, gray eyes. A laborer at fourteen, a construction superintendent at twenty-five. At forty, he was close to being a partner in Western Machinery, selling heavy equipment to highway contractors. Jimmy had always thought he'd be satisfied if he turned out to be half the man pop was.

"This's Officer Riggio," Jimmy said.

"Come in," pop said.

He led them into the living room, switched the TV off. Officer Riggio sat on the davenport. Cricket would not let Jimmy beyond the reach of her hands. She made him sit in a chair, then sat on the arm of it beside him.

"Was anyone hurt?" pop asked.

"A woman," Riggio said. "The driver of the other car."

Jimmy tried to swallow the lump in his throat—tried and failed. "It was Mrs. Murphy, pop."

Twenty years of construction work had given Roger Franklin a tough face. His thick brows came down in a scowl. The scowl didn't scare Jimmy, though it made him feel immeasurably worse. Pop looked like that only when he'd been hit cruelly.

"Hurt bad?" pop asked.

Riggio glanced briefly at Jimmy, then gave the boy's father a look of warning. "Too early to say," he said. "Facial cuts—cheeks, lips, forehead. Concussion, but I don't think a skull fracture. An ambulance took her to Mercy Hospital."

"I'll be right back," pop said quietly.

He used the telephone in the hall, listening more than he talked. His face had lost color when he returned.

"Still in emergency surgery," he said. He looked at Jimmy. "Maybe you'd better fill us in."

Jimmy told them what had happened, trying to straighten it out in his head. He did it badly, because each part of the memory frightened and sickened him again—the crash, fighting to keep his car

"They've adopted a new streamlined management policy over at the plant that doesn't require my presence there—or anywhere else, for that matter."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under control, the second crash, the woman's ruined car, her bleeding face. He was shaking and sweating when he finished.

"I see," pop said. He looked at Cricket. "Clean him up, will you? Get him a shirt, try to get some food in him—not that he'll eat. Some milk, maybe."

Cricket touched Jimmy's arm. "Come on, son."

"Pop," Jimmy said, "you'll call the hospital again?"

"In a little while," pop said.

He waited until Cricket and Jimmy were beyond hearing behind the swinging door, then turned to Officer Riggio, his tough face softened with concern.

"Is it as bad as it sounds?"

Officer Riggio took a deep breath. "I like to call on parents after accidents, y'know? When the youngster's committed a crime—speeding, squirreling, drinking, reckless driving—I warn the parents so they can take a hand. A lot of kids need a whipping." His eyes came up to meet pop's. "Your son's not like that. He's a good boy."

"I know that well," pop said. "But both his mother and I thank you for saying it."

"The hospital told you about the woman's face? That it could be disfigured?" Riggio waited for pop's nod; then went on, "I didn't think it was time to hit the boy with that. He'll have to know, but why not a little at a time?"

"Thanks again," pop said.

"The accident ——" Riggio said. He got his notebook from his pocket. "Weather clear, road dry. The woman was driving at a moderate speed. The boy passed her, going about forty-five. No visibility problem, no oncoming traffic. The cars collided in the right-hand lane—the tire marks, glass, mud on the pavement show that, beyond doubt. The woman was taken to the hospital unconscious. I couldn't get a statement from her. The boy honestly believes he did everything according to the book, safely. The facts say something else."

Pop said, "He cut back too fast."

"He's seventeen," Riggio said. "He's got a right to drive, a right to learn. But how long does it take to learn? And who pays for the mistakes kids make while they're learning?"

"A tough question," pop said. "I don't want to answer it now—not for the record."

"I know—they don't give kids much insurance."

"And I'm not a rich man," pop said.

He walked to the front door with Officer Riggio, thanked him again and let him out. Then he called the hospital. Mrs. Murphy was off the critical list, sleeping under sedation. No, there had been no skull fracture. Yes, her face had been damaged. Broken nose, broken cheekbone, severe lacerations. Pop put the telephone down, a very sober man. He went into the kitchen to face two very worried people.

"Off the critical list," he said, "but her face took a real beating."

"I knew it!" Jimmy said. "I saw her." He slammed a fist into a cupped palm. "She was so pretty."

Cricket whispered, "The poor woman."

"One of us has to call Charlie Stern," pop said. "The insurance company is going to get hit hard on this one; they'd better know."

"It's my insurance," Jimmy said. "I'll call him."

Pop and Cricket waited in the kitchen. They listened to the one-sided conversation, anguish in their faces. They expected him to be heartbroken and utterly defeated when he came back, but his round face was tight and there was anger in his eyes.

"He didn't believe me either!" he said.

"Believe what?" pop said.

"That I didn't cut back too fast. I told him how the accident happened. He didn't say it right out—he said, 'Don't admit the blame to anybody'—but he might as well have said it."

"Jimmy ——"

"I had two other accidents," Jimmy said. "An old lady with thick glasses and a dog jumping around in her car; a fat guy who smelled like a brewery. His fender—the one that got nicked—had dents so old they had rust in them. I'm a teen-ager, I'm wrong all the way. He gets a new fender and I get the blame. The old lady ——"

"The facts say this one's your fault."

"The cop's facts." Jimmy was pacing the kitchen. "While you were in there talking to Riggio, telling each other what lousy drivers kids are, I was out here, thinking about my facts. I'd like to have somebody listen while I tell 'em."

Pop's voice was firm. "Whoa, Jimmy."

Jimmy paused in mid-stride, dropped his hands. "I was yelling. I'm sorry," he said. "But I was driving with extra care because I'd passed where there'd been a hit-and-run accident—cops all over, ambulance, crowds."

Pop said, "On Lake Boulevard. We heard about it on TV."

"Yeah," Jimmy said. "Accidents scare me, so I was driving carefully. And I recognized Mrs. Murphy's car. Mr. Murphy's one of your best customers. I'd run in the ditch before I scratched that car. Wouldn't I?"

"If you had a choice," pop said.

"I tell you I gave her plenty of room."

WATCHING YOUR WEIGHT?

Watch that label

THE BEST TASTING DIET FOODS AND DRINKS SAY

SWEETENED WITH Sucaryl®

Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl – *Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener*

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The collision was in the right-hand lane."

"Does that mean it was my fault?"

Pop said, "I'm afraid it does."

"What if she ran into me?" Jimmy said. "What if she hit the gas? With all the horses she's got in that car, she'd be up my back before I knew it."

Pop stared at the boy. "Jimmy, for the love of Mike!"

"It could happen," Jimmy said.

"How fantastic can you get?"

Cricket said, "Please, pop. He's upset. Let's don't talk about it now."

Jimmy looked at her. "You don't believe me either."

"I didn't say that, son. I ——"

"You don't have to say it." He looked at his father. "Or you, pop. You both think I'm trying to alibi, trying to chicken out of my responsibility. You both think I'm a liar."

"I do not!" Cricket said.

"Honestly mistaken," pop said. "I don't doubt for a moment you believe you were driving safely. You may have been thinking too much about the accident you'd seen and not enough about your driving. You may have misjudged speed and distance. Face it, Jimmy; no one would overtake a passing car deliberately or by accident. You can't sell it to me or anyone. Don't try to sell it to yourself."

Jimmy's face was tight. "That's the last word?"

"That's it." Pop stood up. "I've got to go and talk to Ben Murphy and tell him how I feel about his wife being hurt." He looked at his son. "You don't have to go."

Cricket said, "Not tonight! Jimmy's ——"

"I'm all right," Jimmy said. "I'll go."

Pop and Jimmy reached Ben Murphy's gate at ten o'clock. The yard lights were on, a dozen or more scattered over an acre of tableland bulldozed out of the hillside. A brick wall paralleled the road. "High enough to discourage outsiders," pop had once said, "low enough to let them see what they're missing." The house, ablaze with lights, was long and low, white brick and glass and red roof tile. Pop parked the family station wagon beside a bullet-nosed sports car in the drive.

"Pop," Jimmy said, his face still tight, "no matter what you think or I think, I can't take the blame. Charlie Stern told me not to."

"We're not here to take the blame," pop said. "We're here to show we're responsible people, that we're as sorry as people can be that Mrs. Murphy was hurt."

They got out of the car and followed a white walk around the house to the front door. Ben Murphy answered their ring. He was wearing a light topcoat and a hat and held a drink in one hand. He was a stocky bull of a man. His face was round and flushed, his mouth full-lipped. His eyes were hard, flat chips of glass that caught and held the light.

"Franklin," he said, "what do you want?"

Pop said, "This is my son, Jimmy. He was ——"

"Sure!" Murphy's voice was harsh. "James Franklin! That was the name they gave me, but I didn't tie it to you." He looked at Jimmy, sudden fury clouding his face. "You lousy little punk! Do you know what you did to my wife? You damned near killed her, that's what you did. You tore her face all to hell!"

Jimmy said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy. I ——"

"Sorry! You should see her! I just came from the hospital, and I tell you it tore me apart. A beautiful face—in shambles. Nose smashed, eyes closed, deep cuts." He lifted his glass and swore. "You're sorry! You're gonna be worse than sorry!"

Pop eased his big bulk in front of Jimmy. "Slow down, Ben." His voice was soft, but it held an edge. "We came to tell you we couldn't feel worse about it and that we're standing by. Don't rough the lad; he's feeling bad enough."

"Let him talk," Jimmy said.

"What's that?" Murphy's voice was sharp. He tried to see past pop. "You smart-talking me, kid?"

"No, sir, I'm not," Jimmy said. "I know how you feel about Mrs. Murphy. Take it out on me if you want to. I saw her after the accident—I took care of her. And I wish I had somebody to take it out on."

Murphy stared at Jimmy a moment. Then, to pop, he said, "Get this kid outta here!" His voice was hoarse, shaking. "I don't trust myself. That murdering brat of yours—I'd like to use my hands on him. Run my wife off the road ——" His mouth jerked. "You'll hear from me, Franklin. You'll hear from me!"

Pop turned and took Jimmy's arm. "Come on, lad."

Pop and Cricket sat in the kitchen, facing each other across the kitchen table, after Jimmy had gone to bed. They didn't joke as they usually did, hunting light words to make a serious moment less painful. Cricket's hands were locked together. Pop rubbed his face.

"Ben Murphy is not what you'd call a kind man," he said. "He's rough and at times he can be as ugly as sin. I think he'll be ugly about this. A second wife, twenty-five years younger than he is, a beautiful woman—to a man like Ben, a woman like that is more than a wife. She's a prize possession, proof he's a success as a man and as a businessman."

Cricket said, "She's no better than she ——"

"Hey, now!"

Cricket caught a lip in her teeth. She was silent a long moment, struggling with herself. Then her eyes came up to meet pop's. "Can I take that back?"

"Sure, hon," pop said gently. "I thought the same thing; I had to take it back too. No matter what she is, she's suffering now. Calling her names won't help us or Jimmy."

Cricket nodded miserably. "I know."

"Ben would sue his grandmother for a scratched fender," pop said. "For a personal injury—this kind of personal injury—he'll be downright savage."

"Jimmy has public-liability insurance."

"Ten thousand." Pop got up from the table to pace the kitchen slowly. "How much is a woman's face worth, Cricket? Any woman, and a beautiful woman in particular?"

Wearily, Cricket said, "Whatever you can get."

"Right," pop said. "And anything over the insurance will come out of us. Fifty thousand, a hundred thousand—what's the difference? We've done all right, but it wouldn't take a big judgment to clean us out. Jimmy's insurance company will fight the suit and we'll fight it. But we might as well take the truth by the nose—Jimmy was to blame. We haven't got a chance."

"Don't tell Jimmy—please!"

Pop went to her, put his hands on her shoulders. "He'll have to know," he said, "but later will be soon enough."

"I wish they hadn't invented automobiles."

"Or damage suits," pop said. "I've worried about this every time I heard the boy start his car."

New car pick-up gone ?...call for HASTINGS

That loss of pep and power is one of the first signs of worn-out piston rings. Costly wastage of oil and gas starts mounting up . . . and ends up with costly repairs later on.

The sooner you act, the less it will cost. See your motor specialist the minute oil-pumping warns you there's trouble ahead. When he recommends new piston rings, ask him for Hastings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service . . . to provide the additional lubrication worn engines need . . . to stop oil-pumping, save gasoline, restore lost performance.

Get new car performance from your present car—with Hastings. Truly your best investment for many thousands of extra miles of trouble-free driving pleasure.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN

Piston Rings, Casite, Wear Reducer, Oil Filters, Spark Plugs

U. S. Patent Nos. 2614899; 2712971

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING
GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

HASTINGS PISTON RINGS

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jimmy was up early the next morning and gone early. He did his homework in the study hall before school took up. That was part of the deal he'd made with pop. He could work at the supermarket, earning money to pay for the car, but if his grades went down—blooie!—no job, the car went into the garage and stayed there. And he was campused—no movies, no dates, until his report card was good again.

He had a little trouble concentrating—the accident, the memory of Mrs. Murphy's bleeding face kept getting in the way. But he got through the school hours somehow. And he went from school to the police station. The law said he had to file a report within twenty-four hours of the accident. A uniformed man gave him a blank and pointed to a desk. Jimmy filled in the spaces of the blank. He drew a diagram—Car A, Car B—showing how the accident had happened, then took the form back to the man at the counter.

"Car A hit Car B." The policeman looked at Jimmy. "Car B is your car. Are you trying to say she ran into you after you passed her?"

Jimmy's face flushed. "Yes, sir."

"Good Lord!" the officer said. "Of all the flimsy alibis I ever heard, that takes the cake!" He threw the form in a box. "Now I've heard everything!"

Jimmy left the counter and the police station, cheeks flaming. He got into his car and fumbled with the keys. Every time, every gosh-darned time! If you were seventeen, you were a slob, a lying slob! The cops, Charlie Stern, pop, Cricket, Mr. Murphy—not one of them would even say "maybe."

"I'll show 'em," he said, "or bust something!"

He stopped at the supermarket and talked to the manager. "You've got time off coming," the manager said. "Take as much as you need."

Jimmy went back to his car. He drove out Dutch Hill Road to Forty-seventh, parked there and looked around. Houses on one side of the road, brush and trees on the other. Most of the houses close by were big and new, fine lawns and lots of shrubs. But there were old places, weathered and shabby, on the side streets that wandered away toward the hill.

"One of those," Jimmy said.

He left the car. He climbed sun- and rain-warped steps and rang an old-fashioned doorbell. He talked to a woman with gray hair and watery eyes.

"I'm looking for a man who saw an accident last night," he said. "He wears bib overalls and a vest and a shirt with chopped-off sleeves."

"Nobody here like that," the woman said.

"Thanks anyway," Jimmy said.

He knocked on other doors. He talked to an old man, to a girl who wouldn't smile because she had braces on her teeth, to a woman whose hair was redder than any fire engine he had ever seen. He walked up one street and down another. Before he ran out of daylight, he had been to every old house within a quarter of a mile of the scene of the accident.

After dinner he spread a map of the city on the kitchen table and began to pencil out the streets he'd covered. Pop and Cricket came to look over his shoulder and ask what he was doing.

"Keeping track of where I've been," Jimmy said. "That way I don't have to go over the same ground twice."

"You're looking for the witness?" pop said.

"Yes," Jimmy said. "He was on foot. I figure he lives within maybe a mile of where the accident happened."

"That could be." Pop's frown said he was thinking hard. "One thing you'd better face, son. When you find him, he may break your heart. He may not have seen it or he may say you're to blame."

"Then I'll know," Jimmy said.

The next afternoon Jimmy took up the search as soon as school was out. He knocked on fifty or sixty doors, asking the same questions every time. Most of those he talked to were interested; most of them tried to help. Two people were sure they knew the man he was hunting, but both were wrong. One of the men they sent Jimmy to see was confined to a wheel chair, the other had been in Alaska for more than a month.

He used up the afternoon. He was walking back to his car when the bullet-nosed sports job came down the street, Ben Murphy at the wheel. The stocky man parked at the curb, close by.

"Over here," he said. "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said.

"I was rough with you the other night," Murphy said. He wasn't smiling, but there was no anger in his face. "My wife goes downtown to buy a hat; next thing she's in the hospital. I was worried sick about her. Naturally. Since then, I've had time to think. I've known and liked your father for a long time, done a lot of business with him. I don't want him hurt or you hurt."

Jimmy said, "Well, thanks, Mr. Murphy."

"The bills have to be paid—the hospital, the doctors, the garage. Your insurance will take care of them." Murphy's eyes had no part in his brief smile. "This is between friends, boy. Let's keep it that way."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You're a worried guy," Murphy said. "You'd be less than human if you weren't. It could be unpleasant—complaints, litigation, your driver's license gone." He smiled again. "I see your car out here every time I go by. You're scrambling around trying to find something—somebody to get you off the hook. Right?"

"The witness," Jimmy said.

"A waste," Murphy said. "Forget it. Nothing's going to happen to you. Go home and rest your feet. The insurance company will pay the bills and everything will be fine." He put the car in gear. "And be careful, kid. The next guy might not be a friend of your father's."

Jimmy said, "Mr. Murphy, I ——"

But the sports car was moving, gravel spurting under the wheels. The taillights flared red, and it was gone around a corner. Jimmy stared after it.

"Fine!" he said. "As long as my insurance company has to pay, it's fine! And what does that do to me?" Jimmy set his jaws. No matter what Mr. Murphy said, he wasn't quitting yet. The man in the bib overalls had to live somewhere. He'd been afoot. He ——

"Wait a darned minute!" Jimmy said.

He went back to his car, a new idea in his mind. The house nearest the scene of the accident was new and very big. The woman who answered the door was young, a pretty woman. She listened gravely to Jimmy's description of the witness.

"No," she said. "He doesn't live here."

"What I thought, he might work for you," Jimmy said. "Mowing the lawn,

---

A true blonde is one who admits she uses bleach.

MILDRED SILVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trimming the shrubs. One of the odd-job men that come around. Sometimes they leave a card."

"Sorry," the woman said.

Jimmy tried the house next door, the one next door to that. He found a blond and chunky man who had seen the witness. "Asked me to call an ambulance," he told Jimmy. "A stranger, though. I'd never seen him before. I've never seen him since."

Jimmy found people who'd heard the crash, who'd gone to see what had happened, but none of these remembered a thin gray man who wore overalls and a vest.

"Somebody must know the guy," Jimmy said.

He went on with it, until dusk thickened into dark. He went home to find pop and Cricket talking quietly in the kitchen. They stopped talking when he walked in, looked at him, waiting. He didn't have to tell them he'd had no luck; they saw it in his face. Cricket was suddenly very busy at the range. Pop crumpled a beer can in his hands.

"Charlie Stern called," he said quietly.

Jimmy said, "I'm fresh out of insurance?"

"That's the size of it," pop said. "Charlie'll try to get you in the assigned-risk pool, but that'll take time."

"And cost more," Jimmy said.

"I can drive you around evenings," pop said.

"No," Jimmy said. "But you gave me an idea."

Two people could cover twice as much ground as one. Ten or twelve could hit every house within a mile in just one afternoon. A lot of kids he knew had cars, not all of them had jobs. Jimmy made a list and got on the telephone. Beans Hall had an appointment with a dentist. Jack Davis had a tennis date.

"I'll skip that," he said. "Ringing doorbells might be fun."

"I'll buy your gas—two gallons," Jimmy said.

He had it organized before he went to bed. Nine cars and twenty kids showed up on Dutch Hill Road at Forty-Seventh, the next afternoon. Jimmy spread his map on the hood of Jack Davis' car.

"Each car gets a street," Jimmy said. "Up one side and down the other. Every house—don't miss even one. Then come back and report and get a new assignment."

"What if we find the guy?" Jack Davis said.

Jimmy said, "You get two extra gallons of gas."

He stayed behind as the cars fanned out through the neighborhood. He found a stump beside the road and used it for a desk. Just keeping track of where the kids had been turned out to be a job. Sometimes there were two or three cars lined up, waiting to report. And twenty searchers could have as little luck as one. The kids turned up several people who had seen the man, but none who knew his name or where he lived.

"We'll keep her goin'," Jimmy said.

He was talking to Fats Porter and Bob Hently when he heard the blaring horn. Busy with the map and pencil, he did not look up. The horn yelled again and again. Fats Porter grunted his disgust, turned away and then turned back.

"Jim," he said, "I think the guy wants you."

Jimmy looked up. The bullet-nosed sports job was back again, parked on the shoulder of the road. Ben Murphy was peering over his shoulder. He hit the horn again, beckoned impatiently.

"I'll be right back," Jimmy said.

There was no smile on Ben Murphy's face. "You!" He thrust the word at Jimmy with a lifted chin. "I told you to go home and rest your feet!" he said. "Didn't you hear me, kid?"

"Yes," Jimmy said. "I heard you."

"So now you brought your gang!" Murphy's voice was harsh. His big hands gripped the wheel so tightly the cords of his wrists stood out like iron wire. "I was nice to you. Let it alone, let the insurance company pay the bills—that's all I asked. But no! You want to mess it up, shove it into court, make it tough for me to collect!"

"It wasn't my fault," Jimmy said.

"I'm giving you one more chance!" Murphy said. "Keep on and you'll get it—in the neck! You and your old man. I'll take care of you first. My wife will sign a complaint, criminal negligence, reckless driving. You'll be looking at a judge before you know it. You'll lose your license, get slapped with a fine and maybe a jail sentence. And that's only the beginning! We'll sue your father for a hundred thousand dollars for what you did to my wife's face!"

Jimmy said, "You can't ——"

"The hell I can't!" Murphy said. "You're a minor; he's responsible for what you do. I'll sue and I'll win and I'll clean him out—every last dime, house, car, everything. He'll be the rest of his life paying off the judgment, and that's a promise, kid!" His lips flattened. "Go home and stay there, or you and your father will be in more trouble than you ever dreamed about!"

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said.

He watched the sports car roar away and then went back to the stump he'd used for a desk. He picked up the map and folded it carefully. He looked at his friends, eyes dull.

"You can take off," he said. "We're all through."

He found pop working in the garden, stripped to the waist. Pop wouldn't use a power cultivator. "These mitts of mine like the feel of an idiot-stick," he'd said. The truth was that pop liked hard work. One look at Jimmy's face was enough to bring him out of the garden.

"You found your witness," he said.

"No. And I guess I'm not going to. Mr. Murphy said he was going to sue you if I kept trying to cause him trouble." Jimmy swallowed. "Can he do that, pop? I mean, for a lot of money. A hundred thousand—everything you've got?"

"I've been expecting him to," pop said quietly.

Jimmy's voice broke. "Why didn't you tell me? I thought my insurance would be enough. I could have gone on looking and ruined you."

Pop's face was tight with thought, his eyes searching. "When did Murphy make this pitch about cleaning me out?"

"Just a while ago," Jimmy said. "The first time I saw him, he said he wasn't going to sign a complaint. All he wanted was for my insurance company to pay for everything. Great for him, but not for me. I kept on looking. This time he got real mean. Said if I didn't quit trying to get out of paying he'd clean you out."

"He did, did he?" Pop took Jimmy to a set of lawn chairs and made him repeat every word of both conversations he'd had with Murphy. There was anger in pop's face, mixed with deep concern. "Still think you were in the clear on the accident?" he asked.

"I know I was."

"But now you're willing to throw in the sponge?"

"For gosh sakes, pop! If it was just me, I wouldn't care. But it's you and mom now. I can't do anything that would make Mr. Murphy ruin you!"

Pop laid a big hand on Jimmy's arm. "That's a tough thing to say to your old man, lad. You'd give up fighting for something you feel is right to protect me. Am I so helpless?"

"Pop, I didn't mean ——"

The big hand tightened on Jimmy's arm. "Don't ever quit," pop said slowly, "don't ever quit anything you think is right as long as you've got a breath left in your body. Every man's got a light that guides him. Turn it off for me, for anybody, and you'll get lost in the dark."

"You want me to go on?"

Pop nodded. "Come hell or high water. And if you want help, I'll bear a hand."

Jimmy got up from the chair, excitement growing in him. "I could use some help, pop. There are places me and the kids couldn't look because we're minors. I thought a man like him might spend a lot of time in taverns and bars. They won't let me in alone, but if you were with me they might."

"What do you mean, might?" Pop stood up, six feet tall, one hundred and ninety pounds of hard bone and muscle. He swelled his chest for Jimmy. "Who's going to argue?"

Jimmy grinned, delighted. "Nobody!"

"So, O.K.," pop said. "Get the wagon out."

Jimmy watched him cross the yard toward the house, so proud he could hardly stand it. "What a guy to have for a pop!" he said. "A one-man army!" He ran for the garage and backed the station wagon into the drive. Pop came out of the house presently, wearing slacks and a sports shirt, and got behind the wheel.

"You're the skipper," he said. "Where to?"

"He was walking," Jimmy said. "He could have been on his way to a place or on his way home from one. We could start where I had the accident and hunt in one direction. If we don't have any luck, we can come back and hunt the other way."

"Will do!" Pop put the car on the road.

They began their search at a crossroads a half mile from the scene of the accident. There were two stores here—a service station and a tavern. The men in the tavern swung around to stare at Jimmy, the bartender came down the bar to wave him away. Then pop came through the door.

"Hold fast," pop said. "This is my son."

The bartender looked at the spread of pop's shoulders, at the size of his arms, at the thick brows that were down in a scowl.

"Yes, sir," he said. "What can we do for you?"

Pop said, "Take it, Jimmy."

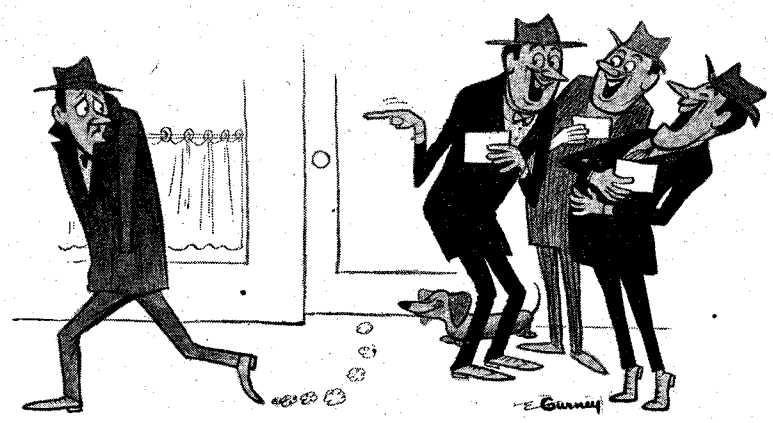
"I'm looking for a man who saw an accident," Jimmy said.

He got to look in the face of every man there, and no one protested. They listened to his description, they tried very hard to place the man, and all of them were genuinely sorry when they could not be of help.

"I'll ask around," the bartender said. "Come back in a day or two if you don't have any luck."

"Thank you all," Jimmy said.

The next place was another tavern, and the (*Continued on Page 126*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Handsome Harry walked off with Willie's girl right under his nose. Willie, furious, had a printer make up a batch of cards. These he distributed throughout town. They read in part: "For expert loving call Handsome Harry. Wholesaler and retailer in kisses and hugs. No extra charge for night work. Special attention to other fellows' girls." Smarting under the ridicule of men and the indignation of his girl friends, Harry sued Willie for libel.

"I used to be popular all over town, but now I'm ashamed to show my face in public," Harry said. "Willie's character assassination has wrecked my social life, my health and my business."

"It was just a harmless practical joke," Willie replied. "Harry is trying to make something out of nothing. He knows that all the world loves a lover."

If you were the judge, would you make Willie pay damages?

• •

Willie paid. The court conceded that "all the world loves a lover," but added that "it scorns the promiscuous lovemaker who preys on the preserves of others, and whose sole ambition is to flirt with frocks." Hence, it said, the card hurt Harry by holding him up to ridicule.

Based upon a 1929 Tennessee decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is what we work for at Parke-Davis

. . . the better health and longer life that come with better medicines

Do you realize that prevention of disease by immunization is a *family* affair?

Your childhood immunizations . . . or even those you may have received during military service . . . cannot be relied upon to protect you for the rest of your life.

Take, for example, *diphtheria* and *tetanus*—serious diseases sometimes very difficult to treat. As proved by recent outbreaks, diphtheria (which most people thought was completely under control) is still a potential threat. And as for tetanus, it's simply good sense for adults, as well as children, to be protected against lockjaw that can result from common accidents.

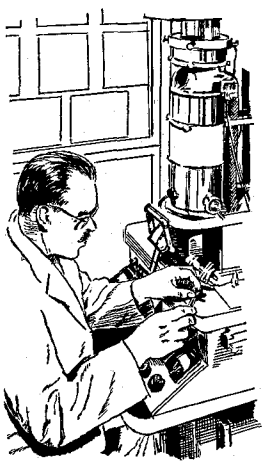
And then there are *polio* and *influenza*. Remember that polio is by no means limited to children. It often strikes adults, frequently in severe form. As for influenza, recent epidemics have underscored the need for immunization. Remember, too, that a childhood smallpox vaccination cannot be relied upon to give permanent protection.

So, we urge you to be on the safe side. **Immunization is a *family* affair**—important not only to today's children, but to their fathers and mothers as well.

Copyright 1958—Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit 32, Michigan

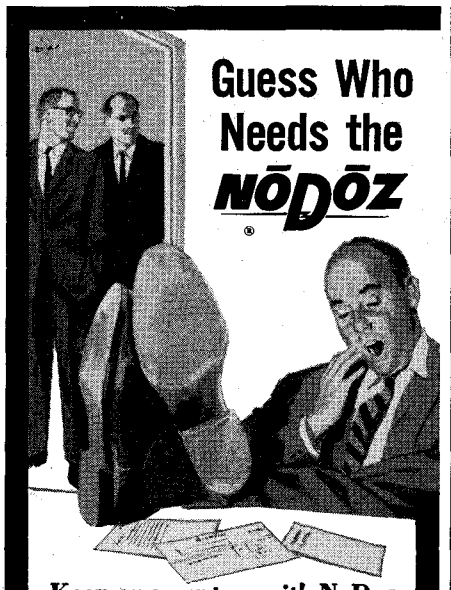
PARKE-DAVIS

. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1866



Outstanding Parke-Davis products for immunization today include polio, adenovirus, and influenza vaccines. We began making diphtheria antitoxin in 1894 and have been making smallpox vaccine since 1898, bacterial vaccines since 1904, and a combined diphtheria-tetanus-pertussis immunizing agent since 1947.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Guess Who Needs the NŌDŌZ®

Keep on your toes with NoDoz.

■ When you get drowsy while working, reading, watching television or driving... play it smart; play it safe... take NoDoz Tablets.

■ Recent clinical tests by prominent New York doctors prove that for most people NoDoz increases mental efficiency and alertness within minutes. Caffeine is the only active ingredient in NoDoz. Safe as coffee and much more convenient.

■ Keep a package handy... at the office, at home, in your car, in your pocket.

Product of Grove Laboratories, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.

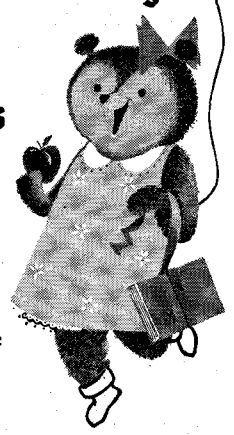
NŌDŌZ®

America's famous aid to safe driving since 1933.

Smart for School

Busiest Members of the BEAR BRAND Family!

TEENS
Bobby Socks



Triple-fold cuff won't ever slip under even when teens roll and rock! Nylon plus cotton for wear, easy care—Of course, it's the gang's favorite sock!

BEAR BRAND Hosiery CO.
CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS
Guaranteed Quality Hosiery Since 1893

MONEY...
in Your Spare Time
Write us for details and supplies.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
332 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

(*Continued from Page 124*)

scene was repeated. It was followed by four more taverns, three cheap bars and a package store where wine was sold. They didn't find their man, but it was not because of resistance. The round-faced, man-tall boy and the quiet, big-shouldered man were a team no one cared to deny. When they had covered every place within a reasonable walking distance in one direction, pop turned the car and they began to hunt in the other.

"Still with me?" pop asked.

"We'll find him," Jimmy said. "We can't miss."

They found him in a dingy, hole-in-the-wall joint. He was drinking wine with a beer chaser in a booth toward the back. Jimmy almost missed him because he was wearing a suit instead of overalls and a vest. A thin wisp of a man, older than his fifty years, unshaven. He had a weak mouth and blurred eyes.

"Do you remember me?" Jimmy asked.

"Maybe I do," the man said. "And maybe I don't."

Pop came up behind Jimmy. He put a big hand on the table. "Make up your mind," he said quietly.

The blurred eyes looked at the hand for a long moment. "Yeah," the man said then. "I remember you, kid."

Jimmy's knees almost folded under him. After all the hours of searching—finally! He tried to swallow and found his throat too dry. "Did you see the accident happen?"

"I was there, wasn't I? I saw it."

"Whose fault was it?" Jimmy asked. "Mine or hers?"

The man rubbed his stubbled chin. He took a drink of wine and a swallow of beer. Then he grinned at Jimmy. "Yours, kid," he said. "You cut in on her and ran her off the road."

The color drained from Jimmy's face, the strength drained from his legs. Pop put a hand on his shoulder and turned him. Jimmy started a protest, but the hurt and deep sympathy in his father's face told him the case was closed. He pulled free of his father's hand and went out and got into the car. In a few moments, pop came out and got in beside him.

"Tough," pop said gently. "I'm sorry, lad."

Jimmy didn't answer.

Pop fumbled with the car keys. "It was a chance we both knew you were taking. So you lost. But I'm still damned proud of you. You gave it a good fight."

Jimmy turned a quivering face toward his father. "I wasn't taking a chance," he said. "I knew if I found the guy, if he'd seen the accident, he'd clear me. Why? Because I know I didn't cut back too fast!"

"He saw the accident. He said ——"

"Pop! He lied!"

Pop stared at Jimmy. Then, suddenly, he swore. "What in hell is the matter with me?" he asked. "I can believe a booze-brain or I can believe my son. Who do I believe? The booze-brain. I ought to have my rump kicked!" He slapped the door of the station wagon open. "Be right back!" he said.

He was gone five minutes—an eternity for Jimmy. And when he came back, he was grinning. "You're the champ," he said.

Jimmy's face began to light. "Pop, did he really ——"

"He sure did," pop said. "I offered him twenty-five bucks to see the accident our way. He said no. I said fifty bucks and he said no. I said a hundred, and he said yes."

"No, pop!" Jimmy's voice was agonized.

Pop grinned. "Easy does it, boy. All I wanted was to find out if he was for sale. He was. So I put my fist under his nose and asked if maybe he hadn't sold out to Murphy first. Turns out he had. For fifty bucks."

"Murphy paid him?"

"This is a wino," pop said. "His brains are pulp. He'd sell his soul for the price of a few bottles, and he can't think farther ahead than a few. He saw Mrs. Murphy run into you after you'd passed her—the accident was her fault. You're a kid, driving a heap. You couldn't pay him anything to testify. But a man who owned the car Mrs. Murphy was driving could afford to pay him not to testify. He got Murphy's name and address from the newspaper account of the accident, went around to Murphy and made his pitch—pay up or he'd look you up. Murphy paid."

"But that makes Mr. Murphy a crook!"

"So it does," pop agreed.

"Why—why would he do it?"

"It's a chance to clip your insurance company for your public liability—ten thousand bucks—and for a bandit like Murphy that's important. Sure, he's got insurance of his own. One-hundred-dollar deductible and maybe seven-fifty medical, about a tenth of what's going to be needed. And without that witness, he's got grounds for a lawsuit against you and your insurance company—his wife's beautiful face has been smashed. What's the value on that? Ten thousand? Fifty thousand? All this he gets for just fifty bucks."

"No wonder he was afraid I'd find the witness."

"Yeah," pop said. "No wonder." He put the car in gear.

"Wait a minute, pop," Jimmy said. He was staring through the windshield. "Now we've got to think about something else—something that's been driving me nuts. She ran into me. We can prove that now. But how? And why? Stop and think about it. The only way—she'd have to do it deliberately."

"Her foot could slip off the brake ——"

"And jam the gas down? And hold it down that long?"

"For the love of Mike!" pop said. "She wasn't mad at you. She couldn't gain anything by running into you. She could get herself in a bad smash-up, and she did! Jimmy, lad, it just doesn't make sense!"

"Maybe it does." Jimmy turned his head slowly to look at his father. "Remember the tangle I had with the guy who smelled like a brewery? He had a beat-up fender; he got a brand-new fender out of the accident. Maybe Mrs. Murphy wanted to hit me just a little, to cover up a bent fender or something like that. But she hit me a lot and went out of control."

"The Murphys can afford to fix their own fenders."

"You've got to run into something to bend a fender," Jimmy said. "Can they afford to fix what Mrs. Murphy hit before she ran into me?" He looked at his father. "I may be wrong, but I've got to talk to the cops. Right now. Will you take me downtown?"

"When you tell me what's in your head," pop said.

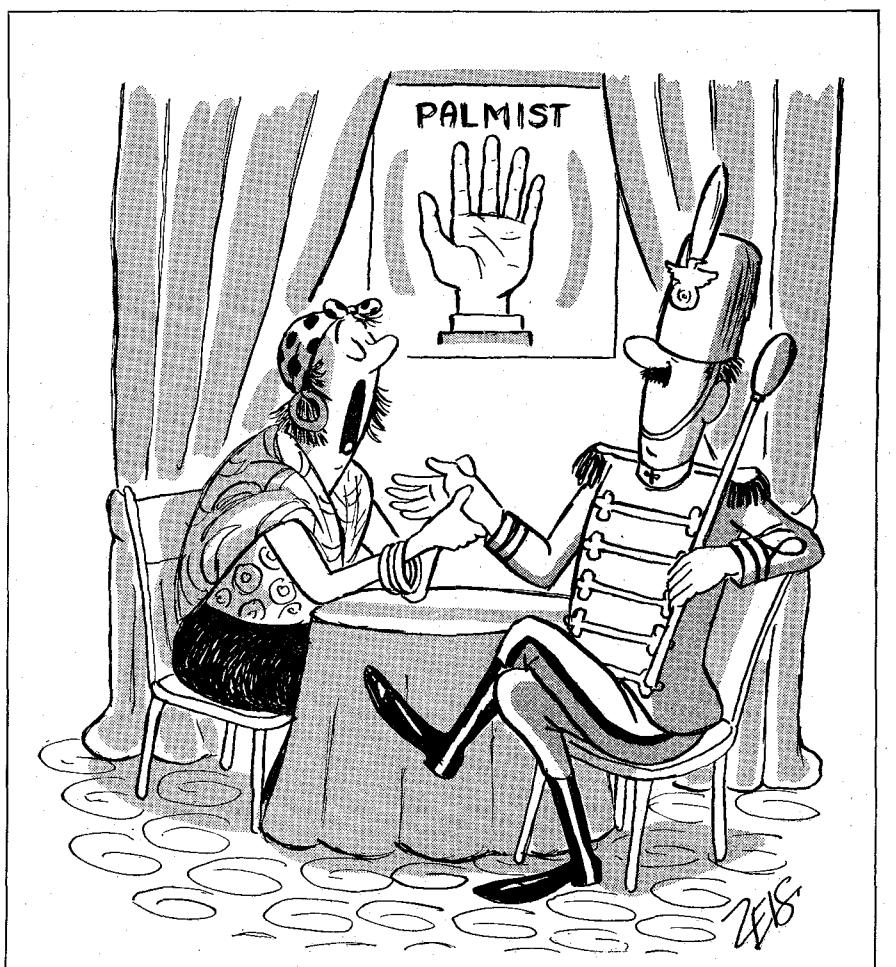
They walked into the police station together, faces grave with concern. There was doubt in their minds, but their responsibility was clear to them, and responsibility can sometimes be an enormous burden. Jimmy talked to the lieutenant in charge of traffic.

"I went by that hit-and-run accident on Lake Boulevard, just after it happened," he said. "It scared me pretty bad. I've been thinking about it a lot, watching the papers. But I've never seen where you found the driver."

"We haven't found him." The lieutenant was a thin, sharp-nosed, dour man. Light glinted on his rimless glasses. "But I'd give my right arm to find him. The old woman he left in the gutter will live, but she'll never walk again."

Jimmy swallowed. "Could the driver have been a woman?"

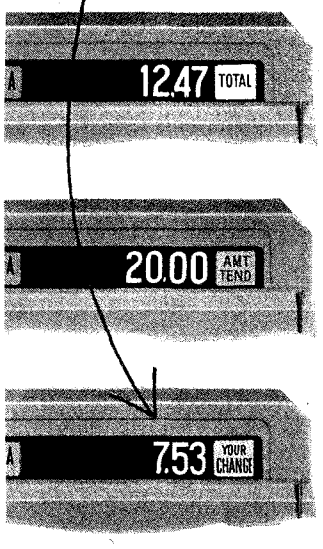
(*Continued on Page 128*)



"You are a leader of men."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Store owners must see this new register to appreciate its advantages. Call your nearest National office for a demonstration today!

"National Change Computing Cash Registers return over 100% a year on our investment."

—HILL GROCERY CO., *Birmingham, Ala.*

"During the past 47 years we have built our chain of stores by constantly seeking ways to serve our customers better, and to reduce our costs of operation. We started to install National Change Computing Registers soon after they were placed on the market.

"The Nationals show — at the top of the register and on the receipt — *every* step in the transaction . . . and they enforce accuracy in every step. They stop mistakes in figuring change. Cash shortages are practically eliminated. Time is saved so customers are served faster and better, which builds confidence and good will.

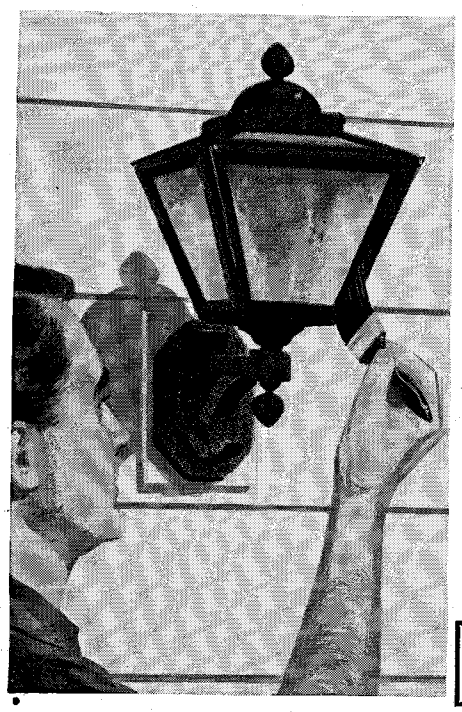
"These savings and benefits combined return us more than 100% annually on our investment in Nationals."

President
Hill Grocery Company

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

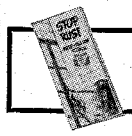
989 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BEAUTIFY RUSTY FIXTURES

Brush Rust-Oleum 769 Damp-Proof Red Primer right over those rusty fixtures after wirebrushing rust scale and loose rust away. Specially-processed fish oil vehicle penetrates rust to bare metal. Then . . . apply your desired Rust-Oleum finish color! Easy as that to stop rust and beautify rusty fixtures, metal sash, tools, equipment, fences, etc. Get Rust-Oleum from your paint, hardware, or lumber dealer. Prompt delivery from Industrial Distributor stocks for industrial users.



Send us your rust problems
Write for FREE color charts

RUST-OLEUM CORPORATION • 2431 Oakton Street • Evanston, Illinois

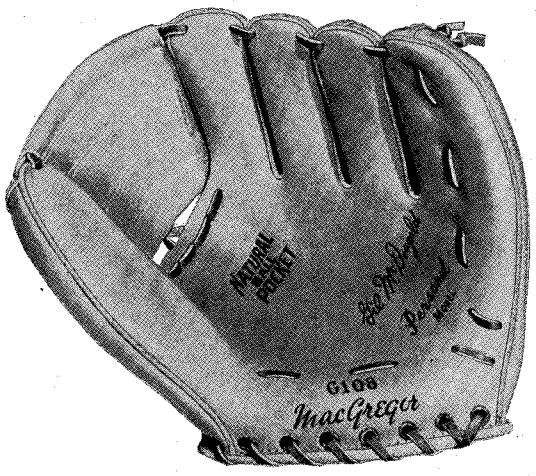
RUST-OLEUM®

Distinctive as your own fingerprint. Accept no substitute.

STOPS RUST!®

In red, white, gray, blue, green, aluminum, yellow, black, etc.

GO BIG LEAGUE WITH MACGREGOR GLOVES AND MITTS



Model G108, one of 49 different MacGregor glove and mitt models proven on the field of play by today's professional baseball stars . . .

Red Schoendienst
Gus Bell • Willie Mays
Richie Ashburn • Del Crandall • Ted Kluszewski
. . . and many others

MacGregor®

"The Choice of Those Who Play the Game"

Players mentioned are members, MacGregor Advisory Staff of Champions

Gil McDougald depends on his MacGregor glove to give big league performance. So can you. Natural Pocket really holds ball. Secure, balanced, one piece "Spider" Web is double-laced for strength. Tie-down anchors web. Lacing through heel and little finger locks padding in place—forms natural "break." See these gloves at your MacGregor dealer. Go "Big League." Go MacGregor!

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32, Ohio • BASEBALL • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • GOLF • TENNIS

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

(*Continued from Page 126*) The lieutenant, looking at Jimmy's pale face, wondered if the boy was going to be sick. "It could have been a woman," he said slowly. "All we've got is a description of the car—a big, late-model sedan."

Jimmy turned his stricken eyes to pop, asking for help, for guidance. But what help could there be? And what guidance, except to point the way straight forward? Pop put a big hand on Jimmy's shoulder.

"I don't know for sure," Jimmy said. "I'm not accusing anybody, see? But I've got to tell you what happened. After I passed the accident on Lake Boulevard, I went out Dutch Hill Road—that's the way I go home. There was a woman driving real slow out there. I passed her. And after I passed her, she speeded up and ran into me."

The lieutenant tipped his head. "She ran into you? After you passed her?"

"We've got a witness," pop said.

"All right. Go on, son."

"The woman, Mrs. Murphy, had been downtown buying a hat—her husband told me that. She'd go home by way of Lake Boulevard. Everybody does who lives out our way. It's quickest by fifteen minutes. So she had to go past the place where the woman was hit. If she'd stopped to think what she could do or drove real slow, I'd have caught up with her where I did." Jimmy's eyes were miserable. "Why would anybody run into a guy on purpose?"

"You tell me," the lieutenant said.

"To cover up something like a bent fender?"

"Or a cracked headlight," the lieutenant said softly, "or a dented hood. Because every car that's gone into any garage with that kind of damage has been reported to us and we've checked it out. Mrs. Murphy's car was checked out, the damage charged to you. You'd better tell me the name of your witness, son."

Patrolman Sam Riggio came to the Franklin home early the next evening. There was no need for him to do it. But he, too, was a man with a sense of responsibility. He made his partner, Mark Bradford, go to the door with him. Bradford was the man who resented teen-age drivers, sometimes to the point of hate. Riggio was smiling when pop opened the door.

"We'd like to talk to Jimmy."

Pop led them into the living room. Jimmy was playing cribbage with Cricket. He stumbled to his feet awkwardly at the sight of the police officers, his round face twisting in a worried frown.

Cricket said, "Oh, my goodness!" and flew around the room, picking up papers and straightening cushions.

"We've come with an apology," Riggio told Jimmy. "We didn't call you a liar, but we refused to believe you, and that adds up to the same thing."

Bradford stepped forward. "You've got a right to chew us out," he said, "but I've got to tell you there's not much left to chew. The lieutenant got to us first. We jumped to a wrong conclusion, we let a hit-and-run driver get away. The lieutenant takes a dim view of that kind of work. We're lucky to be alive."

Jimmy said, "Did—did Mrs. Murphy do it?"

Riggio nodded. "Once we'd talked to your witness, it was easy going. We went from him to Murphy to ask Murphy why he'd paid the fifty dollars, and from there to Mrs. Murphy to ask why she'd run into you on purpose, since it had to be that way. She's not a tough criminal with a thought-out plan. She's a frightened woman with an enormous burden of guilt. She wanted to be rid of it. She gave us a confession."

Pop was frowning. "Did Murphy know about the hit-and-run when he paid the wino the fifty bucks?"

"No," Riggio said. "And neither did the wino. When the wino showed up at Murphy's front door with an offer to get lost and keep his mouth shut for fifty dollars, Murphy grabbed it like a shot. It was small money, money he could throw away or deny he'd ever spent. And it cleared his wife of the blame of hitting Jimmy."

"It also paved the way to a damage suit," pop said, "against Jimmy, his insurance company and me. A damage suit that could go fifty or a hundred thousand. A bargain for fifty bucks."

"Not such a bargain." Riggio smiled. "When he'd thought about it awhile, Murphy saw that his wife must have run into Jimmy on purpose. He asked her why, she told him, and then he had a can of beans he was afraid to open. What could he do about the wino? He couldn't go to him with more money and a ticket out of the state. The wino would want to know why—all he'd asked for, all he'd wanted, was fifty bucks. And if the wino found out why, he could blackmail Murphy for the rest of his life."

"But leave it alone," pop said, "and it was a million to one the wino would never put the two accidents together. The police didn't and their brains aren't pulp."

"That was his choice," Riggio agreed. "A Hobson's choice, and Murphy made the wrong pick. He calls it bad luck. I call it the kind of thing that happens to a man with larceny in his heart."

Cricket said, "He should have gone to the police and admitted his wife was the hit-and-run driver."

"And face criminal action and a lawsuit that could bankrupt him?" pop asked. "Not Murphy!"

When the police had gone, pop put his arm around Jimmy's shoulders and grinned proudly at Cricket. "This is my boy," he said. "His guts and good sense saved me a lousy fortune."

Cricket knew her son well, knew why there was no light in the boy's eyes, why he tried to pull away from his father.

"Mrs. Murphy will be all right, sonny," she said. "I've talked to her doctor. It isn't so bad as they first thought. There may not even be noticeable scars. She'll be pretty again."

Jimmy turned to her, doubting. "Mom, honest?"

"I promise."

"That's—that's wonderful." Now Jimmy's face began to glow. "If you could have seen her the way I did. I thought—well, I was afraid to think! Holy cow!" He caught his mother's face suddenly between his hands and kissed her. "You're the most!" he said to her, and went quickly away.

Pop stared after him. "After what she did to the old lady, after what she tried to do to him, he's worried about her face! How do you like a dope like that?"

Softly, Cricket said, "Only very, very much."

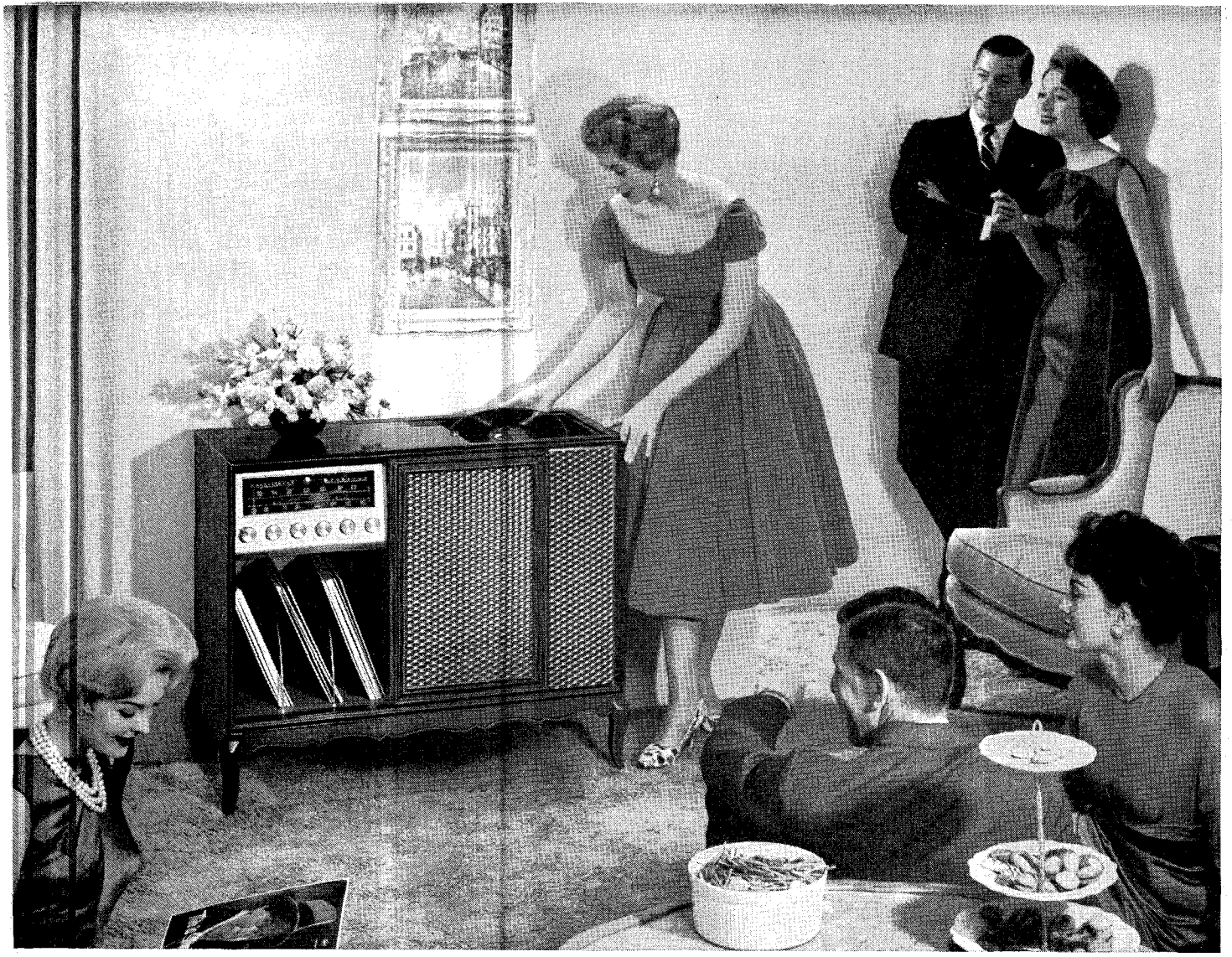
THE END

Thwock!

If put upon a pedestal
Is what she'd like to be,
Remind her of the golf
ball's fate,
Set proudly on its tee.

Tom Congdon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



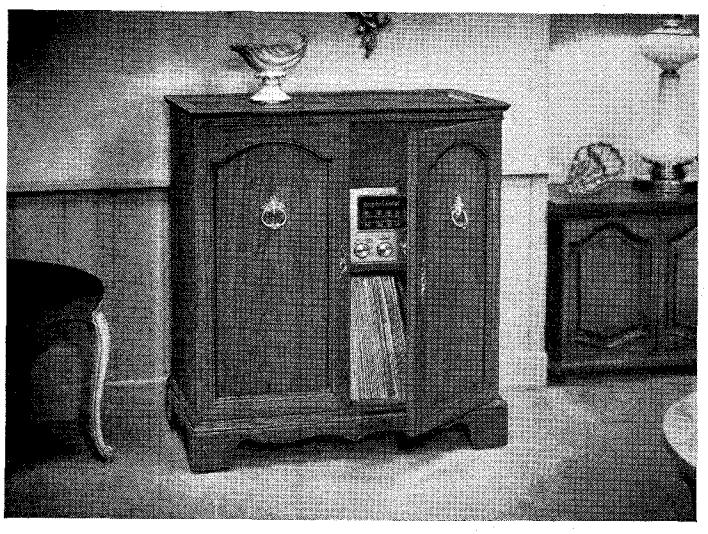
innovation in beauty and functional design. The Continental *is the only high fidelity FM-AM radio-phonograph with 25 watt -channel amplifier, 15" bass and treble exponential horn speakers. Precision changer with Diamond Pick-up. Select from a variety of styles fine woods. In mahogany, $389.50.*

An example of Magnavox value —*The Magnasonic 297* high fidelity phonograph with 10 watt amplifier, four speakers including 15″ bass, precision changer with Diamond Pick-up. Your choice of several beautiful finishes. In mahogany, now only $179.50.

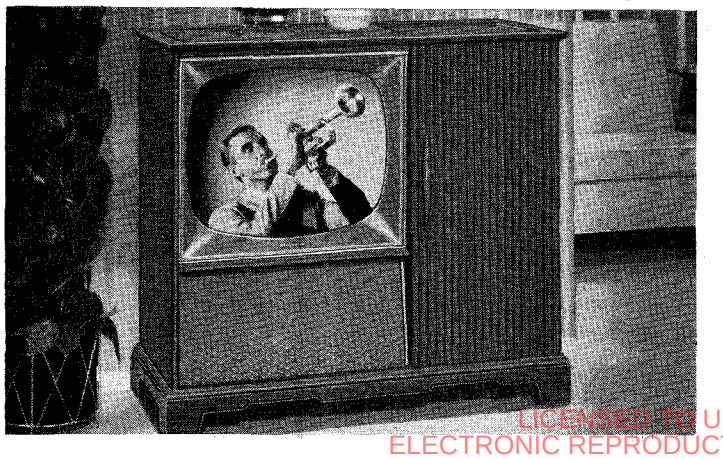
et Magnavox High Fidelity fill your home

with the glow of beautiful music

legance in traditional ıe furniture is yours to joy with this beautiful th Century high fidel- FM-AM radio-phono- aph. *The Wedgewood,* genuine mahogany, 98.50.



gh Fidelity in TV too. *e High Fidelity Theatre,* th 332 sq. in. Chro- tic TV, superb FM-AM dio, precision record anger, Diamond Pick- , 4 speakers, 20 watt plifier. Magnavox TV priced from $169.90.



Music truly becomes magic when Magnavox sets it free. *All* of the world's great symphonies, ballads and popular dance tunes are perfectly re-created with tonal beauty and purity that will amaze and delight you.

Magnificent Magnavox high fidelity instruments are the finest you can buy, combining superior engineering and features not found in brands that cost twice as much. And only Magnavox fine furniture offers you so many innovations in beauty and functional design. You'll enjoy the convenience of stainproof glass panels that glide open to the record changer without disturbing your appointments.

Prove to yourself that Magnavox is the finest . . . and the best buy on *any* basis of comparison. It costs you less than you may think. Magnavox is sold direct only to fine stores in your community; carefully selected for their integrity and ability to serve you better. Select from 44 beautiful styles, in all price ranges, at your Magnavox dealers.

magnificent Magnavox

high fidelity television • radio-phonographs
Precision electronics for industry and our Government

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Vegetable Anybody Can Grow

(Continued from Page 41)

summer's back-yard gardeners almost double the tomato crop they would have harvested from ordinary plants. As these hybrid tomatoes ripen earlier, the lucky gardeners can taunt their neighbors over the back fence. The hybrids also come near to being the answer to the geneticists' long-time dream, a tomato variety that thrives almost anywhere in the country.

For serious Mr. Burpee, who weathered a lot of scoffing before he proved his idea, this trifling with Nature has paid off handsomely. The hybrid tomato is in such demand at two cents per seed that it outsells the ordinary varieties offered in his enticing catalogue at one half cent per seed. Multiply the difference by eight million, and you can see why Mr. Burpee and even his hybrid-seed competitors—the Peto Seed Company, of nearby Ventura, and the Harris Seed Company, of Rochester, New York—don't flinch at the cost of throwing bevies of girls into the tomato fields to help Nature do what comes unnaturally.

Mr. Burpee was by no means the only plant breeder at work upgrading the love apple, which once was rated as a poisonous fruit by our great-great-grandparents, prior to its rebirth as a vegetable about a century back. Since then the tomato has bounded steadily ahead in popularity. Today it ranks as the No. 1 home-garden vegetable. It is the universal American salad ingredient and the best-selling processed vegetable. For farmers who grow tomatoes that wind up in cans, catsup, chili sauce, pizza-pie paste or soup, the modernization of the love apple means a hundred-million-dollar harvest each year.

Scattered over the country are some sixty experiment stations in which geneticists are happily beating their brains over the tomato idiosyncrasies. Its many and varied uses explain why nearly every group of hybridizers is seeking a different goal in the perfect tomato.

For instance, watch Dr. Donald R. Porter scan 5000 piles of sliced tomatoes in the office of an experimental farm near Davis, California. When he looks at a tomato, Doctor Porter sees a bowl of soup. He works for Campbell Soup Company, which employs a dozen or more other geneticists in four similar research stations in New Jersey, Illinois, Ohio and Canada, to upgrade tomatoes largely for cooking a richer-tasting, more appetizing deep red soup.

"We're looking for one seed in a million," explains Doctor Porter. "If we find the one seed that grows into the right plant, we've got a new strain!"

A score of times in the past quarter century, the Campbell hybridizers have found the right seed. This year, for example, they have two new strains to be added to the tailored-for-soup tomatoes grown by thousands of farmers for Campbell products. To make sure that their soup makers have the right kind of tomatoes, the company contracts each spring with specialists in Georgia who grow approximately 100,000,000 young tomato plants that are rushed, come May, to farmers in the northern states, where the transplanted tomatoes yield better crops than they would down South.

At San Leandro, seventy miles south of Davis, another top tomato breeder studies other sliced tomatoes and sees something else in them. He is Dr. Panos Caldis, head geneticist for the California Packing Corporation. What Doctor Caldis sees is canned stewed tomatoes and likewise catsup. He wants a tomato that is the right size to fit snugly into cans, one without a hard core, and that grows on a rugged, disease-resistant vine. He wants a vine that yields its crop for farmers and canners over a short period, exactly the opposite of what Mr. Burpee needs for the home gardeners, who prefer a harvest stretched out over as much of the summer and fall as possible. The tomato that Cal-Pack's Doctor Caldis seeks is the one that appeals to other big canners such as H. J. Heinz, Libby, McNeil & Libby, Hunt Foods, Bercut-Richards.

Still farther south on the Salinas experimental farms of the Ferry-Morse Seed Company, another top plant breeder, Frank Cuthbertson, and his staff watch tomatoes ripening and see salads and displays of luscious fruit in supermarkets. The company's big outlet is to the farmers who grow fresh vegetables to ship by rail to produce markets. So F-M seeks a tomato that will stand up during the long jolting trip across the country.

A lot of other plant breeders are in the business of remodeling tomatoes. Nearly every state college or university has one or more geneticists building a better tomato for the local growers. Some, such as Dr. A. F. Yeager of New Hampshire experimental station, at Durham, have concentrated on varieties that will grow fast and ripen crops quickly in the short northern summers. In the Deep South, hybridizers are hunting a tomato that will make crops in spite of the hot nights. In the East, they cherish a type that will not form a "cat face," from cracks caused by summer showers. In California, where half the country's harvest is produced, the geneticists are shooting at doubling the nation's yield per acre to overcome high cost of growing by irrigation.

Thus, with all this attention, it is no wonder that the lowly tomato has come far since its discovery by the Spaniards when they conquered the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru.

As tomatologists have pieced together the story, the love apple's native habitat was the uplands of Peru. But while still a wild perennial, it spread north as far as Mexico. Both the Aztecs and the Incas bred it up from a small berry about the size of a marble and transformed it into an annual that bore apple-size fruit.

In Mexico, which was conquered first, the tomatoes were red. Since they looked like apples, the Spaniards called the strange fruit *manzanas*, but the Aztecs, who had never heard of apples, stubbornly insisted that they were xitomatles. The Europeans had trouble with this tongue twister, so they settled for "xitomate," which later bothered the English, who simplified the name to tomato.

This hassle over names became even more complicated after Pizarro undertook to lend-lease the treasury of the Incas to Spain. In Peru, the Incas had developed a strain of yellow tomatoes, which looked like peaches to some of the Spaniards and like yellow apples to others. So two more names for the new fruit came out of Peru, along with the seeds which the conquerors pinched, little realizing that in time they would produce wealth exceeding Montezuma's and Atahualpa's treasuries of gold combined. One of these names was "apple of Peru." The other was "wolf peach," which has survived to this day in the scientific listing for tomato in the horticultural encyclopedias, *Lycopersicum esculentum.*

The confusion of names became greater yet when the Europeans got into the act. The Spaniards thought so little of their new horticultural find that they neither grew many tomatoes nor kept horticultural records of them. But some seeds fell into the hands of the Italians, whose chefs were looking for a way to make spaghetti and macaroni more palatable. This new easily grown vegetable from the Americas, *pomi d'oro*, the golden apple, was just what they needed.

To the French and the Germans, the newcomer in the garden looked like a fruit, not a vegetable. Most Europeans adopted the name the French gave it, *pomme d'amour*, or love apple. The superstition spread that when he bit into a love apple, or persuaded the light of his life to join him, a young swain was sharing an exciting love potion. Sir Walter Raleigh, in romantic mood, is said to have offered love apples to Queen Elizabeth. But the British generally classified the tomato as a decorative herb and a medicinal plant. After Cromwell's revolt, the Puritans outlawed the growing and eating of the sinful apples of love. Later the Puritans carried this prejudice back to the native home of the tomato, thus giving an innocent vegetable a black eye that lasted nearly two centuries. Though Europeans were smacking their lips over tomatoes, Americans shunned them.

In 1781, Thomas Jefferson, who was an ardent experimental gardener, imported some tomato seed from Europe, grew successful crops at his home in Monticello, and tried to popularize the vegetable among his neighbors. Unfortunately, the rumor had spread that the fruit was poisonous. The tomato does belong to the nightshade family, and some nightshade is poison to cattle. Though the Creoles of New Orleans were eating tomatoes, the rest of the Americans would have no part of them, except in medicinal form, until about 1820, when a brave citizen of Salem, New Jersey, Robert Gibbon Johnson, made a spectacular effort to disprove the slander.

After growing some tomatoes, Johnson announced that on a certain day he would eat several of them in public on the Salem County Courthouse steps. Johnson kept his word. While kibitzers stood around waiting for him to drop in his tracks, he flexed his muscles and strode off, full of vim—quite understandable now that it has been established that ripe tomatoes are a reliable source of ascorbic acid, niacin and thiamine, all highly prized vitamins.

Since that day, New Jersey has been more or less the adopted home of the tomato. The Rutgers University agricultural experiment station at New Brunswick has developed over the years a number of the oustanding varieties, including one called Rutgers, which in recent years yielded nearly half of the country's crop. The origin of Rutgers shows how a chance find of a better tomato can lead to a multimillion-dollar harvest.

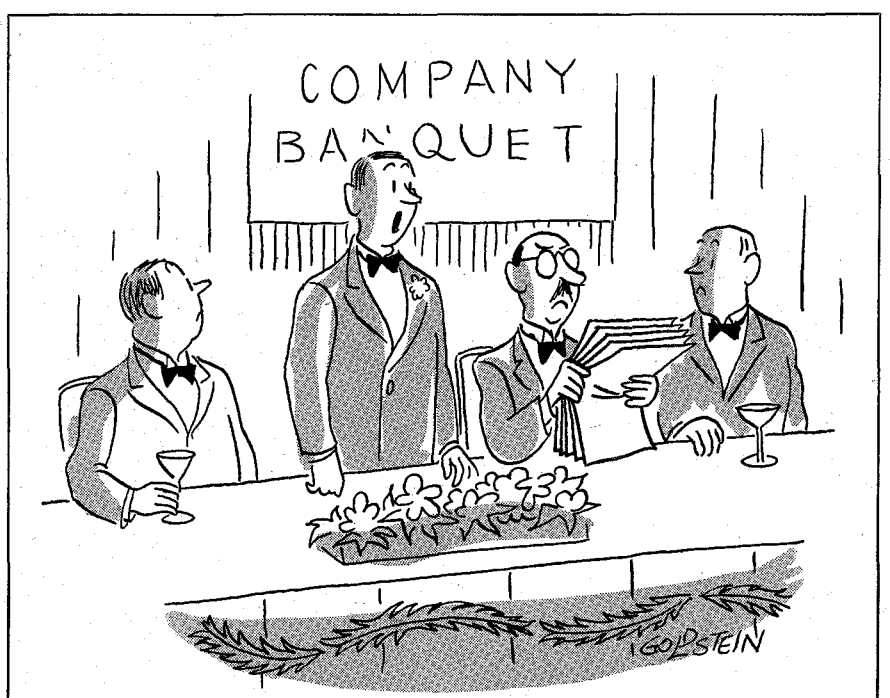
Along about 1920, Dr. J. T. Dorrance, president of Campbell Soup Company, which had originated and popularized thick, creamy tomato soup, discovered on a New Jersey farm a deeper-red tomato than he had seen before. Though the tomato lacked style and size and shape, the doctor knew instinctively that the rich color was just what housewives wanted in soup.

Buying a basket of the rich red tomatoes, Doctor Dorrance turned them over to the Campbell hybridizers, who saved the seeds and grew generations of plants, selecting the best and gradually upgrading them until they had developed an improved variety which they called "J.T.D." in honor of their sharp-eyed boss.

Though the J.T.D. was a better tomato, neither Doctor Dorrance nor his brother, A. C. Dorrance, who succeeded to the presidency of the soup works, was satisfied. The brothers kept prodding the plant breeders for a still better tomato. Finally, out of many matings of the J.T.D. with Marglobe, the geneticists came up with an offspring which they considered tops. These were sent over to the Rutgers agricultural station, where they came off with flying ribbons in competition with other tomatoes. The winner was named Rutgers, and before long its progeny were yielding 1,000,000 tons of tomatoes annually.

Though they had a great new soup tomato, the soup makers were not content. Rutgers yielded fine crops in New Jersey, Maryland, Indiana and other eastern states. But in California, which produces about half of the tomatoes used in processing, Rutgers fizzled out. The fruit was small and soft, the vines rangy. Campbell threw in a task force of hybridizers to breed a tomato as red as Rutgers that would thrive in California.

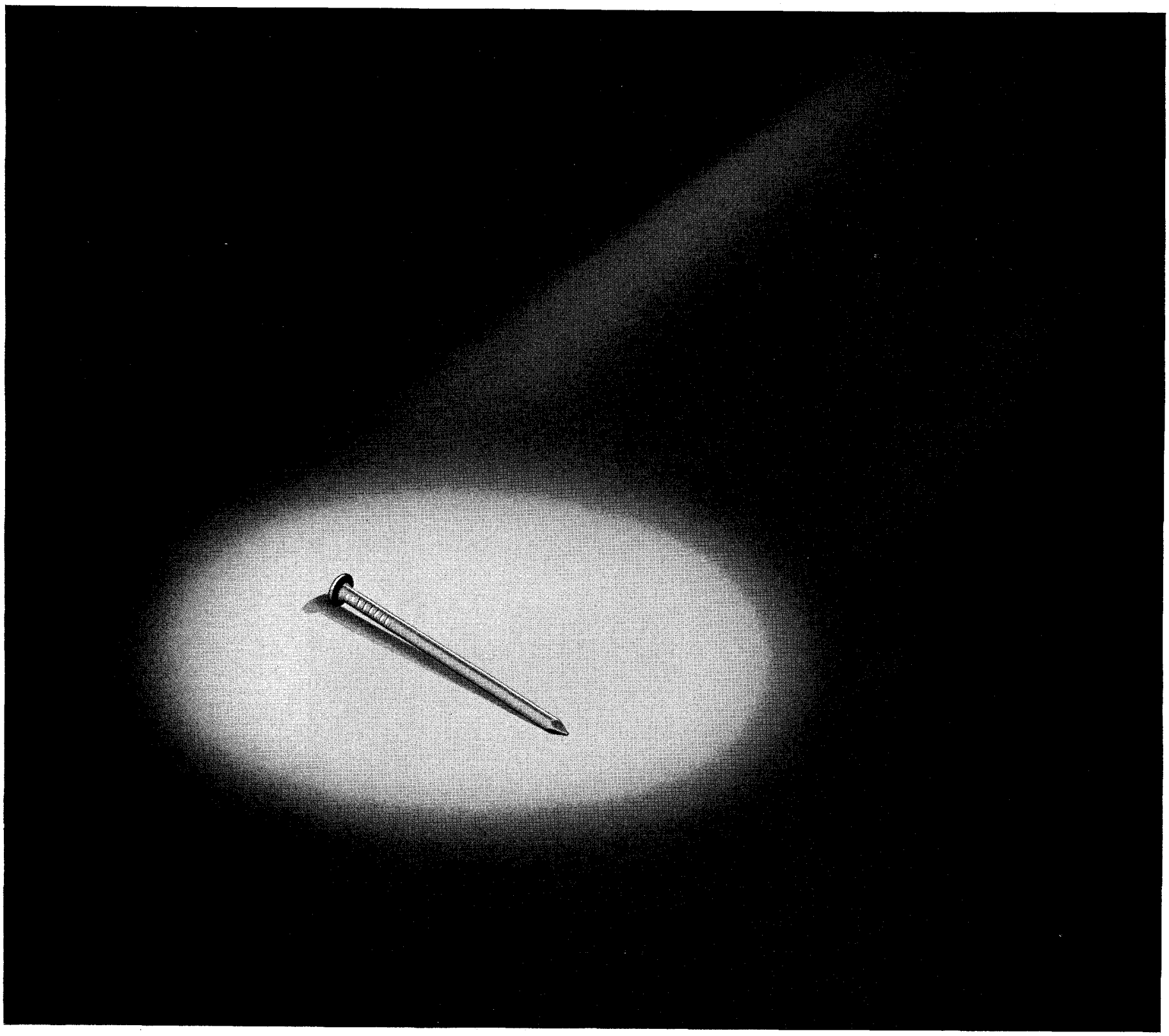
In 1945, after many crosses between Rutgers and established varieties, one of them hit the (*Continued on Page 132*)



"And now perhaps we can persuade our beloved president to say a few words."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The cost of this nail has increased by 86.9% in the last ten years.

This is typical of what has happened to building costs in general, and emphasizes the need to bring your insurance into line with *today's* values.

Get the advice of an expert . . . your local independent insurance agent or broker.

GREAT AMERICAN

GROUP OF INSURANCE COMPANIES

FIRE · MARINE · AUTOMOBILE · CASUALTY · SURETY

Great American Group of Insurance Companies New York

GREAT AMERICAN • GREAT AMERICAN INDEMNITY • AMERICAN NATIONAL FIRE • DETROIT FIRE & MARINE • MASSACHUSETTS FIRE & MARINE • ROCHESTER AMERICAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 130*) jack pot. It was "Cross 855," the number an indication of the many failures that led to success. The cross was made by the Campbell tomato breeders at Riverton, New Jersey, and progenies were sent to California for testing in 1948. Cross 855 yielded such bountiful crops in California and other areas that Doctor Porter named it "Ace," a sort of hybridization of the first two initials of A. C. Dorrance. Since then, Campbell geneticists have developed several varieties that top even Ace.

Meantime other hybridizers were in the hunt for a better tomato than the old-time favorite, Ponderosa, also known as Beefsteak, brought out in the '90's by the Peter Henderson Company of Philadelphia, and favorite of home gardeners for generations. Tomato canners never liked the Beefsteak, due to its irregular shape and because, unlike a juicy steak, it was more pink than red. There was a run on Globe tomatoes, then Marglobes, but somehow they did not satisfy the experts.

The Ferry-Morse Company got into the act about 1923, when the Morse end of the concern undertook a whopping tomato-breeding program for the California canners. Starting with an import from Italy, known as the San José Canner, two Ferry-Morse plant breeders, John Moran and Walter Nixon, set up what is still known as "the tomato workshop," out of which came half a dozen improved varieties that jumped the production on tomato farms from five tons per acre to seventeen tons. Exceptional farms have yielded up to thirty tons per acre in three pickings, more than double the nation's average. The F-M breeders also managed to develop tomatoes that would ripen in midwinter down in Imperial Valley, Southern Texas and Florida and Lower California, thus making fresh tomatoes a year-round item of diet.

Among the dedicated tomato remodelers was a Dr. Oscar Pearson, of the staff of the University of California College of Agriculture at Davis. One of his early experiments was a shotgun marriage of the big Santa Clara Canner with a tough little number known as Fargo, developed for the short northern growing season by Doctor Yeager at Durham, New Hampshire. Shortly after harvesting seeds of this mating, which he tagged "Hybrid 065," Pearson lost his job at Davis in a 1933 retrenchment program. His successor held a poor opinion of 065 and tossed Pearson's seeds into the wastebasket.

Fortunately, Pearson had mailed small packets of 065 seeds to several farm advisers in California counties. Otherwise one of the stars of the tomato galaxy might have been lost. In Ventura County, the farm adviser gave some of the seed to a grower named Sam Nuckols, who harvested a bumper yield from the vines. Nuckols modestly called the new tomato "Nuckols' Nugget." Other growers hopped aboard the Nuckols' Nugget band wagon. The variety attracted so much attention that the College of Agriculture dispatched a staff man to interview Nuckols regarding its origin. This inquiry tracked the seed back to Doctor Pearson's work at Davis.

The Davis people decided that it was time to do right by Pearson, even if he had been fired. They persuaded grower Nuckols to detach the Nuckols' monicker from the tomato, so that they could rename it after its originator. The Improved Pearson—it has been touched up still more by both Ferry-Morse and Cal-Pack—now accounts for 80 per cent of the California crop, which is in turn more than half of the country's harvest. Thus, the discarded wastebasket tomato has burgeoned into a lucky strike that brings over $40,000,000 a year to California farmers. But the prolific Pearson, for some inexplicable reason, refuses to yield good crops outside of California.

Climatic oddities make California a tomato paradise. Recent studies of the tomato's idiosyncrasies reveal that the plants do best when the nights are cool, around fifty degrees, followed by daytime temperatures in the eighties. The cold nights make the fruit set; the daytime heat matures the tomatoes. This abrupt change in temperature every twenty-four hours, a change to which the old love apple adjusted itself in its native Peruvian heath, still carries over after almost half a millennium. A lot of research has been aimed at making the tomato mature properly in the South where the nights are warm, and in the North where the days are cold and the summers are short.

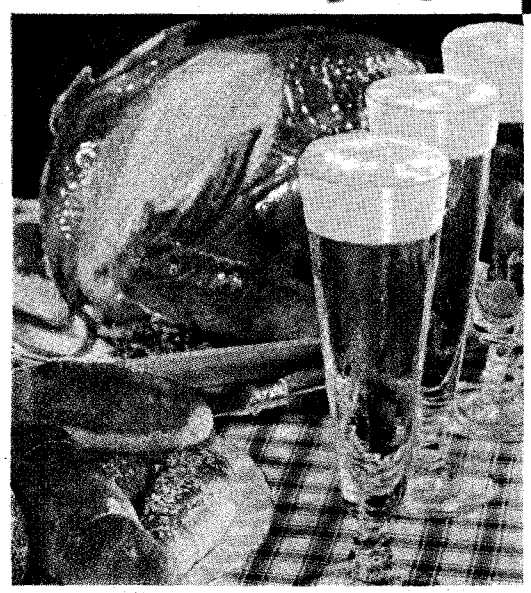
One of the more revealing studies has been that of the Earhart Climate Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology. Here, in fifty-four climate rooms, some of them greenhouses, others covered and utilizing artificial light as a substitute for the sun's rays, researchers can maintain any sequence of light, humidity and temperature they desire. They have given tomatoes the works and have come up with some surprising revelations. Reports Dr. Frits Went, director of the climate lab:

"We now know that most varieties of tomato plants require almost the same night temperature to set fruit. This explains why tomato production is usually very low in the tropics; the night temperatures there are above the optimal fruit-setting range. On the other hand, in cool climates the night temperatures are likely

No wonder

Mrs. Norris

needs malt...



Wife and mother, homemaker and hostess—this taxing pace makes malt in some form *so vital* to her daily diet. For malt is a source of sparkling energy no matter where it's found . . . in a wide variety of good foods and beverages. Today's most widely used barley malt is *Fro-Malt,* produced only by Froedtert. You'll enjoy *Fro-Malt* often if you look for "Malt" on the labels when you shop.

Food processors: The precisely controlled malting of *Fro-Malt* assures absolute uniformity, higher food values, specified texture. Why not make use of Froedtert research in your product development or improvement?

FRO MALT

by Froedtert — where research is unlocking the secrets of malt

Froedtert Malt Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin • a division of Basic Products Corporation

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be too low. The tomato yield is most reliable in California, where a relatively stable air mass during the summer insures fairly consistent night temperatures in the appropriate range.

"In areas such as the Southwest and the East, the great fluctuations in summer night temperatures make tomato production quite variable. In some years there are only a few weeks of optimal night temperatures and the crop is small. We are testing in our laboratory new varieties of tomatoes which breeders hope will tolerate a wider range of night temperatures. Indications are that the effort to breed a less sensitive tomato will be successful."

Some of these new types of college-bred tomatoes are now being tested in Texas and in various other hot-night states. Another discovery of the Cal Tech experimenters was that the tomato crop could be speeded up, not by exposing the plants to night light as had been previously thought but by shading them in the late afternoon. The love apple, it seems, is a night worker.

Says Doctor Went, "We have found that it is possible to induce tomato plants to set fruit as early as May or June in Pasadena by covering them with dark cloth during the late afternoon, when the temperature is in the proper range for fruit set. These plants start to form tomatoes at least a month ahead of uncovered plants. A more inexpensive way to obtain early fruit set is to plant the tomatoes along the east side of a wall or a shade tree, so that they are shaded and start their night activities early in the evening, while the temperature is still high enough."

All men are born equal, but some outgrow it.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

Other researchers, too, have hit on ideas for tricking tomatoes into bearing crops earlier. For the experiment-minded back-yard gardener, some of these are intriguing. One of the simplest schemes was suggested by Doctor Porter. This is to plant the seeds early, say in January, in small flats or pots kept in cold frames or on window sills. By giving them just enough water to keep them alive, the little plants can be held back and toughened, while they put on age. When the dwarfed plants are transplanted outdoors in the sun-warmed soil, come spring, they take off and make up for lost time, often maturing a crop ten days to two weeks ahead of schedule.

All this intensive work by the plant breeders is clearing much of the mystery from the life of the love apple. It is also disproving some popular misconceptions about tomatoes. Though nobody in the last half century has believed that tomatoes are poison, there are more old wives' tales in circulation about tomatoes than any other vegetable.

Many home gardeners still pick tomatoes when they are barely turning pink and ripen them on the window sill, the way grandmother did. This may have been good harvesting in grandmother's time, when old-fashioned varieties often failed to make ripe fruit before the autumn frost damaged the vines. As a matter of fact, thousands of tons of tomatoes for the fresh-produce market are picked "in the pink" by growers for the long haul to the centers of population. These ripen en route, sometimes under the impetus of a shot of ethylene gas to give them a deep red color. Though they have a luscious look, they lack the vine-ripe taste, which leads Doctor Porter to comment that "millions of Americans have never tasted a vine-ripened fresh tomato."

But home gardeners should leave their tomatoes on the vines until they are red-ripe, he says. Window ripening is a way to lose not only a lot of flavor but also most of the vitamins. Laboratory tests show that the sunny side of a tomato is often two to three times as rich in vitamins as the shady side.

Another mistaken idea quite prevalent is that tomato vines should be kept thirsty to produce more fruit and less vine. The experiments show the reverse to be true. A large plant and a gross feeder, a tomato needs both fertilizer and plenty of water while it is growing. After the vine reaches maturity, it seems to throw its strength into making fruit. The more vigorous the vine, the better the crop. Also, picking the fruit as it ripens prolongs the fruiting season. The plant that is loaded with ripe tomatoes folds up for the season, considering its chore done.

Oddly enough, in warm climates with no killing winter weather, a tomato vine that is cut off a few inches above the ground will sprout new branches, come spring, and mature another crop in the summer. Geneticists say this is a hangover from primitive habits in the Andes, where the wild-tomato vine lived several years. But with modern varieties, the back-yard gardener will get more and better fruit by starting anew each spring with young plants.

For the commercial grower, and the home gardener as well, bringing in a tomato crop is a challenge, involving a cold war with pests and plant diseases, which relish love apples too. The bugs and worms are less-devastating enemies than they used to be, now that effective insecticides hold them down. But the diseases, particularly fusarium and verticillium wilts, are still disastrous, and much of today's tomato-breeding work is aimed at developing more resistant strains.

The geneticists do this by going back to the Andes for hardy wild stock. Most experimental stations have a few plants of these ancient forebears of the modern tomato growing in greenhouses, the fruit hanging like grapes on the vines. Pollen from the flowers of these wild strains is brushed onto the blossoms of the highly bred aristocrats of the garden. Out of these matings come sturdier offspring which in about ten generations may develop into new strains bearing quality fruit on vines that have some of the toughness of the aborigines. This doesn't take as long as it would seem, because the plant breeders give Nature the speed-up by growing three and four generations each year in greenhouses.

Today's new-model love apples are better in color, taste, yield, vitamin content and disease resistance than the tomatoes of grandmother's day, according to tomatologists. But a lot of home gardeners don't think so and obstinately plant the good old varieties like Globe, Beefsteak, Stone, Oxheart, still listed by the W. Atlee Burpee Company in one of the few remaining seed catalogues. The Burpees report a recent run on their golden Jubilee, a giant yellow tomato that is a not-too-distant cousin of the original golden Apple of Peru. And after all these years of trying to breed bigger tomatoes, the Ferry-Morse people are trying to fathom another current rage for old-styled Red Cherry tomatoes, about the size of large marbles, which now sell like hotcakes as "cocktail tomatoes."

Which goes to show that when you're in the love-apple business you can't always tell what the customers will buy.

THE END

The Director of Research, and your friend, the Service Mechanic who sells WIX, form an unbeatable team to keep your car's engine in prime condition. No single filtering medium is capable of performing efficiently for all engines and all driving conditions. That is why WIX employs many formulas—to provide filtration specifically prescribed for *your* car, its filter system and the kind of driving *you* do! Many leading manfacturers of cars, trucks and tractors use WIX Prescription Type Filtration as original equipment. Get this scientifically designed engine protection for your car, for maximum lubrication efficiency and economy. Next time you change oil—tell the man you want WIX Engineered Filtration!

WIX-KNIT . . . The Premium Filter for Premium Oils—curbs acids—removes sludge, grit and dirt.

WIX CORPORATION • GASTONIA, N. C.

In Canada: Wix Corporation Ltd., Toronto

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opera on the Open Road

(Continued from Page 25)

Passenger accommodations on spring safari stay pretty much the same, year in, year out. It is usually made up of two Pullman strings, each of ten cars. Ten-car hookups are about all that can squeeze into small-city railroad stations where platform length is limited. Oddly, the B unit in the passenger-car arrangement almost always pulls out ahead of A, though no one seems to know why. Just always been that way, they tell you. Mr. Bing rides in the B train with his secretary and immediate aides, his maestros and from fifty to sixty opera stars and secondary vocalists. Other B-car riders include technical supervisors; Jennie Cervini, chief wardrobe mistress, and her assistants.

The A train carries the Met orchestra—ninety-two men and the girl harpist, Marjorie Tyre—thirty-six boys and girls of the Met ballet, the technical crews that light the sets, and the huskies who put the scenes up and strike them; the dressers, wardrobe handlers, orchestra librarian and assorted other staff people. Though management won't admit it, there are pretty sharp caste lines within the company. Most Train-B riders are at the top. The ballet dancers, musicians and chorus are secondary groups.

Rolling from one city to another, and in their hotel rooms, the performers play bridge, rummy, pinochle and chess. On the longer runs there are apt to be rounds of word games. More than half the time is spent in reading.

On the trains and in hotels, quite a few of the wandering players keep right up with their hobbies. Henry Kasten, violinist, turns out opera-motif jewelry for the stars. Carlo Pitello, cellist, gloats over first-edition Americana and looks for new items in each new city. Francis Robinson, the public-relations man, hunts for vintage records, especially Caruso and Farrar disks. Quite a few of the women sew. At least half the company keep snapshot records of the tours. Harry Schumer, musical librarian, has the greatest collection of road scenes; he has sold many to musical journals.

Tour manager Frank Paola, a kindly, mild-mannered man almost thirty years with the Met, started planning for transportation of the 1958 merry-go-round before the 1957 run closed in Montreal last June sixth. He was barely home before he had William Gengenbach, New York Central official, in for a look at the 1958 layout. Mr. Gengenbach, who has worked with the Met road men for years, is infinitely wise in helping shape the spring routings.

The two ten-car Pullmans are more or less standard, but the number of baggage cars will vary according to the number of operas to be played and how many scene changes they call for. The company usually travels with about 300 trunks, sometimes more; 150 orchestra instruments; up to 1500 orchestral parts; from 3500 to 4000 costumes with pairs of shoes to match; 300 to 400 wigs.

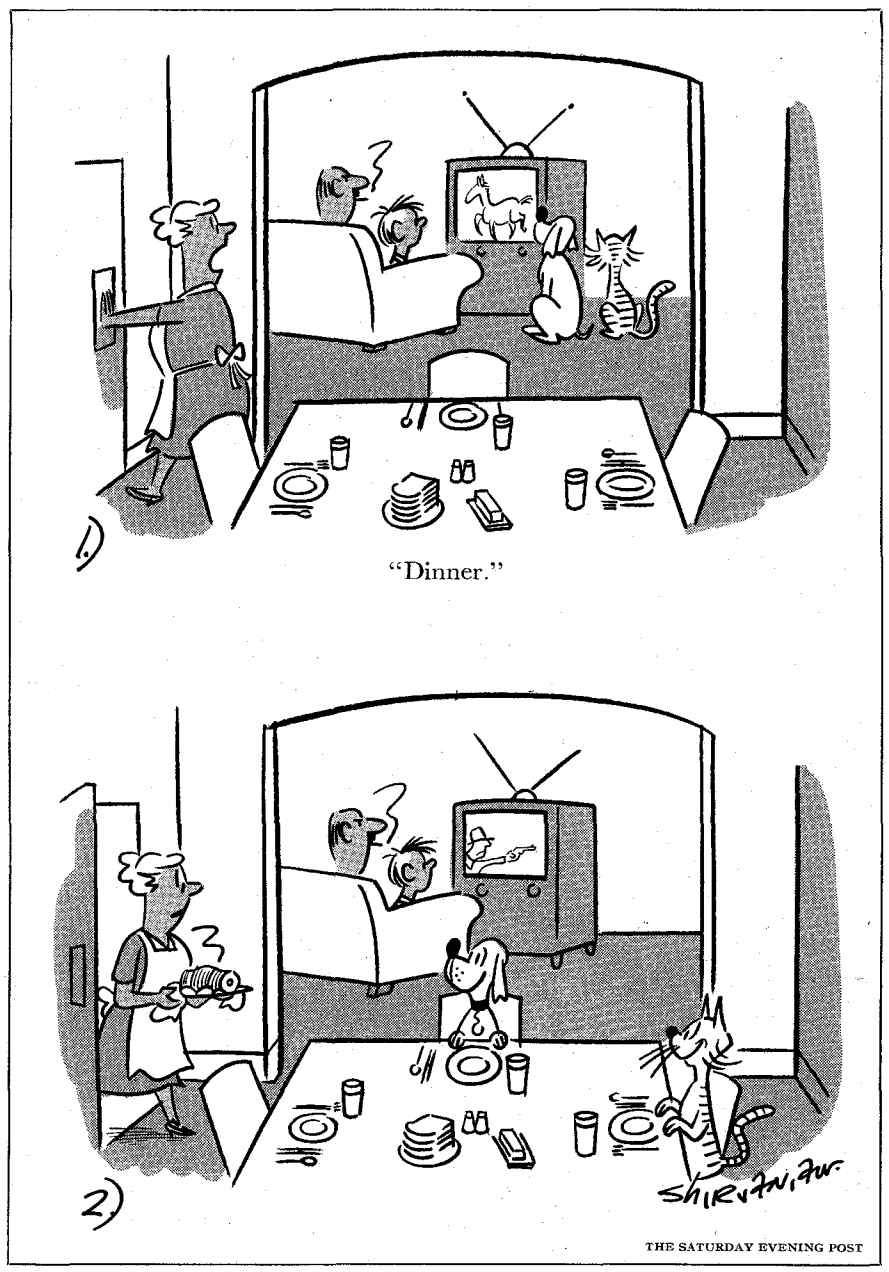
Mr. Gengenbach gets the same baggage cars—seventy-footers to take the great Met backdrops—every year. Different railroads charge different rates. One will ask a guarantee of 150 fares for use of its trackage between two given cities; another will want a 200-fare guarantee. In a journey of over 7000 miles, which is about what each tour covers, the difference can run into big money. All who make the swing are entitled to upper or lower berths, but almost all seem to want roomettes or bedrooms. Those who do, pay the difference themselves.

The tour manager doesn't just throw the troupers into any old space at all. In assigning sleeping spots he must actually separate deep snorers from sensitive prima donnas and temperamental musicians. He says, "You just have to indulge such artists or they come to the opera house unfit to give their best, and the whole company suffers." In plotting sleeping quarters he has to make certain, too, that no top performer—singer, conductor or key orchestra hand—rides over clackety train wheels. That's apt to throw them off pitch too. The final "transportation advice," as the trade calls it, is manifolded after Mr. Paola and Mr. Gengenbach have gone over it again and again. Only then do copies go out to the railroads over which the Met aggregation will travel.

The orders that go out to the railroads tell how the Met cars must be serviced, how to handle opera baggage, how many redcaps will be needed at each stop, how many taxis or buses. Actually, any trouper will tell you, no town has enough porters. The only place that really turns up anywhere near enough station-to-hotel transportation for passengers and personal luggage is Birmingham. The Women's Music Club, which sponsors some of the opera there, always has buses, cars and station wagons waiting at the depot; it gets the musical rovers out with the same kindly efficiency. Though the Birmingham ladies don't attempt to compete with Atlanta and the rich Texas cities in throwing post-opera parties for the Met group, they do have the Hotel Tutwiler set aside a large "Metropolitan Opera Lounge" which keeps open round the clock. The rovers can drop in there any time, get free tea, coffee or cold soft drinks; sit around and gossip—which strolling players have always dearly loved to do—or get on with their endless card games.

Railroad-transportation costs for the spring safari may come to around $170,000. The bookkeeping sheets will run to from seventy-two to seventy-four desk-sized, closely typed pages in red ink and black. Mr. Paola shells out another $10,000 each spring to pay for plane journeys for conductors and opera stars who do just one-night or two-night stands and then fly out again. He doesn't, on the other hand, have to pay more than one round trip for any performer who leaves the rest of the flock to keep a concert date and then joins up again. The artists pay for such extra transportation out of their own purses. The tour manager counts himself fortunate in one thing—he doesn't have to provide private cars for snooty divas, as tour managers did in the '80's and '90's. That cut deeply into tour profits.

The muscle men and other technicians who assemble, strike and light the operas are a fascinating breed, just as temperamental in their own way as some of the more mettlesome prima donnas. Their key men—there are eight on the road—have long Met service records. Walter Mulvihill, a stalwart sixty-seven-year-old, who supervises the stagehands, has been with the company backstage a full fifty-three years. So has Emil Hicenbothem, of the stagehand crew.



"Dinner."

You run into a bit of benevolent nepotism among the Met's road hands. Walter Mulvihill's son-in-law, Tom Fitzsimmons, works backstage. Jennie Cervini, wardrobe mistress, is surrounded by blood-kin and in-laws. Ralph Edson, prop master, and his son, Lou, master mechanic, make the tour too.

In the seventy-five-year-old opera house in New York, the company has 681 people on its payroll. Roughly half this number hit the road in the spring. On heavy-production nights in Manhattan the backstage crew may run as high as 105, though it stays between seventy and eighty for most performances. Pickup crews used in tour cities are apt to be a bit awkward with big pieces, especially on stormy nights, and that's when damages mount, but Walter Mulvihill; Tom Hillary, who handles cartage and hauling; Rudy Kuntner, chief electrician; and the Edsons are accustomed, now, to working with blunderers. They say it's something every road show has to put up with.

Ralph Edson, white-haired and bespectacled, has been with the Met since 1922, and has served as road prop master the past twelve years. His unending nightmare is theft; not because individual stage props are of great intrinsic worth—most of them aren't—but because you can't get quick replacements when you're gypsying.

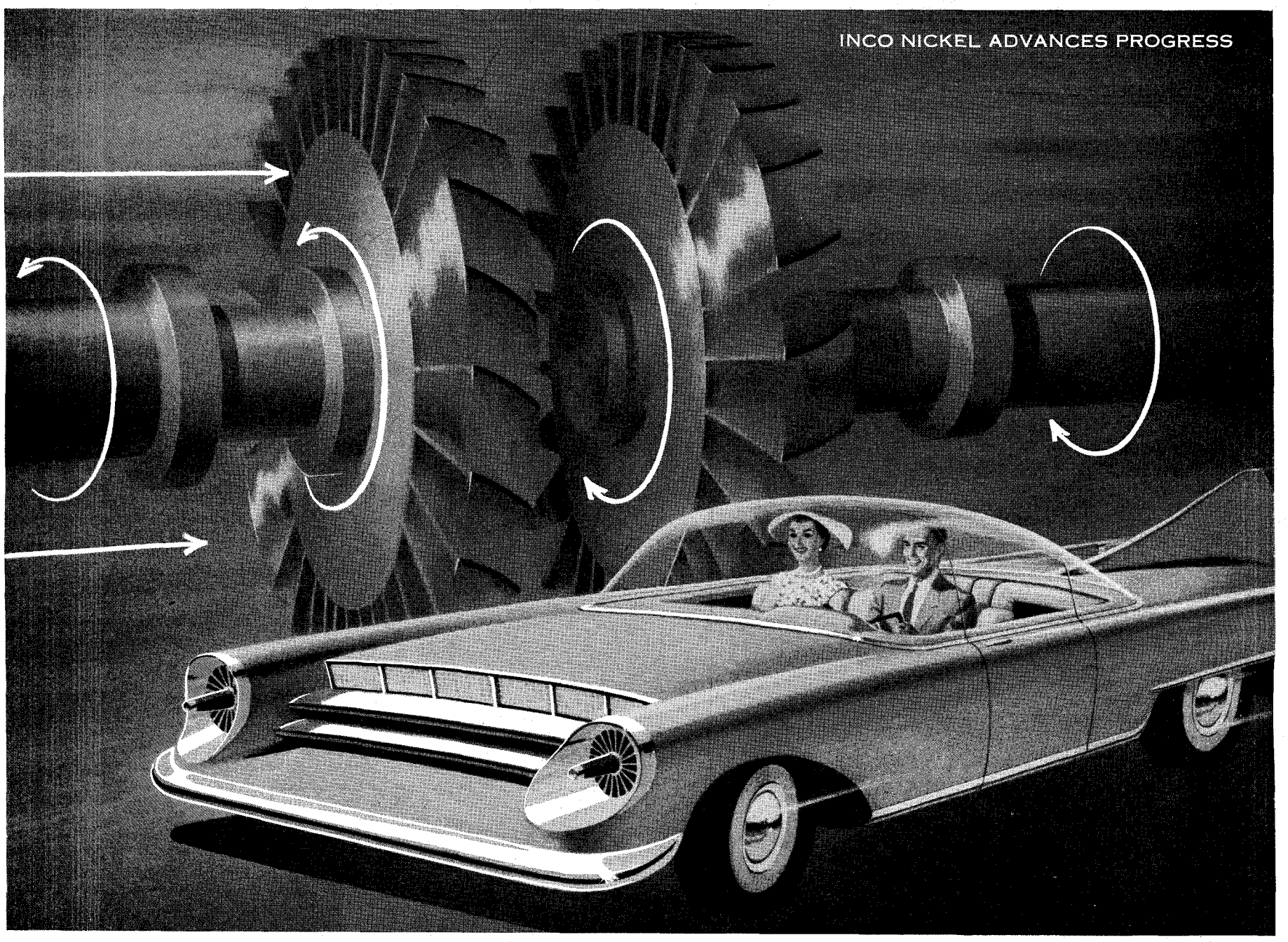
One night in Boston in 1941, for example, Harvard boys were hired as supers to wear medieval prop armor in Tannhäuser. After the last act, they just vanished, armor and all, and never came back. Francis Robinson suspects the chain mail, helmets and cuirasses now gather dust in club halls on the Harvard campus, but he has never really investigated. When the new Tannhäuser was produced a few years ago, all armor-bearing parts were written out of it. "Good thing too," Mr. Edson says.

Every time the Met moves out to meet spring, Mr. Edson must assemble thousands of stage props, ranging from items as small as perfume vials and the cloth rose that Carmen gives to Don José, to the massive eighteenth-century hulks of furniture you see in, say, Andrea Chénier. He must even prepare food—real food—for some scenes. He orders fresh salmon and rye bread for the dining bit in Eugene Onegin; heats a can of soup backstage for Baron Ochs in the last act of Der Rosenkavalier. He uses a plug-in electric heater for this, but has to make certain the soup isn't hot enough to burn the bass baritone's mouth or throat cords. Sometimes he has a bit of trouble with feasting scenes that call for wines. Baritones George London and Walter Cassel like their stage wine light; Leonard Warren won't have any; insists on ginger ale instead.

Cio-Cio-San's baby, Trouble, in Madame Butterfly, curiously, always has been one of the most difficult roles to fill on safari. Every Met tour that goes out carries a life-size Trouble prop doll, and prays that it won't be needed, because edgy sopranos get their hackles up when they're asked to go on with it. They say it cramps their acting style. There's a hoary legend about the night in Washington when the company's Butterfly was introduced to her stage baby just before the second act. Because of stern child-labor laws in Washington, someone had hired a forty-two-year-old, gravel-voiced midget for the job. He jumped up high on the prima donna's kimono when her cue was called, and hung on with shameless eagerness. Poor Butterfly had to sing her breaking heart out under something of a breathing handicap. Breathless, she got back between the wings, and stagehands had to help

(Continued on Page 136)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This "windmill" or turbine, spun by hot gas, powers the turbocar. For such a hot spot, designers depend on Nickel to help them solve heat-resistance problems.

How Inco Nickel is helping develop your new gas turbine car of tomorrow

It will be power-packed: the gas turbine engine in your dream car of the future. In tomorrow's trucks and buses, too.

Only one spark plug—runs on kerosene

This new, power-packed engine is much lighter, much smaller than yours. It has far fewer parts. No pistons. No water system. Only one spark plug. And it runs on lower-grade fuels like kerosene.

Not yet in production!

Before this dream car becomes a show-room reality, engineers have a number of big problems to solve.

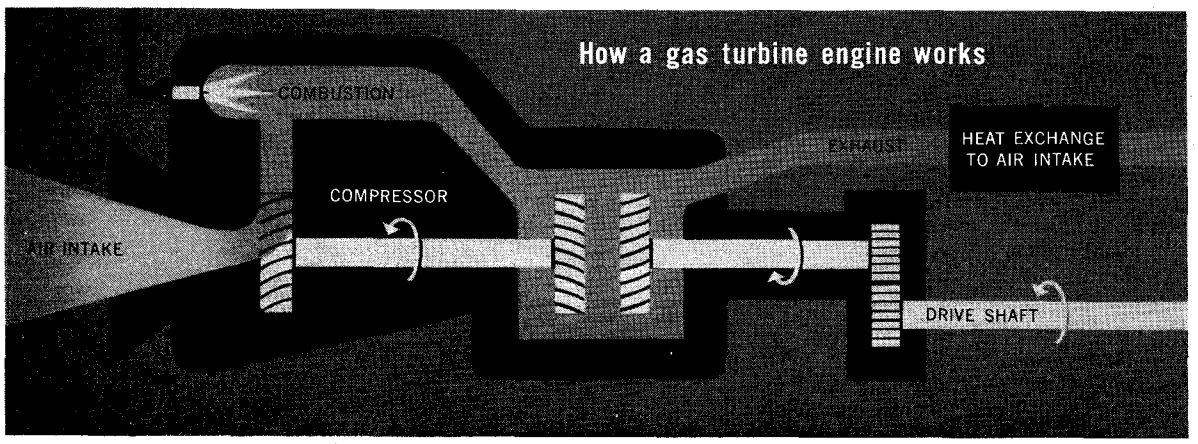
One of the engineers' problems—the one Inco Nickel is helping with — is metals. *Heat-resisting metals!*

Gas turbine engines operate up to 1600 degrees F. These temperatures step up corrosion. So the job is to develop alloys that can carry the load—that resist corrosion—at these jet-high temperatures.

Nickel-containing alloys are just such metals

This has been proved by (1) International Nickel Company's *basic* research. By (2) the experience of jet engine designers.

More proof comes from the research efforts of the automotive and aviation industries — industries that can rely on the *expanding* capacity of nickel producers to meet the expanding demands of *modern* mass production methods.



Inco Nickel advances progress. For a quick, interesting "why", write for your copy of our 65-page booklet, "The Romance of Nickel". Write Dept. 46G,

The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N.Y.

©1958, T. I. N. Co., Inc.

Inco Nickel

Makes metals perform better longer

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 134*) pry the dark-jowled baby loose. Midgets were ruled out forever, after that.

Like every other traveling show since Shakespeare's day, the Met's strollers must perform in whatever space is available. Sometimes they and their sets are squeezed onto stages half the size of the home boards. In the smaller theaters, with next to no dressing space, wandering local folk who get backstage are apt to run into musicians jumping into their street pants as they change from Tuxedo outfits. The company finds itself, on the other hand, in vast arenas like the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto where powerful voices bounce from the rafters and concrete walls like table-tennis balls on china plates, and where audiences have run as high as a full 11,000.

There are a few auditoriums where the Met's people perform under better conditions than they have in New York. The Hall of Music in Purdue, which holds an audience of 6146 as against the Metropolitan Opera House's 3612, has incredibly good acoustics. Microphones are available there, but the Met has never used them. The only places where the Met singers and musicians call for this electronic crutch are in Toronto and in Cleveland's cavernous Public Auditorium. State Fair Music Hall in Dallas, which has seats for 4300 listeners, is acoustically excellent and has no fat pillars blocking audience view. The Indiana University auditorium is a delight for opera performers, too, though sometimes there's a sharp acoustical bounce. Francis Robinson remembers that coconut matting had to be spread in the orchestra pit to take up this ricochet. "The quick chords in Tannhäuser's hymn to profane love," he says, "were like a blow in the face."

There's a lot of flying in and out of New York when opera sponsors from host cities try to work out the repertoire for the next Met visit, ten to eleven months in the future. Cleveland, Atlanta and Boston make the opera week the big social whoop-de-doo of the year. Socialite families in those cities have served on opera committees for generations, and try to see to it that local charities benefit from the profits. There have been deficits, too, at times, but none so great that well-to-do sponsors couldn't absorb them without embarrassment or discomfort.

Financially Purdue University and Indiana University usually wind up with deficits, but the University of Minnesota has always come out ahead. The Daily Oklahoman gets behind the visit to Oklahoma City, and in Des Moines last year the sponsor was the Des Moines Register and Tribune. Professional concert managers, wise in the tricks of the trade, undertake opera sponsorship in Chicago, Houston, Washington and Richmond. Local nabobs put up the money in Dallas, and the Women's Music Club swings the deal in Birmingham. A paper manufacturer and art patron of Memphis, I. L. Myers, singlehandedly brings the opera to his city, but leaves the big opera ball to the ladies of the town. Some of the Atlanta and Memphis parties, with foods and favors flown in from Paris, have been historic.

Renata Tebaldi's 1957 tour was her first in this country. Her mother, who died recently, was with her. Miss Tebaldi had some difficulty with English, but when the show touched Memphis the stagehands undertook to enrich her Southern accent. About all she seemed to get out of this tutelage was a vibrant "yo' all." Some of the Italian artists on last year's run took up bits of local speech and custom too. Giuseppe Campora, tenor, ordinarily seen in perfectly tailored sports shirts and Italian suiting, bought blue jeans and cowboy shirts. The baritone, Frank Guarrera, adopted Texas boots; even wore them on stage as Marcel in La Bohême in Dallas one night. This was considered naughty, like being out of uniform, but it developed later that Mr. Guarrera had dressed in a hurry that evening. He was forgiven.

Nearly all cities on the spring itinerary like exactly the same operas that seem to be favorites in New York, the Met people tell you. The A-B-C combination—A for Aïda, B for Bohême, C for Carmen—is always popular, and has been for generations. La Bohême, especially, is a stock road item. Troupers have become almost superstitious about it. They think of it as a kind of good-luck number. Bohême sets up quickly and easily, almost never presents a casting problem, and dying Mimi always leaves the customers properly sentimental and teary.

The party phase of the spring tour is a kind of mixed blessing. It cuts deeply into company work and sleep time. All along the way, local bluebloods dip deep into family funds to pay for opera luncheons and for after-opera dinners in the most plushy settings. They spend sizable sums on foods, wines and liquors; often have exotic table items flown from Paris; and they order great banks of flowers, special ice statues and baked masterpieces done in operatic themes.

It Hardly Pays

To pay as you go
Is virtuous, holy.
It causes you, though,
To go very slowly.

Richard Wheeler

In Atlanta, where the parties are a forty-year-old tradition, only the top administrative people and the artists get to these fantastic wingdings. The big events are in the Piedmont Driving Club, one of the South's most impregnable social institutions, and at Floweracres, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hastings, where tables are set out on the great garden terrace for the midday Sabbath meal. At the Piedmont Driving Club, where the Jackson Dicks and other Atlantans have played host for decades, cocktails are served in the tack room before supper in the great, flower-scented ballroom. This is one of the few places where the singers, ordinarily careful of overtaxing their voices, are apt to dance and to break out in spontaneous song, not always arias. When the wine flows fast, you're just as apt to hear a new Italian tenor try a heavily accented Home on the Range or Deep in the Heart of Texas.

Oddly enough, the parties in all the big towns are a lot more restrained than they were thirty-five or forty years ago. The big stars, like Caruso, went in for more public clowning then, and the divas of the period would start for the waiting train before dawn with young bucks strung out behind, balancing champagne bottles in either hand. Parties nowadays never seem to reach quite that carefree stage.

The big midnight party after the one-night stand in Washington is at the Sulgrave Club, where the Posts, Garretts, Houghtalings, Blisses and Orme Wilsons, among others, are hosts. A lot of the guests are from the embassies. At last year's party Mr. Bing showed up with the ribbon of a Commander of the British Empire in his lapel. Party rounds took the general manager's breath away on his first tour, seven years ago, but he's philosophically resigned to them now. In Dallas, entertainment is apt to be a bit broader than in Atlanta, Cleveland, Washington, Houston, or Chicago. Dallas has the entire troupe in—all 300 or more. In Dallas, as in Atlanta, you run into swarms of opera-hungry people who have come from 1000 to 1500 miles for the performances. Some of them get to the big party too. Last May, the Dallas hosts' Casbah Entertainment for the troupe, a formal event in the grand ballroom of the Adolphus Hotel, was a lively bit of hoopla. The place was converted into a bit of Tangier—snake dancers, fortunetellers, veiled women, men in fezzes. The astonishing feature was a houri rising out of a gigantic seashell with undulations that stepped up male temperatures. Waiters, moving around in French Legionnaire outfits, served all manner of rich food and drinks. Palm-sheltered musicians played Oriental themes, then popular music for the dance. The Met caravaneers wobbled out of Tangier utterly exhausted. A full night on stage and then a sultan's blowout was a little more than they could take.

Party tempo falls off quite a bit after the sweep through Texas, especially at the university stops. Refreshments in those places are rarely alcoholic, but run more to lemonade, tea and cookies. Yet the troupers love the campus layovers. The general atmosphere is far more quiet; the ballet and chorus girls get a chance to save on laundry bills by running their lighter stuff through electric washing machines; campus cafeterias and restaurants are easier on the purse, and undergraduates make chatty and interesting waiters. Dormitory space comes cheaper than regular hotels, too, and that's important to working people who pay their room and board out of an allowance of ten dollars a day.

By the time the tour has arrived in Chicago for a four-day stand at the end of May, most of the wanderers have had it, especially after coming through long stretches of bad weather, as they did last year. Most of the singers, except those scheduled for Chicago and the last two, Canadian stops, fly away to start their vacations or to keep concert dates. A lot of musicians' wives fly or drive into Chicago for family reunions.

Last year the University of Chicago's Cancer Research Foundation got $200 apiece for lower-tier box seats for the opening-night benefit performance of La Bohême, and got $150 for upper-tier boxes. The Met, of course, doesn't share in such proceeds, but does get a high minimum guaranty for the Chicago run, which is handled by Harry Zelzer, a professional concert promoter. The figure has run as high as $75,000.

It has become habit in Chicago, as in other major cities on the tour, for newspapermen to count the number of old-guard opera lovers who still turn out in completely formal rig—top hats, tiaras, ermine, tails. At Bohême, a reporter counted four toppers, three tiaras, two ermine capes, one lorgnette. In Boston, last year, the number of top hats was down to two; but Maggie Wells, of the Boston Traveler, noticed that a good sprinkling of Back Bay aristocrats still turns out for the touring opera—the Bacons, Morisons, Wolcotts and Birds, among others.

Late on a Sunday night, with the ranks down to, roughly, 200 people; with all unneeded scenery and props roaring toward New York in baggage cars, the company closed in Chicago with La Perichole. Canadian Immigration officers checked the performers and their personal luggage aboard the special Pullmans at one A.M. on Monday and the trains rolled toward the border. There had been no time to stop to eat after the show, but each group—ballet, musicians, singers, stagehands—had arranged for bags of sandwiches, for coffee and Scotch, and the departure turned into a kind of party or series of parties. The road-weary were within sight of tour's end, and spirits lifted.

Next day they were in Toronto. Here, Canadian hospitality exceeded anything met within the States. Porters from the Royal York Hotel, just opposite the station, were on hand to carry all luggage into the hotel lobby. Everyone in the company had been pre-registered, every room key was ready. That night's Figaro, which was given in the hockey arena in Maple Leaf Gardens before 9000 Canadians, was a hit show, as all the rest in Toronto were to be. Miss Tebaldi's performance in Traviata was especially well received. This brought not only the cash customers but even the soprano's fellow performers to their feet with almost undisciplined applause. Music critics drew heavily on adjectives in French and in English to describe the Tebaldi triumph. Close to 50,000 heard the six Met performances in Toronto, an attendance New York could never hope to match.

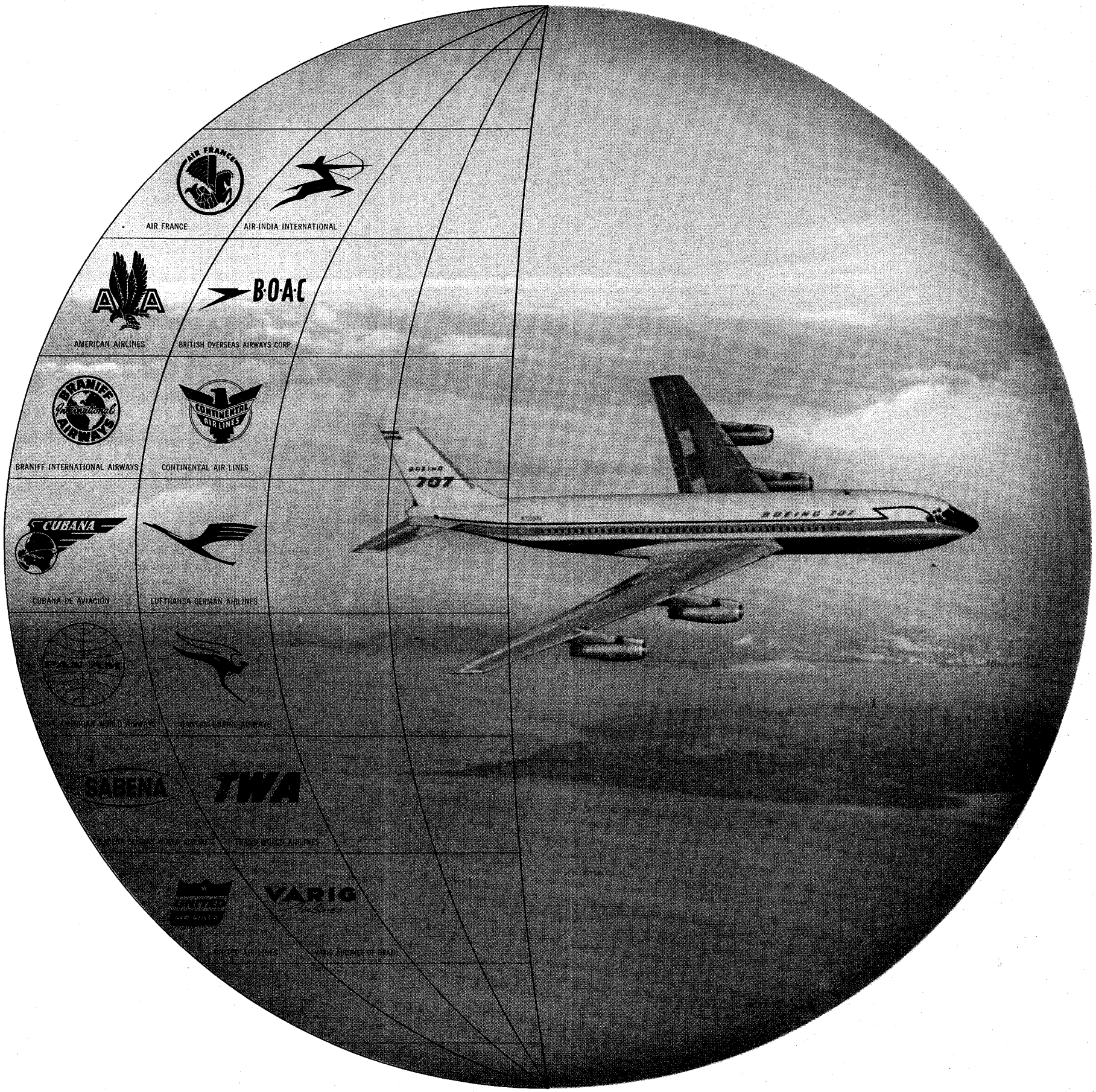
After Figaro, Angus McKinnon, manager of the Royal York, spread before Mr. Bing, his staff and the songbirds a feast that his expert chefs and other kitchen hands had worked on for three days and three nights. It was well past three o'clock on Tuesday morning before the celebrants tottered to their beds. Mr. and Mrs. Paul McNamara threw another party at their hotel, the Northgate, after the company's second night in town. After this dinner Mr. Bing hurried back to New York. The city of Toronto had still another shindig—this one for all hands, down to the last scene shifter—at the Royal York, on Thursday night. The owner of the nearby New Woodbine Race Track opened his turnstiles to the entire company next day, and musicians, stagehands and some of the chorus joyfully headed for the track. The busiest person at the track was Trudi Bedway, of the chorus, a West Virginia girl of horsy family. Trudi is gravely consulted, all around the circuit, by all Met horse players, who rate her pretty high at picking winners.

In Canada, day after day, artists, stagehands, musicians and technicians took their leave of the company as soon as it was certain they would not be needed again. Almost the entire troupe had shopped madly in Toronto and Montreal. All were laden with perfumes, leather goods, cashmere sweaters, china and bottles of Scotch to carry across the border as gifts for friends and kin. On the night that Carmen was to close the tour in Montreal, the company's train was down to one Pullman, five coaches and a diner. The comparative handful of performers still left were straining at the leash.

Before the curtain went up on Carmen, the final show, the Met orchestra played the traditional national hymns—the French-Canadian hymn, then God Save the Queen and last, the American national anthem. High in the topmost gallery, Assistant Conductor Julius Burger sat at the Forum's microphone controls, guarding against possible shatter. Though the standing audience could not hear it in the loud-speakers, his ear caught a swelling, jubilant chorus from behind the curtain. The singing was unscheduled, but it moved him almost to tears. The homesick troupers were singing their hearts out in The Star-Spangled Banner.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Soon leading airlines, flying Boeing jetliners, will cut your travel time in half!

Within a few months now, you can enjoy travel so excitingly different it will give new meaning to time and distance. In Boeing 707s, flown by leading airlines, you'll cross continents and seas in half the time required by conventional aircraft. The U. S. will be only four and a half hours wide; the Atlantic, six. You *could* make a round trip to Europe in a day! Whatever your destination, you'll arrive rested and refreshed, for travel aboard a Boeing jetliner is incredibly smooth, quiet, and completely free of fatiguing vibration. You'll relax in a cabin more spacious, more luxuriously appointed than any now aloft. In addition, you'll cruise through calm upper skies, far above the weather. Aboard the superb Boeing 707 —or its shorter-range sister ship, the 720—you'll be flying in the most thoroughly flight-tested aircraft ever to enter commercial service.

BOEING 707 and 720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Better than aspirin
even with buffering for
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

Nervous tension headaches need the special relief Anacin® gives. Here's *why* Anacin is better than aspirin, even with buffering added. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin acts to (1) relieve pain, (2) calm nerves—leave you relaxed, (3) fight depression . . . and Anacin Tablets do *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

Profitable Career Opportunities For Husbands and Wives

Did you read about "America's 10 Happiest Women" on pages 80 and 81? These women—and a thousand others like them—enjoy richly rewarding careers as Stauffer Home Reducing Plan representatives. So profitable is this work, many husbands have joined with their wives to work as a selling team.

Thousands of people write us each week asking for more information about Stauffer Home Plan. Because of this, we are substantially increasing our staff of representatives.

You need no previous sales experience. This is no ordinary selling job. You *do* need a pleasing appearance, a warm, friendly personality and genuine interest in helping others.

For further information about this highly profitable career opportunity, write to Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dept. PR-48, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

PREVENTS RUST—STOPS RUST on new or rusted metal. Primes—finishes—protects—beautifies. Reaches hard-to-get-at places. Saves time—proved in over 1,000,000 applications! ½ qt. size only $1.98 at leading paint, hardware and building supply dealers. 6 decorative colors.

MASTER BRONZE POWDER CO., INC. • Calumet City, Ill.

Rex Wheat Germ Oil-24yrs.
DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
Write for free folder, REX, Monticello, Illinois.

DISSOLVES EVEN TOUGHEST CORNS GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

Better buy by ▶ BRAND NAMES
BRAND NAMES WEEK

King of the Gag Men

(Continued from Page 45)

On the question of words, Ace goes along with Pascal, the French philosopher, who said he was writing a friend a long letter because he didn't have the time to write a short letter. The more compact the dialogue, the more difficult it is to compose.

Ace likes to cite an experience he had while head-writing The Big Show, on NBC, which starred Tallulah Bankhead. George Sanders was to be the guest. Ace had no trouble writing a straight speech for Tallulah. It went: "George, I envy you. You have so many talents. You are a movie actor, a stage actor; you sing, you play the piano and you compose music; you paint; I understand you own a factory which turns out lamp shades that you design, and I've just heard you've invented a camera which the Army is considering buying. How do you do all these things?" Now a comical answer by Sanders was required.

Ace and four other writers beat out their brains all day long in a vain effort to come up with a good joke. That night, while Ace was showering, *le mot juste* came to him. When Tallulah said, "How do you do all these things?" Sanders would suavely reply, "Superbly!" It was only one word, but it was the perfect word—amusing and in character. Yet it took about ten hours to think of that one word.

Ace practices head writing in a two-room office at 38 East 57th Street. To a superficial observer it might seem that Ace and his colleagues are just killing time all day long in the office. Mrs. Ace told me, "I don't see how they really get any work done there. All they do is play gin rummy, eat sandwiches, drink coffee and argue about baseball."

There is only one desk and one typewriter. Ace always occupies the desk and mans the typewriter. Jay Burton, George Foster and Mort Green, the other Como writers, lounge around on the leather sofa or chairs. There are no volumes of old jokes or indexed files crammed with *bons mots*. Ace says, "In the time it takes to look up an old joke in a gag file and then switch it to fit Perry Como, I can make up five new jokes."

The four writers just sit around and talk, and whenever anybody says anything funny, Ace types it out. For instance last June, Ed Wynn was a guest. The week before, the Sid Caesar program had been canceled by NBC. This gave Ace an idea for an opening. I watched the four gag writers at work.

ACE (*peering owlishly through thick, green-rimmed spectacles*): Let's write the opening spot, fellas. I think we should open with Ed Wynn.

FOSTER: Why should we open with Ed Wynn?

ACE: I got an idea. (*Lighting a cigar.*) Wynn comes in wearing a toga and he's got sandals on, see? He's got like a wreath on his head. You get the picture?

BURTON: Yeah.

ACE: Well, he tells Perry he wants to do a scene from Shakespeare. He starts out with "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." And Como tells him he can't do it. He says Shakespeare is out. He cuts him right off. And then Wynn says, "It seems like Caesar can't get anywhere on this network."

GREEN (*frowning thoughtfully*): Wouldn't it be funnier if we have Wynn say, "Friends, Romans, paisanos?"

ACE (*puffing on cigar*): The joke would be too obvious.

FOSTER: I don't think it's Julius Caesar who says that friends, Romans, countrymen bit. I think it's Mark Antony.

BURTON (*finishing a turkey sandwich with Russian dressing*): So who'll know the difference?

The discussion over the opening spot raged for about three hours, and finally the spot was finished. At rehearsal, however, it was cut out because the program was running too long.

The Rockefeller of writers is a slender fellow with a world-weary face and a sharp crew-cut. "I am," he informed me, "five foot twelve inches tall. I have blue eyes with twenty-twenty vision. I can see twenty inches in front of me at all times. I weigh a hundred and seventy-five pounds, mostly in the stomach. My name is really Ace. My father's name was Ace. My grandfather's name was Ace. I have two sisters, both girls. I was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on January 15, 1899. Like Harry Truman, my father was a Kansas City haberdasher. I have a lot of trouble getting into the Stork Club. It's not that I'm barred from the Stork Club. I just can't get in. This is depressing to my ego."

The trouble is, Ace just does not look like a celebrity or even a rich head writer. Once, after he and his wife had been unable to get past the rope at the Stork Club, Ace complained to columnist Leonard Lyons. Lyons reported the indignity to owner Sherman Billingsley. Billingsley sent Ace four red bow ties as a peace offering and a note: "When the dinner bell rings, come to the Stork Club. We think we have the best air-conditioned room in town and you're always welcome here."

Ace replied: "Dear S. B., I know you have the best air-conditioned room in town because I never got a cooler reception than when I tried to get in the other night."

Another time, Ace had a luncheon appointment with Jack Benny at a leading New York restaurant. Ace says, "I didn't want to meet Jack there because I was sure I wouldn't be able to get in, but Jack promised he would meet me outside the door. Well, I got over there, but Jack wasn't outside, and as I walk in, there's this guy with the round haircut who greets you there, if you can call it greeting, and he looks at me like I'm collecting garbage, and he says, 'What can I do for you?' and I say, 'I'd like to see a suit of clothes,' and he says, 'What do you mean by that remark?' and I say, 'Well, what would I be coming in here for anyhow? This is a public restaurant, isn't it? You sell food here, don't you?' Well, I never went back *there* again."

But perhaps the best illustration of Ace's inability to cope successfully with restaurant situations is the Case of the Scrambled Eggs. This unfolded at a show-business rendezvous to which the Aces had repaired for supper one night. Mrs. Ace ordered scrambled eggs. When they arrived, she said, "These eggs don't look good to me."

Ace politely requested the waiter to take the eggs back to the kitchen and bring a new order of eggs.

"Why?" asked the waiter.

Ace murmured, "My wife says these eggs don't look so good."

"Yeah?" the waiter snarled. "The eggs look better than you do."

Mrs. Ace started storming at the waiter but her husband interrupted her. "Now, Jane," he said, "maybe he's right. I really haven't been looking so good lately."

Ace is always convinced that he is coming down with one disease or another. He told me, "I am writing a book called I Was a Hypochondriac for 20 Years—and Still Am." Among Ace's symptoms are heart palpitations, choking, loss of breath and stabbing pains in the chest and stomach.

The attacks may come at any time. When he goes to the theater, he gets seats on the aisle so (*Continued on Page 140*)

The Perfect Squelch

The lady was sublimely self-centered. She appeared only vaguely aware that anybody else existed on earth. So, during the rush hour at the post office, she asked for one three-cent stamp. Only after the clerk handed it to her did she take out her purse. While the line behind her lengthened, she got out one penny, then another. "I must have another somewhere," she remarked, and continued rummaging through her handbag.

Finally she looked up at the clerk and said reluctantly, "I suppose I'll have to give you a nickel."

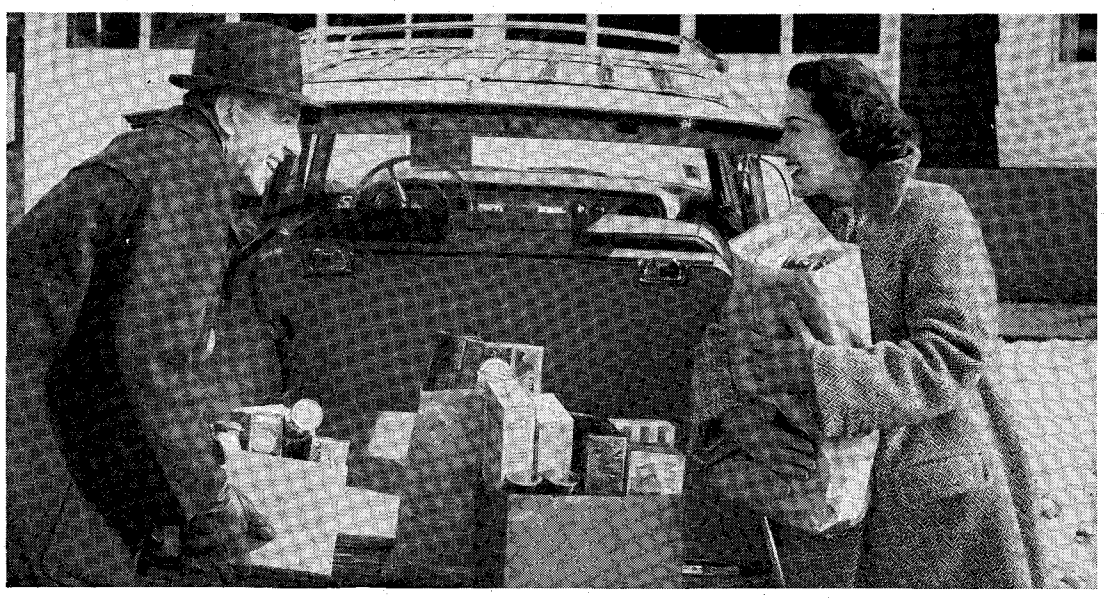
"That's all right, madam," he replied. "I can break it for you."

P. L. Elkins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU PLAN AHEAD

YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE MONEY GO FURTHER



are you this kind of homeowner ?

YOU VALUE THE EXPERIENCE OF SPECIALISTS

YOU LIKE MODERN, TIME-SAVING METHODS

...then you Should be insured by The Home!

A new "package" policy by Home Insurance is just "made" for people like you! It gives you more protection—fire, burglary, windstorm, liability and other kinds you need—for less than you'd pay for separate policies. The Home Insurance agent in your community is your kind of person, too. He sells the best insurance offered anywhere. Get your insurance really complete and up-to-date. See your HOMEtown agent today.

The HOME Insurance Company
NEW YORK
Property Protection since 1853
The Home Indemnity Company, an affiliate, writes Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUSH BUTTONS

that Save Installation Time

Bulletin 800 standard duty "Forward-Reverse-Stop" push button, with attractive, gray molded wrap-around cover.

Bulletin 800 Selector Switch can be changed from 2 position to 3 position—or vice versa—in 30 seconds!

Unlike other push buttons and selector switches, Allen-Bradley units have the contact mechanism in the molded wrap-around cover—not in the base. Removing the cover completely exposes the wiring terminals. Wiring time is cut in half; skinned knuckles are impossible. Double break, silver contacts never need attention. Available in one, two, or three buttons (or pilot light), and as a selector switch.

All Allen-Bradley distributors have these new push buttons and selector switches in stock. Try these units—they will become your "standard."

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

A-B QUALITY

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL

LET YOURSELF GO! Have fun in Michigan

WATER WONDERLAND

Come escape from cares! Find legend and lore, romance and fun . . . all in a scenic package called MICHIGAN!

Wade a rushing trout stream, or wet your line in a quiet, blue-water lake. Swim, play, picnic, soak up the sun along vast stretches of sandy beaches. Let yourself GO . . . to Michigan!

THRILLING SIGHT . . .
NEW MACKINAC STRAITS BRIDGE

MAIL COUPON TODAY for free 32-page color booklet
Plan your Michigan vacation now—and drive safely

Michigan Tourist Council
Room 13, Capitol Building, Lansing 1, Michigan

Name_____

Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

Also include free literature from regional association checked.

1 ☐ Upper Peninsula Development Bureau
2 ☐ West Michigan Tourist Association
3 ☐ East Michigan Tourist Association
4 ☐ Southeast Michigan Tourist Association

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

(*Continued from Page 138*) he can make a fast getaway. Nor is his luck any better at Yankee Stadium, where the Aces have long had a season box. Irving Mansfield, a television producer and a former friend of Ace's, says, "I used to go to the stadium with Goody all the time. By the third or fourth inning, he would get one of his so-called heart attacks and we all had to get up and go. I stopped going with him because I never saw the end of a ball game."

Ace loves horse racing as much as baseball. "When we used to do Easy Aces on radio," Mrs. Ace told me, "we did three shows a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—and we went to the track the other three days, in between. On Sundays we read the Sunday papers. We'd even travel out to Pimlico or Arlington Park just for the day, if the horses were running there. We always rented a house right next to the track during the Saratoga season."

It was Ace who once quipped, "The warm-weather months are May, June, July and Saratoga." An incurable gambler, he has lost tens of thousands of dollars on the horses. He once remarked, "I have the horses just where they want me." Discussing a long shot on which he had risked $500, he sadly observed, "I got a tip this horse would walk in. I must say the horse tried it."

Ace goes through life with a wildly offbeat attitude toward everything around him. If someone greets him with the cliché "What's new?" Ace replies seriously, "The Sammy Kayes have their friends worried."

"What's that?" the person asks, not sure he has heard correctly.

"And restaurateur Frank Mancuso and songstress Martha Wright know it's spring." At this, utterly baffled, the person usually goes away quickly.

Many years ago, Ace read the above items in Walter Winchell's column, memorized them and has been quoting them ever since.

The only person who Ace will concede is more lunatic in his daily living than himself is Groucho Marx, a great and good friend of the master head writer. Once, Ace was a house guest at Groucho's Beverly Hills estate. The first morning Ace came down for breakfast there was a small glass of fresh orange juice at his place. Ace drank the juice. He then asked for a second glass of juice.

"Hold on there!" Groucho cried, glaring. "Oranges don't grow on trees, you know!"

Ace's eccentricities include a somewhat whimsical attitude toward money. Recently, an automobile firm offered him $7500 to write a sixty-minute script for a musical show to launch their 1958 model. He rejected the offer. They raised the ante to $10,000 and then $15,000. He kept saying "No."

Finally his agent, Ben Griefer, of the William Morris office, telephoned in great excitement. "They've raised their offer again," he said.

"I'm not interested," Ace said.

"But they're now offering you twenty thousand—and an automobile!"

"Well, Ben, you just tell them I have each of those," Ace replied crisply.

And he does too. He has, in fact, a limousine and a chauffeur. Despite these adjuncts to gracious motoring, however, the Aces seldom journey far from their home in the Ritz Tower, on 57th Street. When I asked him how he was spending the summer, he replied, "Oh, we go north—to Yankee Stadium." They no longer go to far-distant tracks. If the horses aren't running at Belmont, Aqueduct or Monmouth Park, Ace bets with a bookmaker. As for money, he has some of that too. From the time he started making big money, back in 1933, he has invested most of his earnings in common stocks. Some of his friends say he has over a million dollars. Ace would not confirm this, but a gag writer who has worked under him remarks, "Before money was even invented, Goody Ace already had eight dollars in the bank."

Yet he is an exceedingly generous man, always buying gifts for his friends and even casual acquaintances, and never allowing anybody to pick up a restaurant check. He wanted to buy me a custom-made $250 suit when I accompanied him to his tailor's one afternoon. When I explained that it would be unethical of me to accept his gift, he seemed genuinely puzzled. After all, he pointed out, the fact that television pays him rather handsomely doesn't prevent him from speaking his mind about the industry.

"I like everything about television but the programs," he once said. "Television is home movies—and you know how dull home movies can be." Recently he gave a front-page interview to the New York World-Telegram in which he lashed out at the lack of creative daring in television. "Television is mired in the muck of mediocrity," was his alliterative summation of the situation.

In 1946, he was appointed Supervisor of Comedy Programs for CBS and given a big office on the eighteenth floor. "I only took the job because I needed office space," he cracked. He was to be in charge of developing new radio programs. Each day he suggested ideas, but he never got any action. Among his ideas was a quiz program with Groucho Marx as quizmaster. He was told it was impractical. One day during a conference, he said, "If an atom bomb ever fell on New York, the safest place would be on the eighteenth floor of CBS."

"Why?" he was asked.

"Because there's no radioactivity up here."

The morning after the première of a new situation comedy, an executive vice president phoned Ace. "I'd like your frank opinion of the new show. I'm putting my secretary on. Give her your honest opinion."

Ace snarled, "If it's my honest opinion you want, you'd better put a man on the phone."

Ace feels an equally strong contempt for television critics. "They're always criticizing in great detail some play that was given on Kraft Theatre or Studio One," he says. "What they're really saying is, *Don't watch the show that was on last night.*"

Jack Gould, the New York Times critic, once remarked of Ace's jokes on The Big Show, "The comedy is predictable." Ace invited him to come over to his office. "I told him he could save us seven days of hard work if he would predict the comedy we were going to write for the following week. He didn't show up."

In 1955, Simon & Schuster published a collection of Ace's vitriolic essays on radio and television. The book is dedicated:

To Jane

Without whose constant and devoted yapping
("If you're such a good writer,
Why don't you write a book?")
this book could have been more possible.

Many a closed mind has been opened by mistake.

IMOGENE FEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The jacket blurb—written by G. Ace, of course—says: "The Book of Little Knowledge is Goodman Ace's second book. His first, compiled after some twenty-odd years writing and acting in a radio program known as Easy Aces, was a bankbook, published by Central Hanover, 60th Street branch, New York City." The Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company—now The Hanover Bank—has received several inquiries from persons wanting to know what year it published the Goodman Ace Bankbook and whether it is still in print.

This sardonic approach to life has been a part of Ace as far back as he can recall. "I remember as a boy," he recalls, "sitting on the fire escape of our apartment and looking out at Kansas City—we lived on the north side—and feeling unhappy about life. Now I sit up on a terrace, with its rail, and it's just an overgrown fire escape, and I look out at New York and I still feel unhappy about life. I wonder what the whole point of everything is."

At Kansas City Junior College he wrote a cynical column for the paper, called, typically enough, The Dyspeptic. His bitterness became sharpened when in 1919, at the tender age of twenty, he became drama, movie and vaudeville critic of the Kansas City Post. The first show he reviewed was Come Along, advertised as a lavish and beautiful musical extravaganza. Ace started his critique: "Come Along is certainly an expensive and lavish production. The settings were beautiful—both of them." The next morning, the producer of Come Along stormed into the office and demanded a retraction. Instead, Harry Tammen, co-publisher of the Post, gave Ace a five-dollar raise.

Reviewing a comedian named Harry Fox, Ace wrote: "You can't hear him past the fourth row. I advise you to sit past the fourth row when you go to see the new bill at the Empress."

In 1929, he reviewed Milton Berle, who was doing a single at the RKO on Main Street. "Milton Berle," wrote Ace, "a young comedian with old jokes, held down the next-to-closing position. It was Mr. Berle who said, 'A funny thing happened on my way to the theater ——' but if it did, it didn't happen on the stage. It must cost a lot of money for material, so here come some newies for Mr. Berle which he can have free of charge." Then there followed an entire column of original jokes. Twenty-five years later, during a script conference, Berle suddenly stood up, whistled for attention and took out the tattered clipping from the Kansas City Post.

"Goody," he said, "I think we can use some of these jokes right now."

During the '20's Ace's reviews began to earn him a reputation as a jokesmith. In 1927, Jack Benny, booked as master of ceremonies at the Palace on Broadway, wired Ace for an opening joke.

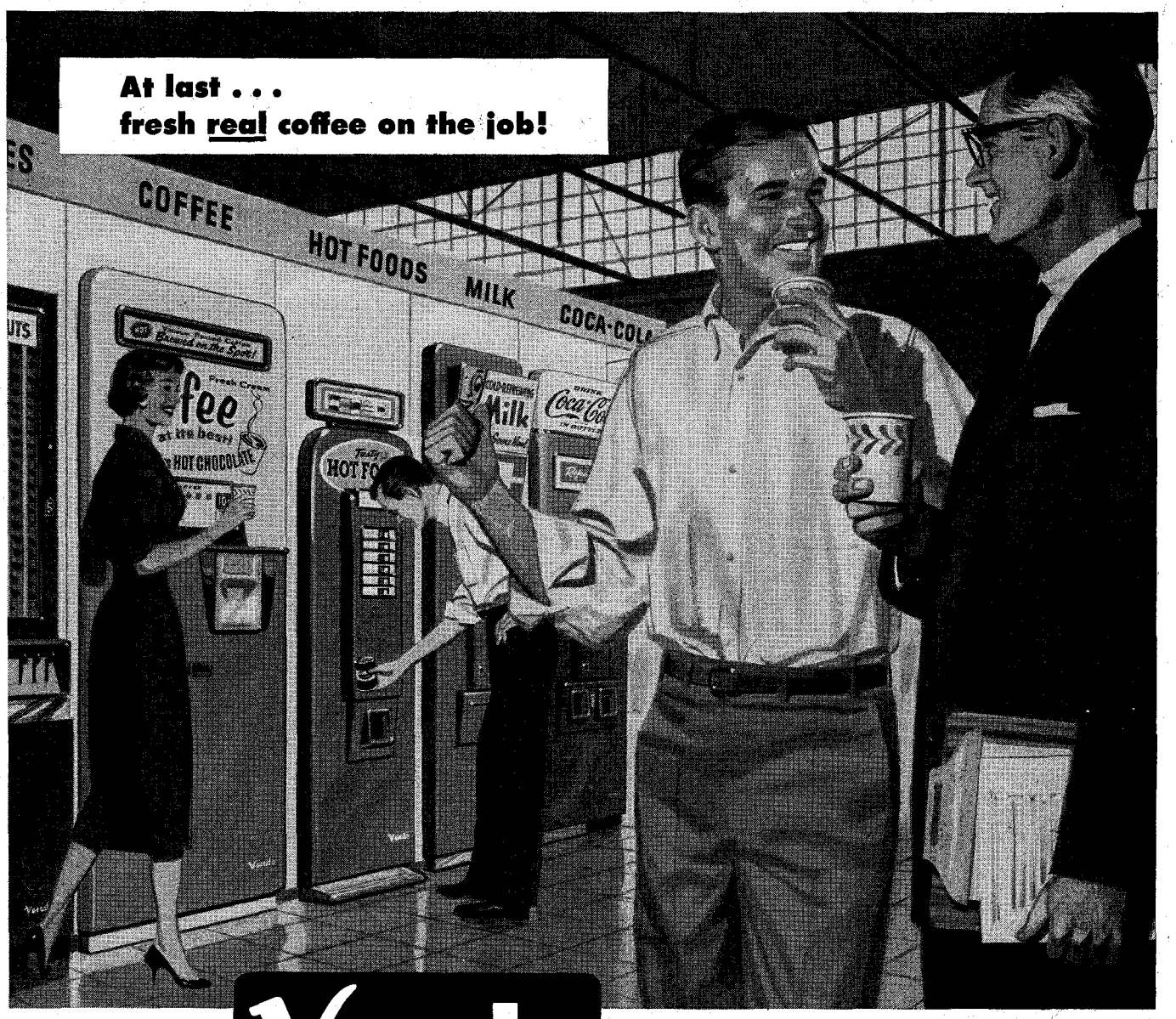
Ace looked up the advance Palace bill in Variety and saw that the opening act was Long Tack Sam, a Chinese magician. He wired Jack Benny the joke which he used. After Long Tack Sam's exit, Benny came on and drawled, "Vaudeville has certainly changed. I can remember when it took Japs or better to open."

Benny sent Ace a check for fifty dollars for the one-liner. Since this was as much as Ace was making in a whole week at the newspaper, he began thinking there was a real future in joke writing, but he lacked enough confidence to cut loose from a steady job and seek his fortune on Broadway.

In 1928, he got on the radio, reading the comics over Station KMBC on Sunday morning. He got ten dollars a broadcast. He had just got married to Jane Epstein, a local beauty whom he had been courting for ten years, and he needed the extra money. Next he started a nightly fifteen-minute program over KMBC, Where's a Good Show? One night the program following Ace, a network show from New York, did not get through, and Ace was asked to ad-lib another fifteen minutes. Mrs. Ace happened to be waiting for her husband in the studio. Ace pulled her to the mike and said, "I'd like you to meet my roommate. She's a marvelous bridge player.... Aren't you, honey? How would you like to shoot a game of auction bridge tonight?" This last line got screams in Kansas City because two days earlier a society woman had shot her husband during a quarrel over his bridge technique.

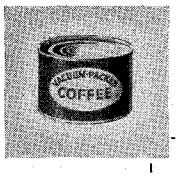
"It was too bad about that man," continued Ace. "The funeral is tomorrow. He's going to be buried with simple honors."

That was the beginning of Easy Aces—a program which lasted on radio seventeen years. It brought Goodman Ace from Kansas City to Chicago to New York. He and Jane did over 3000 broadcasts. For three years Easy Aces centered around the bridge table, with Ace playing a sardonic, long-suffering husband, and Jane, an exuberant, ungrammatical and lovable wife. Mrs. Ace played the "cumbersome" system of bridge. Her malapropisms were quoted everywhere: "We're insufferable friends." "Familiarity breeds attempt." "I work my head to the bone." Ace produced, wrote and directed every show. After 1931, Easy Aces progressed from bridge problems to



NEW Vendo Coffee Maker makes the BIG difference!

You get a cup of *real* coffee, always fresh and flavorful, because it's brewed in small batches right in the vacuum packed can. The Vendo is the first . . . and only automatic coffee vender to use a new vacuum packed can each time as the brewing chamber. It serves coffee as you like it—black, with fresh cream or sugar, or any combination. Delicious hot chocolate, too.



Tear out this page and ask your employer today to call a Vending Operator about a Vendo Coffee Maker.

the BIG difference
The Vendo uses the same top quality coffee you buy—vacuum packed in ¼-lb. cans by all nationally known coffee roasters. Mail the coupon today.

The Vendo Company (Mail on your letterhead)
7401 East 12th Street
Kansas City 26, Missouri

Please send me complete information about how the new VENDO Coffee Maker can be used in our plant, office or building. I am also interested in

☐ Coca-Cola * ☐ Milk ☐ Ice Cream
☐ Free Coffee Demonstration ☐ .....

Name..... Title.....
Firm.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....
We have ..... employees.

* TRADEMARK ®

Better buy by Brand Names ▶ BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other dilemmas of married life, such as love, infidelity, money, budgets and relatives. Ace pioneered the husband-and-wife family-situation comedy formula, which became basic in radio comedy and is still popular in television.

"The reason for the success of this formula," dead-pans Ace, "is that it has universal appeal because every American home has at least one family."

In 1945 Ace decided to insert musical bridges from one scene to the next. The sponsor, Anacin, told him to cut out the bridges. In reply, Ace wrote a waggish letter, "I don't like the new cardboard boxes of Anacin. I like the tin better. Cut out the cardboard."

Ace says, "It took them four weeks to think up a clever answer to my letter. It was: 'You're fired!'"

And so it happened that, at the age of forty-six, Ace became a head writer, at $3500 weekly, for the Danny Kaye program. After twenty-six weeks, Kaye moved the program to Hollywood. Ace resigned.

"I had heard," he explains, "that it was three hours earlier out there, and I didn't want to get up three hours earlier."

The virtuoso head writer states that his biggest problems with comedy performers are (1) their insatiable craving to get all the laughs and (2) their morbid fear of trying a new approach or trying jokes which are original. On the first script he wrote for Tallulah Bankhead, she objected because guest star Ethel Merman had 50 per cent of the jokes during a Merman-Bankhead spot.

"In radio, Tallulah," Ace explained patiently, "the star does not have all the jokes. Jack Benny does not have all the jokes on his program."

"But if Ethel sings all the songs, I should have all the jokes," La Bankhead replied.

"We solved that one," Ace recalls, "by letting Tallulah sing songs like Bye Bye Blackbird, even though she has a voice like the mating call of a crow."

Besides wanting all the laughs, comedians also resist novelty, Ace claims. Yet novelty—either of form or of content—is absolutely essential for a television comedian, because constant weekly exposure begins to bore the audience. Ace feels that comedians like Berle and Jackie Gleason would still be on television if they were not so stubborn about changing.

"I had two experiences that point this up," Ace says. "When Joan Davis guested with Tallulah, we wrote her what we thought was a smart, sophisticated monologue. She read it at the first rehearsal and shook her head. 'You haven't captured the real me,' she said. I got real nasty and said, 'Who *wants* the real you? I'm giving you a better script than you ever had before.' So she says, 'But there are no soggy-bread jokes in the script.' This was a new one on me. I said, 'What's that?' 'Well,' she says, 'it's a joke, like I say I just came over on the Lusitania, and the straight line is, "But the Lusitania went down thirty-five years ago," and I say, "No wonder the bread was so soggy!" See, jokes like that.' I told her if she wanted to be on The Big Show she would have to be satisfied with dry-bread jokes.

"Then we have comedians—and I've written for all of them—who, when you give them a joke, also want you to give them a protection line. A protection line is a joke they can use in case the original joke doesn't get a laugh. It might be a line like, 'I know you're out there—I can hear you breathing.' I once wrote for one comedian who was so neurotic he wanted a protection line for the protection line—in case the first protection line didn't get a laugh.

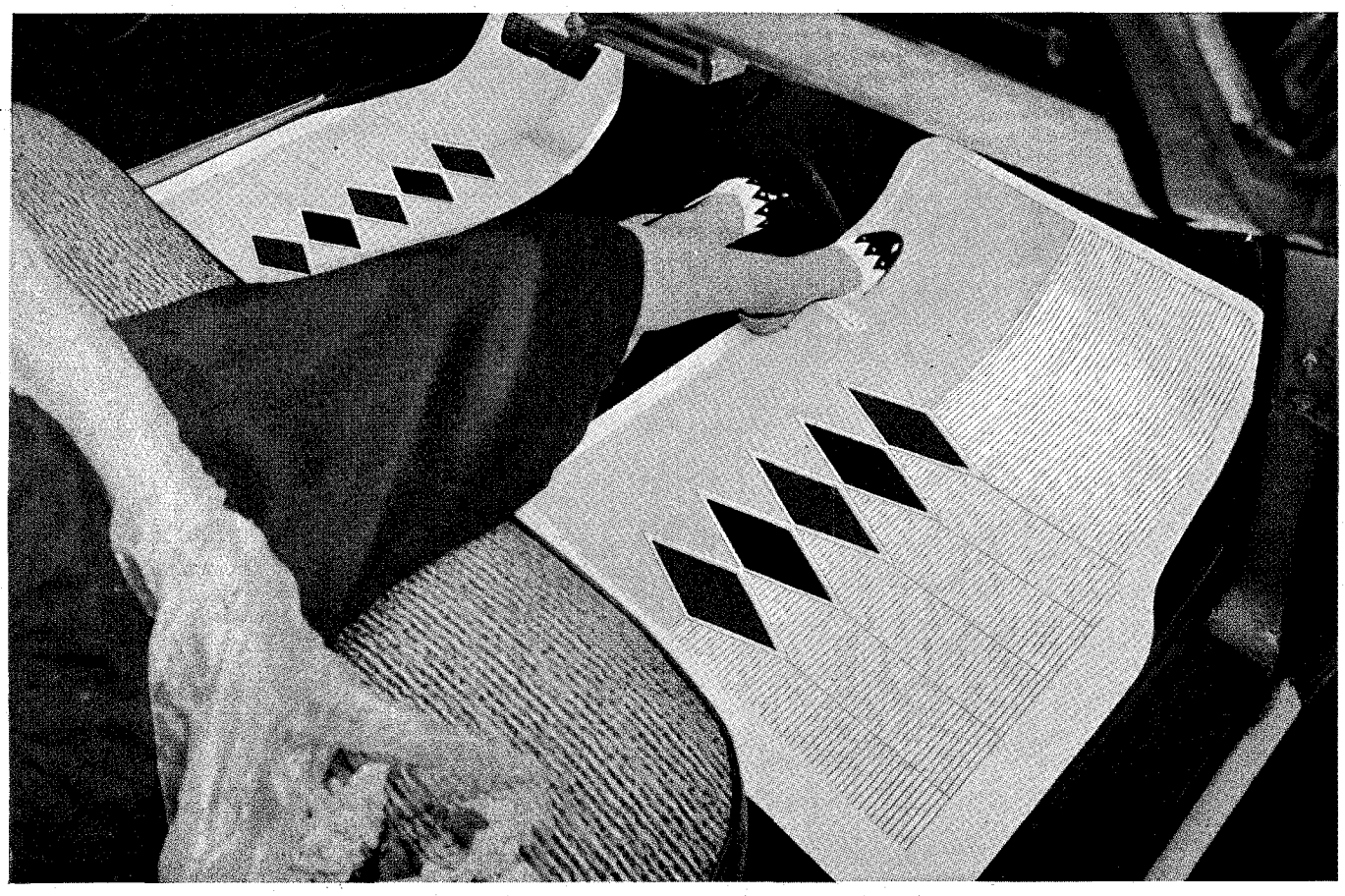
"I started writing for Berle in 1952 and it was my first experience in television. He read the first script and said, 'This isn't lappy enough. You've got to make it lappy.' Well, I had heard the phrase 'lap dissolve' used in motion pictures and I figured 'lappy' was some kind of television-cutting technique, but I found out that Berle meant 'lay it in their laps.' A lappy joke is a sure-fire joke. So any time we came up with a joke that was different, offbeat, satiric, Berle would say it wasn't lappy enough. I finally decided that I wasn't lappy enough, and so I quit in 1955."

With Perry Como, a man of infinite amiability and happy-go-lucky casualness, Ace has no problems of either egomania or joke anxiety. Como calls Ace "the gray one" and regards him as some strange, not-quite-human species. Ace finds the torpid baritone a real pleasure to work with.

"Como," he says, "will actually cut out a page of his own jokes so he can give Vaughn Monroe, say, time to sing an extra song. He doesn't worry whether the jokes are lappy or soggy. Some people even think he has a good sense of comedy delivery. Not long ago, Jack Benny telephoned me from the Coast and said, 'Como is a good comic. He's got a good sense of timing.'"

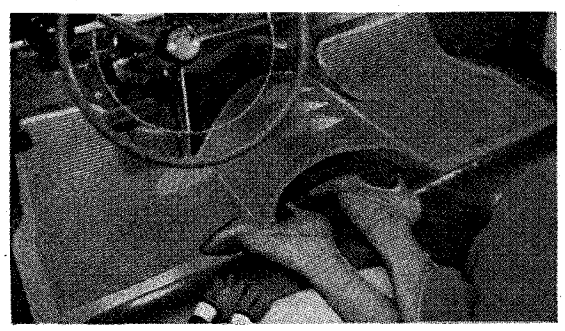
And Ace, a man who cannot resist a sarcastic statement even when he is speaking of somebody he likes, replied, "Well, Jack, you see the reason Como times his lines so well is that he's always looking for his place on the cue cards."

THE END

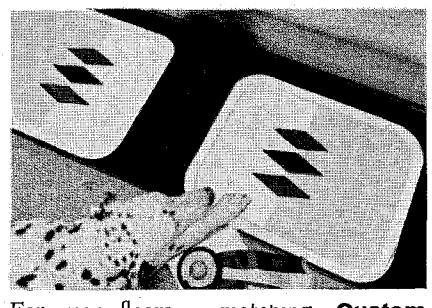


CUSTOM Stylemaster KAR-RUGS
Today's dramatic styling and fresh beauty — with practical protection that keeps floor clean — car looking new. Fit all cars, choose yours from 7 color combinations. $9.95 a set

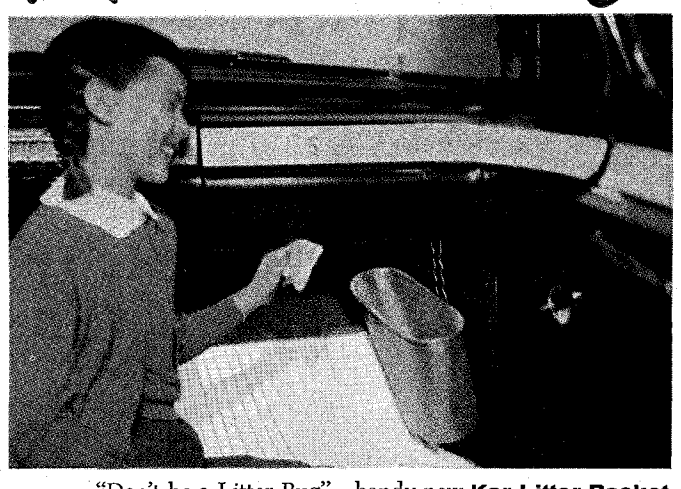
flatter your car in '58 fashion with Rubbermaid®



Styleliner KAR-RUG for those who prefer full one piece coverage. Rib and diamond design, 7 beautiful colors, complete easy-to-clean protection. $11.95



For rear floors — matching **Custom Stylemasters** complement either front floor selection. $6.25 set of 2



"Don't be a Litter Bug"—handy new **Kar Litter Basket** fits under dash. No installation—adjustable bracket accommodates all cars. Also useful for iced beverages, baby bottles, lunches. Easy to clean, unbreakable, scratch-proof, in choice of colors. $2.98

At car dealers, garages, gas stations.

RUBBERMAID INC., WOOSTER, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marriage is Our Business

(Continued from Page 36)

her lawyer, she agreed unwillingly to come for an interview, but it did no good. "I was a long time coming to this," she told Mrs. Gibbon. "Now I've made the break, nothing could get me back. I've spent enough years living in a vacuum."

That particular wife had no children to consider, but every year we have cases like this that do involve children. And the women are not necessarily irresponsible or neurotic. Many of them have just come to feel so invisible they cannot stand it. Husbands, it seems, are likely to forget their wives need food you can't buy at the supermarket.

Here are some typical comments from unhappy wives:

"He never tells me he loves me. He never even acts loving except when he wants to go to bed, and not always then."

"He never even notices the things I do to make him comfortable."

"I can't spend my life being treated like a machine."

And the husbands of these women?

"I don't know what all the fuss is about," one said. "I always thought we got along fine."

"Sure I love her," another one said. "I married her, didn't I? Do I have to notice every meal, every new dress, every hairdo?"

> Some people hold a conversation as if it were trying to get away. MORRIS BENDER

A husband who was a butcher once said plaintively, "She won't even let me get the blood off my shoes before she is after me to start making a fuss."

Do wives expect too much? A lot of husbands think so. And demanding, domineering wives (see last week's article) can shrivel their husbands and sour their marriages. But sometimes wives are overbearing because of their basic misery and frustration. Most men get a sense of importance from their job. They are apt to have a boss who tells them when they have done well. They get a pay check every week or couple of weeks.

I'm not going to pursue that parallel because a wife is not her husband's employee, but if she isn't paid in love and appreciation, she is bound to feel she is working for nothing. Usually she is too conscientious—and too loving—to quit, but isn't that what a man would do if he never got paid? The sad thing is, many of the wives who come to us are not even sure they have a right to expect this sort of pay. They usually lay their unhappiness to other things: "My husband is so stingy"; "My mother-in-law thinks she can run my house"; or, "I never know when my husband will be home for dinner, and then he complains I'm a bad cook." But after listing such common complaints, they often say hesitantly, "I know this is going to sound small and selfish, but ——"

In our files, for example, there is the case of a middle-income wife whose husband was a shop foreman. We'll call her Jenny Thomas, although that is not her real name; as in all the cases I describe here, the identity of the clients is concealed. She tried to make things nice at home, but she just couldn't on her husband's salary, she said. He was disgusted that she wasn't a better manager and had nothing but scorn for her.

Her counselor was Richard Hey, a tall, quiet man who is also supervisor of our Family Life Education work. Mr. Hey studied for the ministry before he turned to marriage counseling. He has had special training in counseling and done advanced graduate work in education for marriage. His regard for his own wife's individuality is such that he once took entire charge of their first child for several months so she could go back to college for the summer. What made Mrs. Thomas feel like a failure, Mr. Hey asked gently. How did her husband show his scorn?

"He doesn't even talk to me," she said. "He shows his scorn by ignoring me." A little more questioning revealed that her husband never took her anywhere, never did anything with her, never said anything personal or tender. "I just might as well not be there," she said finally, in tears.

"Is your despair really because you have trouble managing?" Mr. Hey asked. "Or is it more because you feel so lonely and unloved? What could your husband do, I wonder, that might make you feel more appreciated?"

"If he'd just take me out once in a while," she burst out. "If he'd just tell me I look nice sometimes, or even that dinner tastes good. . . . We haven't much money. I know he's tired and I'm no movie star. But I'm there."

"I like her fine," her husband said when he came in. "But I'm too beat to go right out again or start making a fuss over her. I've been around people all day. I just want to sit and look at the TV. Why can't she?"

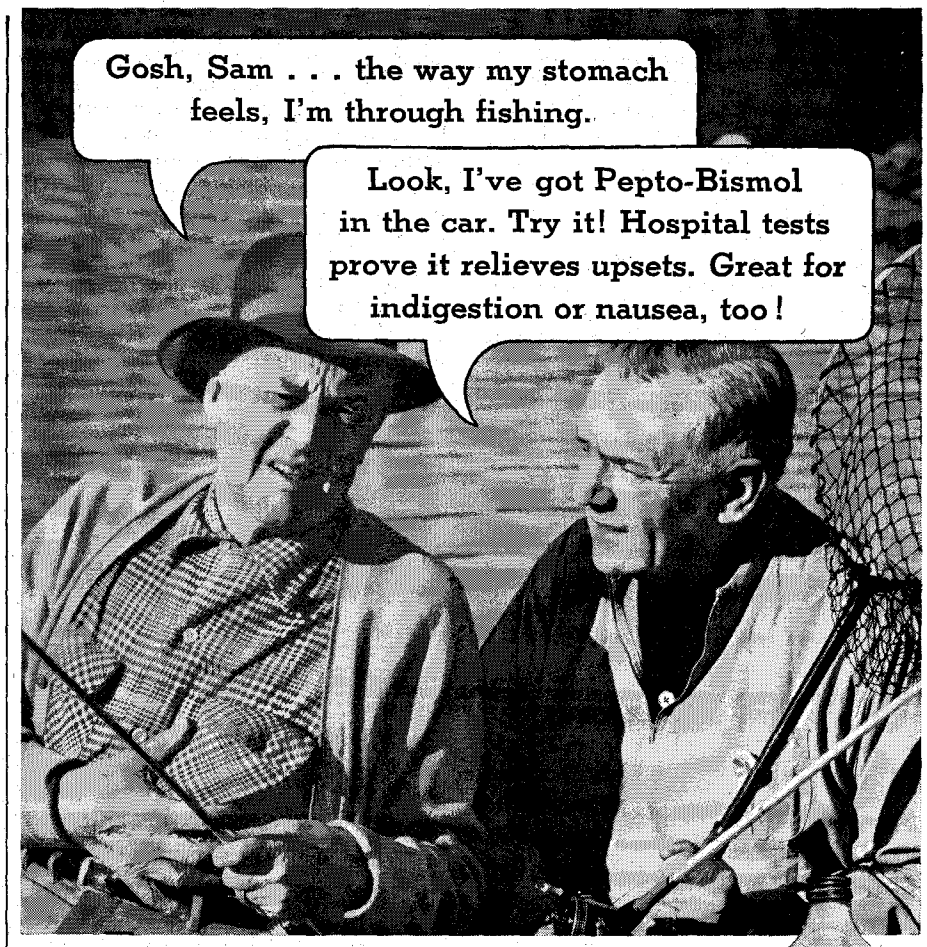
"She just can't," Mr. Hey told him. "She understands you're tired, and so do I. But she's tired, too, you know, and she's been alone all day. You really want her to be happier, don't you? Let's think what's the least tiring and irritating thing you could do to make her life a little more fun. The movies? Dancing? Even a ride in the car?"

"No point taking her to the movies," he said unwillingly. "There are movies on the TV. Maybe I could take her dancing once. She's crazy about that, and I used to like it all right. Tell you what, I'll try to talk to her while we're eating. Then maybe she'll let me look at the TV in peace afterward."

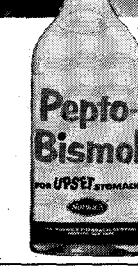
Believe it or not, this pitiful bit of attention made the wife's despair over money and her inability to be a good housekeeper evaporate. All that miserable woman had to know was that her husband was willing to take a little trouble for her.

Not long ago there was a story in this magazine about a husband's secret weapon: A kiss. Many wives are difficult or inadequate simply from lack of kissing or its equivalent in personal attention. This is particularly true in the case of incompatibilities connected with sex. Husbands and wives get tangled up on the relation between love and sex, and what constitutes being "demanding." We often have had a husband tell a counselor his wife demanded too much attention, right after his wife has finished saying that he demanded too much sex. It is certainly an attention to want to make love to your wife, but it won't seem so to a woman unless she feels loved the rest of the time.

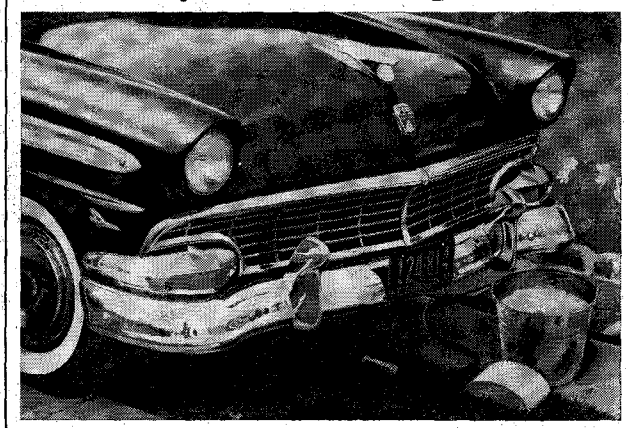
I think it is unfortunate that the easiest time—often the only easy time—for a man to express affection and tenderness is when he is feeling desire. To his wife, if he never lets her know he loves her at any


Gosh, Sam . . . the way my stomach feels, I'm through fishing.
Look, I've got Pepto-Bismol in the car. Try it! Hospital tests prove it relieves upsets. Great for indigestion or nausea, too!

PEPTO-BISMOL WORKS WHERE SODA, SELTZERS AND "TUMMY-AIDS" FAIL!
For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works in both the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.
TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!

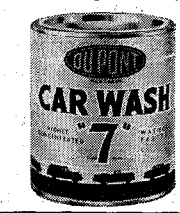


Faster, safer way to wash your car



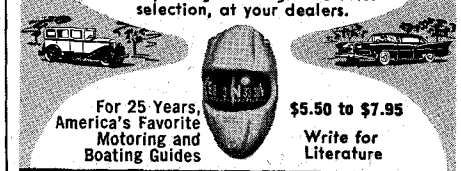
Du Pont Car Wash gets your car so clean it drains dry, without *wiping*. Unlike ordinary detergents, it's safe for wax and it doesn't streak! At service stations and auto supply stores—½-lb. can only 75¢.

DU PONT
Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry



DU PONT CAR WASH

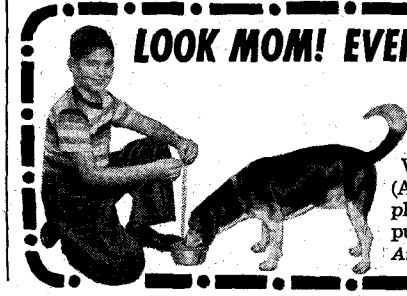
HULL AUTO COMPASS
SILVER ANNIVERSARY MODEL
Case in gleaming, shiny silver finish. See it, along with regular 5-color selection, at your dealers.



For 25 Years, America's Favorite Motoring and Boating Guides
$5.50 to $7.95
Write for Literature
HULL MFG. CO. P.O. Box 246-S-4, Warren, Ohio

Now Many Wear
FALSE TEETH
With Little Worry
Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. FASTEETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause nausea. It's alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

LOOK MOM! EVEN I CAN WORM THE DOG NOW!



So simple, a child can do it. Just mix the powder from New PULVEX Worm Caps into your pet's regular food. That's all. Piperazine Adipate—a new medical discovery found *only* in New PULVEX Worm Caps—quickly expels large roundworms (Ascarids). It's odorless; dogs like its taste. Completely safe. No muss or fuss. No aftereffects. For dogs, pups, cats, kittens. At pet, drug and department stores.
Another Pet Care Product from Pulvex, Chicago 14, Illinois

Better buy by Brand Names
BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other time, it seems he doesn't want *her*, he just wants a woman, any woman.

Husbands complain that their wives ought not to be that way, but it is a fact that they are. And only husbands can solve this problem, because women can't learn to feel sexually responsive on order. "I try," they say. "I really try, but I just can't." Most husbands could easily learn to do the little things that make a woman feel loved, at breakfast and before dinner, not just in bed. To be sure, it is difficult to generalize. There are some neurotic wives for whom no amount of attention is enough. Men and women vary tremendously in their love needs and their sex needs. Some demonstrative husbands feel frozen and frustrated by wives who hate to be fussed over. But the most common wifely complaint, year after year, is that most of the time her husband doesn't know she's there.

One wife said bitterly, "As soon as my husband had eaten last night he took off for an evening of bowling with the boys. I had to get the children fed—he never helps with them. Then I had to do the dishes and bathe the children" (she had three under six), "get their teeth brushed and their bodies stuffed into pajamas. I got them to bed and read them a story—he never reads to them or plays games with them; he says he is too busy. When they had finally worn themselves out jumping around and yelling for glasses of water, there was the bathroom floor to mop and the day's mess of toys to pick up. When that was done, I had to pack my husband's lunch for the next day. And when he came home from bowling he complained that I never wanted to make love any more."

That wife belonged to the group we consider the hardest to help, although they need help the most: Wives who are trapped by sheer economic necessity. The husbands of these women have usually grown up assuming the world was made for men, and that women are lucky to have a roof over their heads and a chance to raise children and serve their husbands. This woman's husband wouldn't even come in and talk to us. He worked all day, he told her, he had a right to go bowling; the children and house were her job.

Ordinarily, here at Marriage Council, we don't have much hope for a marriage unless both the husband and the wife are willing to work on it. But when the husbands of these beaten-down wives won't talk to us, we know things can still change for the better if we only can help the wives develop a little backbone.

The counselor said to this wife: "Maybe you don't have to be trapped. If you could find a relative to take the children for a few hours a day, or a friend who would take them in exchange for your taking hers another time, you could probably get a part-time job." This may sound as if the poor woman was being urged to work harder than ever, but an outside job can look like heaven to a submerged housewife. It took about four interviews for this submerged wife to pull out of her martyred apathy. Then she got a part-time selling job at Christmas. She liked it so well she held on to it. For the first time in her life she had a little extra cash to spend any way she liked. She bought new clothes and went to the hairdresser. She began standing straighter and smiling. She began to look so good, her husband asked *her* to go bowling.

This prescription doesn't always work. But it works often enough for us to keep trying. I'll never forget the dramatic change in a beautiful young Negro wife we counseled several years ago. Her husband, a mechanic, had been out of work for several months and, cooped up with her and the children, had taken to the bottle and to knocking her around. She had had enough spunk to go to court, and the court sent her to us. She came in, sullen and lifeless. Eddie thought it was so bad being cooped up in those two rooms with her and the children, she said bitterly. She had been cooped up with them for four years. He could go out and leave them with her, but the way he took on if she ever wanted to go out for half an hour and leave them with him. He was never going to get a job again and she couldn't see any future. Her face lit up when the counselor suggested she get a part-time job at a downtown cafeteria and pay someone to mind the children.

She practically danced into the room the next time she came for an interview. She had a job—on the eleven-to-three shift—and was around people four whole hours a day. Her husband had agreed for them all to move in with his cousin and pay rent. Now that she had a job, he was looking for one himself.

Probably most families are better off with mother right around home, if she can be happy staying home. But I'm afraid the old-fashioned notion that the ideal wife revolves around her husband like a satellite is responsible for a lot of miserable wives and trapped husbands.

The husband who feels he has outgrown his wife is a more common problem every year. The ambitious young businessman on the way up often thinks he has outgrown his wife, when really he has just grown away from her. Harry and Billie Black—we'll call them—are typical. They came to us on the verge of a break about a year ago, and I happened to counsel them myself. Billie Black looked more like a scared little girl than the mother of three and the wife of a rising young executive. Harry didn't love her any more, she sobbed. He had made all these brilliant new friends, who looked down on her. She was getting in his way, and unless we could help her, she'd just have to take the children and go back upstate to her family.

The story, as I pieced it together from Billie's tearful statements, was an unhappily familiar one. Billie had been the girl next door, in the small town where Harry and she grew up. Life looked wonderful when they married, but then things happened fast. Billie had one child after another, and Harry had one promotion after another. They were doing fine, it seemed, and so was the company Harry was with. It set up a branch office in Philadelphia, where Harry was put in charge of sales at twice his small-town salary. Harry came on some months ahead of Billie, to get used to the new job and find a place for his family to live. His new business associates invited him to their houses and put him up for membership in their clubs.

At first, when he came home weekends, he was full of how wonderful these new people were and how much Billie was going to like them. He bought a modern house near the country club and a big new car; he gave her a lot of money to buy clothes for their new life. But then, almost right away, he began picking on her. He didn't like the way she looked or the way she set the table. Nothing she did was right. And from the time she and the children moved to Philadelphia, things became worse and worse. All the wives of Harry's new friends looked like models. They were always making wisecracks. Half the time she didn't know what they were talking about, and then they'd laugh at her. Oh, they pretended to be nice, but they made her feel dumb. "You've got to learn to take a cocktail," Harry said. But when she tried drinking she got drunk and made a fool of herself. It became so bad that at the country club she'd hide in the powder room so nobody would see her cry.

When Harry talked to me he kept using the word dynamic. Billie wasn't "dynamic" enough for their new friends. He was on his way up and she didn't seem to know how to go along. When he gave her money, she got all the wrong clothes. She didn't know how to give a dinner party. She couldn't take a drink without getting silly. He had tried to help her. He had explained the difference between these smart "dynamic" people and their dull, unsophisticated friends back home. He had tried to point out where she got off the track, but she'd begin crying the moment he opened his mouth.

Did he wish he was married to one of these glamorous, sophisticated wives of his new business associates, I asked. Was that what he really wanted? Did he want a woman like that to get up with every morning, and to leave his children with all day?

Harry hesitated. Billie was wonderful with the children, he said, and she had always been a wonderful wife—until lately. He'd always looked forward to coming home. She was a terrific cook and a great housekeeper. But a man was judged by his wife and his home and the way he entertained. Any man wanted a wife he could be proud of.

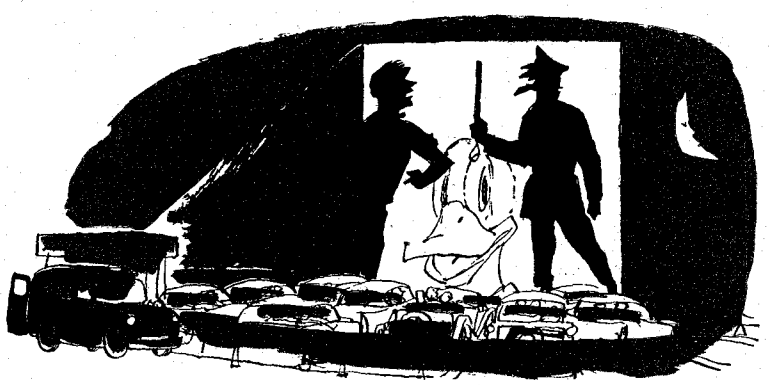
I wondered out loud if Billie had had time to learn all these new ways. How much had they been together since this new promotion? How much had they planned together how they would entertain, and how Billie could learn to manage it? Not much, it turned out. Harry had been too busy.

Maybe Billie's chief trouble was that she felt like a baby being thrown in the water and told "swim," I suggested. Everything about her that had seemed so good back home now seemed good for nothing. If she could feel he still appreciated all her warm solid qualities she could probably learn to put on the trimmings—or enough trimmings to get by. She didn't have to have the most lavish dinner parties in the crowd, did she? She didn't have to be the most glamorous wife in the company. All she had to do was fit in.

"Harry wants you," I told Billie, "but he wants this new sophisticated life too. If you want him you have to learn to handle it. That's your job and you can do it." I sent Billie to the stylist of one of the big department stores who helped her choose the right clothes. Billie and I discussed her entertaining problems. Why try to compete? Why not just concentrate on having delicious food prettily served? We discussed her social problems: Billie could learn to take one cocktail and toy with it; she didn't have to flirt or talk smart—all she had to do was laugh and not look shocked.

Over the course of eighteen interviews, ten for Billie and eight for Harry, at a total cost to them of $144.00, Harry found out that he still needed Billie's solid, loving warmth to lean on as he climbed; and as soon as he made her feel necessary to him again, Billie found she could handle the new sophisticated life. Those two were going in exactly opposite directions when they came to us. We helped them change their course and start moving in the same direction again. Without counseling they would probably be divorced now.

Not that counseling can always prevent divorce, (*Continued on Page 146*)



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Sunday was the biggest day at Smith's drive-in theater—until the police stepped in. They charged Smith with violating an 1874 law against keeping open "opera houses," along with dance halls, barbershops, saloons, and tenpin alleys, on the Sabbath.

"This Sunday blue law couldn't possibly apply to movies," Smith told the judge. "They weren't shown until 1896, twenty-two years after the law was enacted. And surely you can't call a drive-in theater an opera house."

"The term 'opera house' as used in the law is broad enough to include its latter-day counterpart, the drive-in theater," the prosecutor argued. "In showing movies on Sunday, Smith obviously violated the spirit of the law."

If you were the judge, would you find Smith guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty as charged. The court said: "We think the phrase 'opera house' refers somewhat grandiloquently to any structure devoted to or used for theatrical performances, including open-air ones. From the earliest times, dramatic performances have been held in outdoor or partly outdoor theaters."

Based upon a 1956 Maryland decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Blower air conditioning wrings moisture from damp, humid air

. . . makes the indoor climate in any business or building delightfully refreshing the year round!

American Blower air-conditioning products not only heat, cool, humidify, clean and circulate air, but also wring moisture out of it as you would squeeze a wet sponge.

Result: a delightfully refreshing, pleasant indoor atmosphere in your business or building that lets you work, buy or sell in year-round comfort.

It pays to air-condition. It also pays to buy or specify American Blower, because you deal with an organization that makes more of the vital components for air conditioning, refrigeration, heating and ventilating than any other in the world. That kind of buyer confidence speaks for itself. And you get the services of a strategically located factory branch office in your community.

Skilled American Blower sales engineers work with your architect, engineer, and local air-conditioning contractor to help you get the most modern, efficient air-conditioning equipment money can buy. American-Standard*, American Blower Division, Detroit 32, Michigan. In Canada: Canadian Sirocco products, Windsor, Ontario.

You work in comfort when an Inductor† Unit controls the climate! Other American Blower products include: centrifugal refrigerating machines, packaged air conditioners—complete equipment for industrial and public-building air conditioning.

†TRADEMARK

*American-Standard and Standard® are trademarks of American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation.

AMERICAN-Standard

AMERICAN BLOWER DIVISION

Better buy by Brand Names

BRAND NAMES WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 144*) or, according to our philosophy, always should. We are in business to help people stay married and get more out of being married, but we don't feel that throwing more chains around a mutual enslavement is any help to the institution of marriage. We never advise divorce, but one of our jobs, if it seems inevitable, is to help a bitter, hostile husband and wife find out how they got to the state of hostility and where they failed each other. If we can help them come through the grim experience of divorce with more understanding of what marriage involves, we may have helped them do better next time. This is important, because four out of five divorced people do marry again within four years. They don't inevitably go right out and make the same mistakes over again. Divorce can be an educational experience.

As yet we do not know what sort of people are the most hopeful prospects for marriage counseling—except, of course, that they both must want to work on their problems. Our research reveals no evidence that young couples get more from counseling than couples with long-standing incompatibilities, or that educated couples can be helped more than less educated ones, or even that people of one religion are more receptive than any other. We haven't found that couples who come to us for help are any more neurotic than the average. If a client seems seriously neurotic, we always refer him to a psychiatrist, but we refer only about one client in ten, and mental-health experts say this is about par for the total population.

Infidelity is a factor in 15 per cent of our cases and may be the precipitating factor which brings a couple to us. But as soon as we start asking questions—Why did it happen? Or, why does it seem the end of the world?—we are apt to uncover deeper and long-standing hurts. The fact of infidelity is a blow, and it hurts, but a lifetime relationship is too big a thing to be shattered automatically by one sexual betrayal. There are so many other ways people betray each other, however hard they try not to. So here at Marriage Council we work for time, so that irrevocable decisions are not made impulsively when infidelity occurs. I'd scarcely recommend infidelity as a way to cement a marriage, but a couple of years ago we worked with one husband who began to realize that marriage was a two-way street only when he found his wife was trying to find happiness with another man.

Don and Doris Booth—let us call them—came for help because Doris told Don she had fallen in love with another man and was having an affair with him. The Booths had three children and both wanted to weather this crisis if they could. They were assigned to Mrs. Elvira Brigg, who is married to a successful businessman. Mrs. Brigg has had training in social work and came to us some years ago after her children had all reached school age.

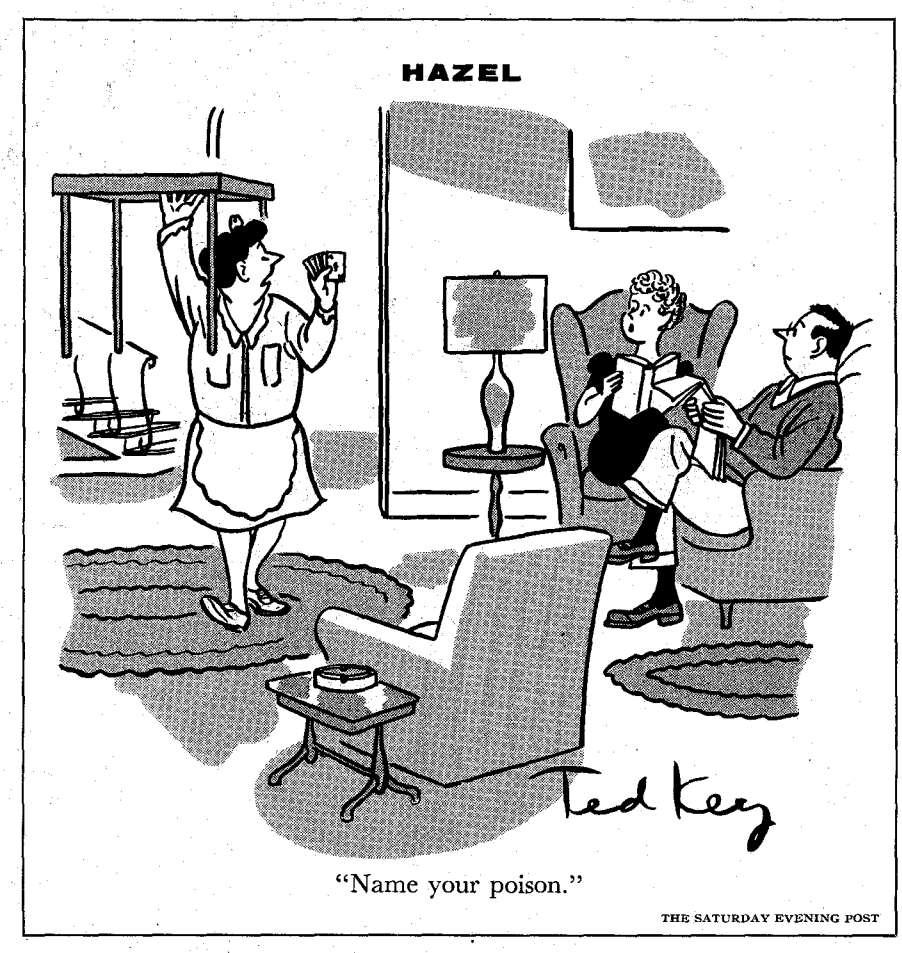
Mrs. Brigg found that Don Booth, instead of behaving like an injured husband, was full of self-reproach. The affair would never have happened if he hadn't neglected Doris, he said. Ever since his college days he had loved dramatics; he spent most of his evenings with little-theater groups, leaving Doris alone with the children. Doris had objected. To him, she had just seemed to want too much attention. Looking back, he realized that, as an only child, he had always had his own way; he resented being tied down by marriage. Now he was jolted into realizing how important marriage was to him. Had he found out too late?

Doris Booth cried most of her first hour. They should have come for help years ago, she said. She had often wanted to, but Don had shrugged off the idea. Maybe she was too demanding, but Don was almost never home. When he was, he was preoccupied with his dramatic roles. He wanted a lot of sex, but never seemed to care how she felt about it. Doris met the other man, a neighbor, when he came to collect for the community chest. He began dropping in while Don was at play rehearsals. It had been so wonderful to find someone who was gentle and considerate and seemed to love her. He wanted to marry her, but she couldn't face giving up the children. Although she loved this other man, she really loved Don, too, and never would have become involved if she hadn't felt so lonely.

Mrs. Brigg's counseling job with those two was a complex one. It lasted four months. Don was a little too much the reformed bad boy. Doris could not bring herself to give up her lover right away. Don felt he deserved her reluctance, and was willing to live with the situation until she made up her mind. Mrs. Brigg had to help him admit how mad he really was. She had to help Don face his shame that the other man could give his wife more pleasure than he could, and to look squarely at why he had not been a better lover himself.

Week after week, Doris put off the final break. She had to find out that, happy as she was with her lover, she really wanted Don and the children—and she could not have them all. She had to see that she was using her lover to punish Don for the years he had neglected her. She had to learn how to put her hostility to Don into words, instead of acts. We have found that if we can get two people to say, first to us, and then to each other, exactly where and how they feel hurt, they can usually stop acting hurt and hurting each other. Mrs. Brigg had to help both Don and Doris start talking about their hostility instead of acting it out. She had to be sympathetically detached, without either taking sides or making judgments. It took nine interviews before Doris could say, "I won't see the other man again," and mean it. As soon as she did, Don, who had seen Mrs. Brigg only five times over those four months, felt their problem was solved, and neither of them came back.

We never want to prolong counseling any more than necessary, but we would have liked those two to keep on a while longer. Their specific problem was solved when they left. Don Booth seemed to be trying to make his wife a bigger part of his life, and Doris Booth seemed closer to accepting what Don tried to give her. But we were not at all sure how much either of them had really changed. We urged them to join one of our marriage-counseling groups and work for some months more, talking about what they wanted from each other and what they found hard to give. I think they would have found group counseling both interesting and helpful.



"Name your poison."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Group counseling is only a few years old, but now we usually have four or five groups who meet weekly with a counselor or, if possible, a man and woman counselor together. We suggest group counseling to most clients as a way of working out their problems. Many couples reject the idea automatically. Their problems may be so personal—or seem so to them—that discussing them with a counselor alone may be almost too much. But just knowing there are other couples with the same problem is reassuring. We have been surprised and delighted to find what serious personal problems husbands and wives can discuss with a group and—under expert guidance—give each other help with. A group seldom has more than four or five couples, but, even with as few as three couples, each of these six unhappy people may learn from another equally unhappy husband or wife.

One recent group dovetailed like a jigsaw puzzle. Mr. Hey counseled this group, with the help of Dr. Genevieve Burton, who supervises all our group counseling. There were three wives who felt—each in a different way—that they got no companionship or appreciation from their husbands. There were three husbands, each of whom bitterly felt his wife was too demanding. And what is more, all six of them had some reason for the way they felt.

Alma was married to a man who hated his secure, well-paid job and yearned to be a flier. Alex, her husband, spent weekends away from home doing odd flying jobs with a friend. Alma felt neglected and lonely, but couldn't face the insecurity which would result if her husband teamed up with his friend and flew for a living.

Bertha was a conventional girl married to an irresponsible commercial artist, Bert. He flew into rages when she urged him to lead the kind of ordered life she yearned for. He would stomp out of the house and stay out all night.

Connie wanted only to take care of her five children and her husband, Chris, and lead a warm, loving haphazard life. She was demonstrative, and longed for Chris to be, but he wasn't. He was a broker who liked cocktail and dinner parties and a highly organized social life. He often went to parties without Connie.

Why did these six people marry each other? I don't know. Perhaps because each wanted to marry, and the man or girl happened to be there. I don't know that any of them would have been happier married to anyone else. But in the counseling group, they all learned a lot from seeing other husbands and wives with variations of their own problems. When Connie, for instance, heard conventional Bertha say, "I know I need too much social approval, but I'm working on it," Connie had a clue as to why her own husband felt his need for cocktail parties. When Alma heard Bert say, "She pushes me to do this and do that. I get feeling so boxed in, the only place to go is out," it helped her realize that Alex probably felt boxed in by his job—and maybe by her too. Doctor Burton and Mr. Hey could help her see that if she wanted Alex back as a husband, she might have to let him work at the thing—flying—he liked doing, insecurity and all. When Chris (ungiving because he was conventional) heard Bert (ungiving because he wanted more freedom) say with sincerity, "I know what I do to her, and I am trying to face why I do it. It's just plain torture. I hate facing it—but I'm going to keep trying," Chris could see that his wife needed from him what these other women needed from their husbands.

But along with helping to work out personal problems, the group discussions could help all six husbands and wives see what every marriage counselor knows: A happy couple isn't without problems, but manages to solve them—together. The husbands could see that most wives have the problem of doing routine, thankless, repetitious work at home alone. They could see that all wives long for someone to say, "I couldn't live without you." The wives could see that all men beat their wings, and find it hard to admit they need someone to love them and take care of them.

That question: Why do two people marry? Should they ever have married? is always present with every couple who come to us for help. Most of the conflicts need never have arisen if the husband and wife had known how much, besides love, must go into a marriage if it is going to work. Many husbands and wives, if they had asked themselves, Can I live with this person the rest of my life? might never have married each other at all. Three quarters of our work is helping untangle tangled marriages, but we sometimes think the other quarter, which is helping young people take a good hard look at marriage before they rush into it, is even more important. That old ounce of prevention—we've made some important observations there that I shall tell about next week.

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles by Doctor Mudd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes... *good trip. How's everything back home?"*

Everything is probably just fine back home, but when you're away it gives you a lift to know for sure.

The telephone is one of the greatest peace-of-mind builders in history. Nothing else takes you so far, so fast, gives you so much reassurance at so little cost.

How can you put *any* price on loving voices that say, "We're all well . . . miss you . . . hurry home."

Step in any telephone booth in the nation and you can hear your family say just such things.

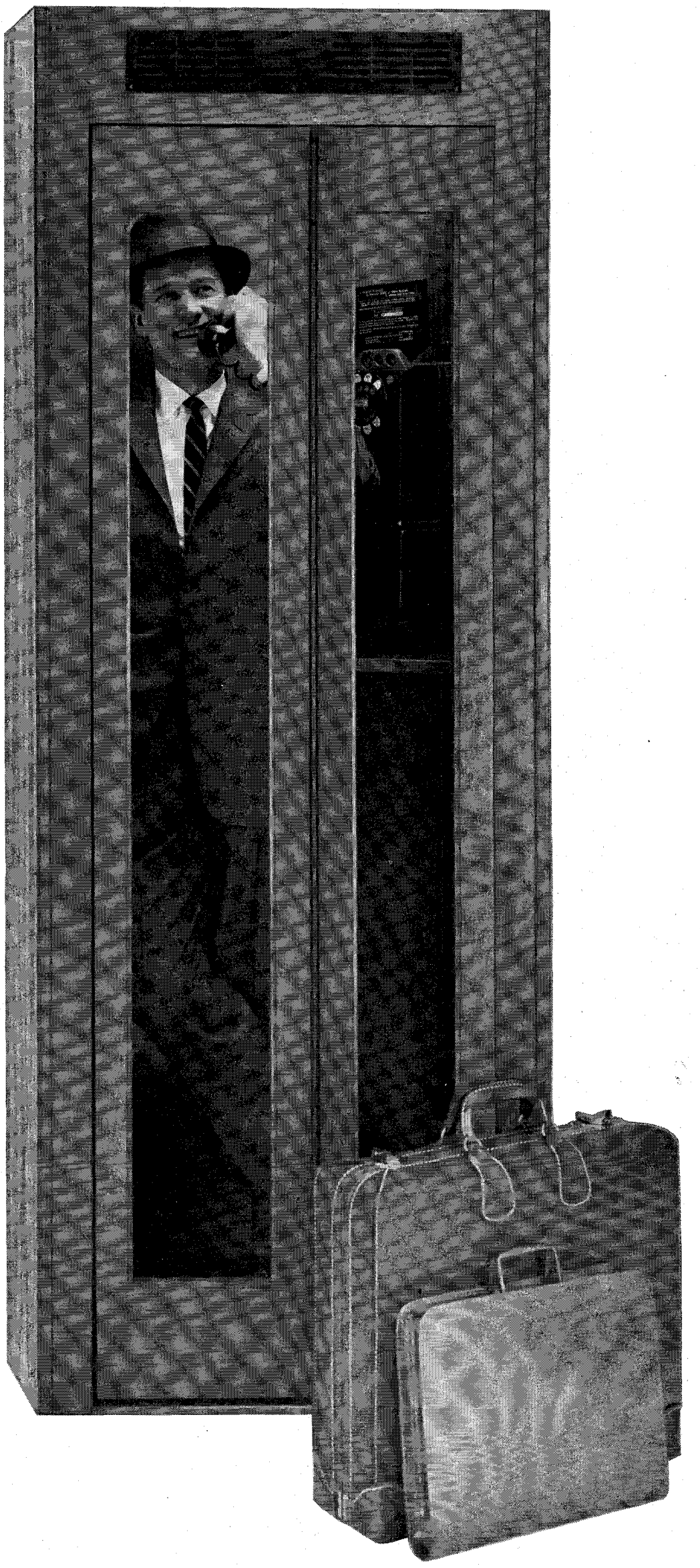
YOU SAVE MONEY
WHEN YOU CALL STATION-TO-STATION
instead of Person-to-Person

For example:	First 3 Minutes Person-to-Person	First 3 Minutes Station-to-Station	Each Added Minute (applies to all calls)
New York to Baltimore	85¢	55¢	15¢
Cleveland to Chicago	$1.15	75¢	20¢
St. Louis to Omaha	$1.30	85¢	25¢
Albuquerque to Los Angeles	$1.65	$1.10	30¢
Boston to Miami	$2.25	$1.50	40¢

These rates apply nights after 6 o'clock and all day Sunday.
Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

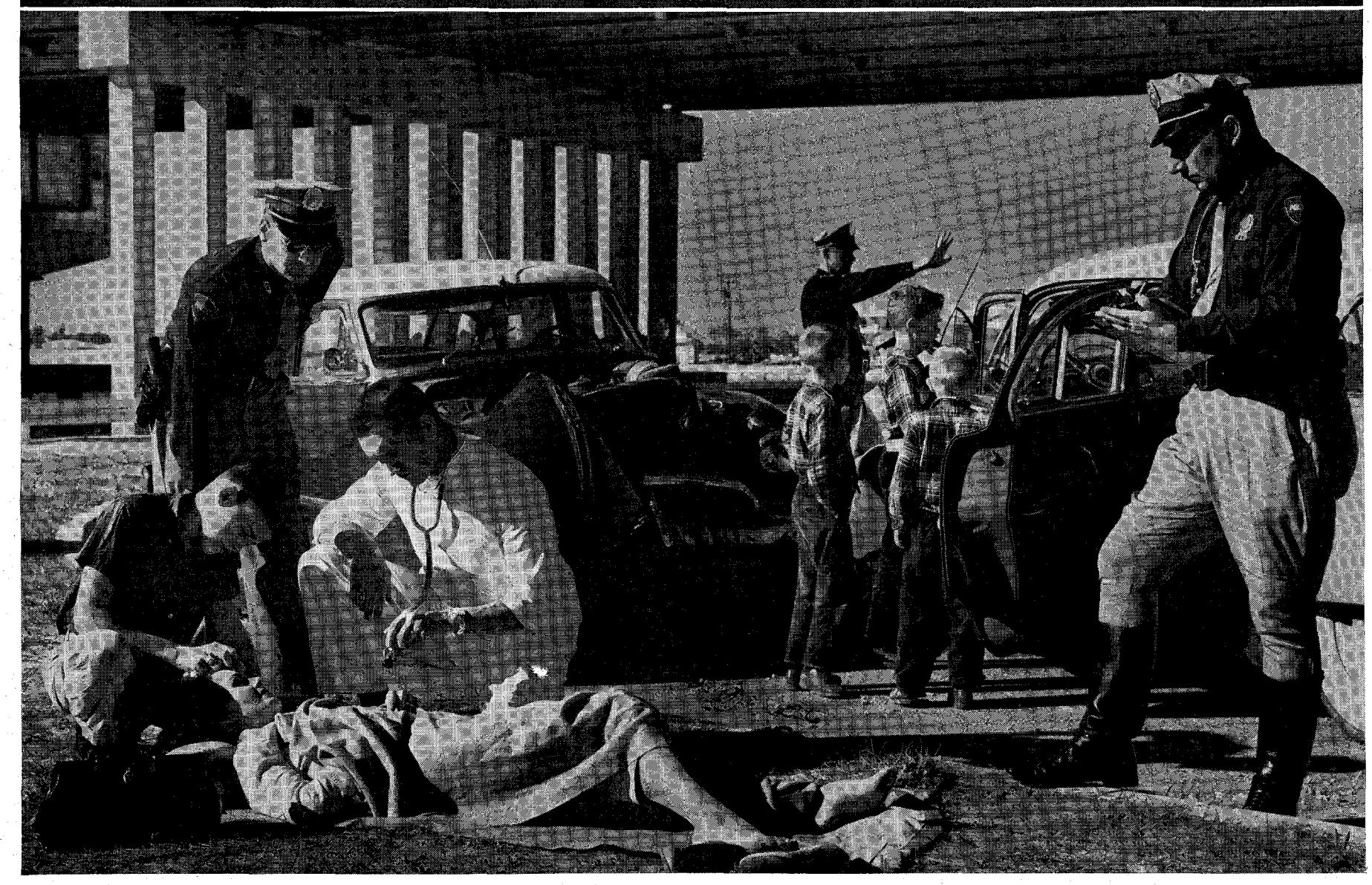
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®



"My car was badly damaged ...my wife painfully hurt"

POLICYHOLDER TELLS HOW LIBERTY GAVE HIM QUICK HELP

"AT 4:50 P.M. on Tuesday I was involved in a serious collision in a tiny town about 45 miles north of New Orleans.

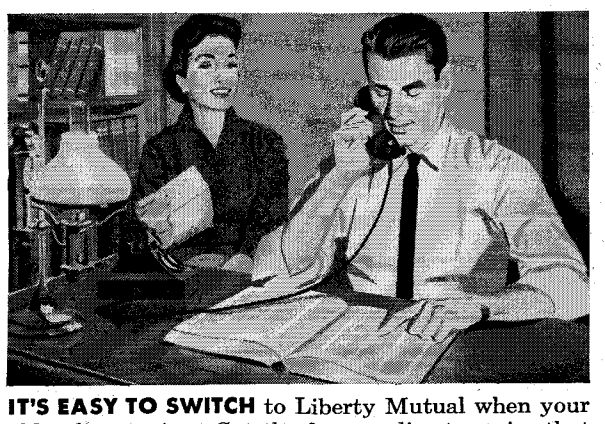
"At 5:15 P.M. I phoned your New Orleans office. I happened to catch your claimsman just as he was leaving for home. He told me to stay right where we were, that he would be right out.

"He arrived at the scene at about 6:40 P.M. . . . before the State Trooper had completed his investigation.

"Later he transferred our things to his car and drove us to New Orleans. He phoned a doctor, drove us to the hospital, waited until my wife was examined and admitted. He then drove me back to my motel. When he left me it was nearly midnight.

"Today is Friday, 3 days after. My case is 99% cleared up."

This kind of service has made Liberty Mutual known as *the company that stands by you.* It actually costs you less. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15%.



IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual when your old policy expires. Get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of our policyholders have switched to Liberty from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. We'll take care of the rest.

IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

* Except on Assigned Risks and Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED